

MERLIE

GRANGE MELODIES

PUBLISHED BY THE

National Grange of Patrons of Husbandry,

FOR USE IN THE

GRANGES OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY JAMES L. ORR, A. M., *Sup't of Music in the Public Schools of Mansfield, O.*

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PREFACE.

THE growing needs of the great Order to which the little volume is dedicated, have long demanded a larger supply and higher grade of Music than had been provided in books previously issued. To meet and satisfy that demand NATIONAL GRANGE MELODIES is sent upon its mission. It is not to be expected that this source will prove inexhaustible, but we hope that, in its pages, the Patrons of America may find songs adapted to every feature and sentiment of Grange work, until such time as it is deemed expedient to make further provision. We acknowledge our indebtedness to all contributors of songs or suggestion.

Respectfully,

JAMES L. ORR.

Mansfield, Ohio, August 10th, 1891.

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GRANGE MELODIES.

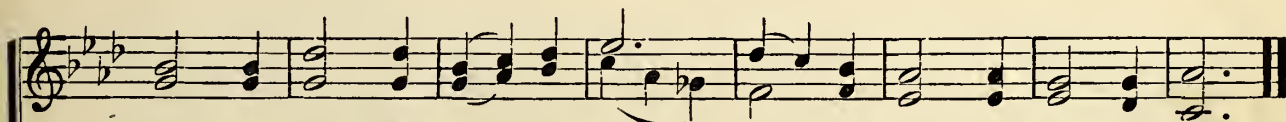
GREETING SONG.

J. L. O.

German.



1. Now the bus - y day is done, In the west the glow - ing sun
2. Gath - ered here from near and far, Hus - band - men and Ma - trons are;
3. Fa - ther, seal each wait - ing heart, From thy truth let none de - part;



Tint the clouds with ro - sy light, Bid - ding them a fond good-night.
Hearts in love to heav'n up - raised, Ech - oing our Great Mas - ter's praise.
Bring us all, in faith and love, To thy ho - lier Grange a - bove.



HITHER COME.

MRS. E. R. SMITH.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. As the shades of even-ing soft-ly O-ver town and country fall, Bright-ly, thro' the gath'ring darkness,
 2. May kind heav'n the glad day hasten, When, in one fra-ter-nal band, We may num-ber, in our Or-der,
 3. Serfs and vas-sals, then, no long-er, Chain'd to cease-less la-bor's oar, Deaf to heav-en's high-est teaching,

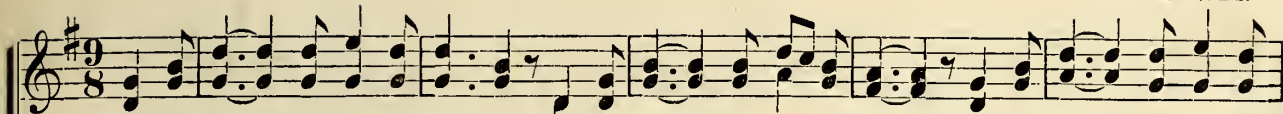
Shine the lights from Patrons' hall. And as we were wont to hast-en Fond-ly to our father's home, Guided by the
 All who till this smil-ing land. As a mighty host with banners, Peaceful vic'tries will we gain; Moved by Right's re-
 Blind to nature's grandest lore; But with minds that honor freedom, Strong in strength that shields the weak, And, with freemen's

evening lamp-light, Brothers, sisters, hither come, Guid-ed by the evening lamp-light, Brothers, sisters, hith-er come.
 sist-less purpose, Held by Love's e-lec-tric chain, Moved by Right's resist-less purpose, Held by Love's e-lec-tric chain.
 peaceful weapons, We'll enforce the rights we seek, And, with freemen's peaceful weapons, We'll enforce the rights we seek.

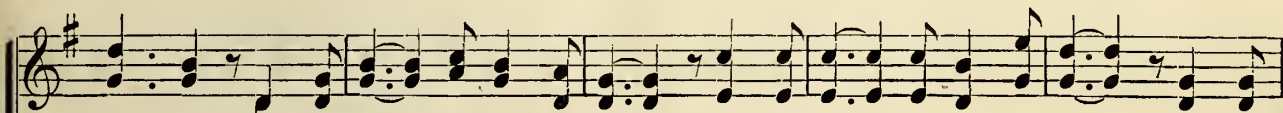
HE THAT GOETH FORTH.

5

JOHN M. EVANS.



1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love; Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
2. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy; Be the pros - pect nev - er so



sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. Soft de - scend the dews of Heaven, Bright the
drea - ry, Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy. Lo, the scene of ver - dure brightning! See the



rays ce - les - tial shine; Precious fruits will all be given, Through an in - fluence all divine.
ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a - gain! the fields are whitening, For the har - vest time is near.

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

Suitable for Opening or Closing.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 9/8 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fa - ther, we'll rest in thy love, Fa - ther, we'll rest in thy love, Father, we'll rest;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has lyrics aligned with the notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

Father, we'll rest, we'll rest in thy love, Fa - ther, we'll rest in thy love; we'll
Father, we'll rest,

The third system is the final one on the page. It continues the musical lines from the previous systems. The treble staff has lyrics. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

rest, we'll rest in thy love, Fa - ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in thy love.

THE DEAR OLD FARM.

1. I love my home a - mong the hills, Where meads and brook - lets charm ; How rich and pure the
 2. What sweet in - spir - ing joys a - bound, Free from all taint of harm ; What hap - py mem'ries
 3. How peace - ful - ly thy day - light's close When twi - light's cur - tains fall ; How calm - ly sweet is

CHORUS.

bliss that gilds A life up - on the farm. I love the good old farm, . . . The
 clus - ter 'round Thy hearth, thou dear old farm.
 thy re - pose When dark - ness cov - ers all. The good old farm, I

dear, old, peace - ful farm ; Its fields are green, and its skies se - rene, I love the 'dear old farm.
 love the dear old farm ;

JOSEPHINE MAYO.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. The path - way you have left is rough With ob - sta - cles un - seen; But per - se - vere, for
 2. The sig - nal of our first de - gree, To guide the steps we've trod, De - clares that, true to

oft rough stones Have dia - monds hid be - tween. Your pledge with sa - cred hon - or keep, And
 heav'n's de - cree, We place our faith in God. With all your cour - age, strive to make The

bear life's griefs and cares In hum - ble trust, that you may reap A har - vest free from tares.
 world a bet - ter place; Your du - ty do to God and man, The end is worth the race.

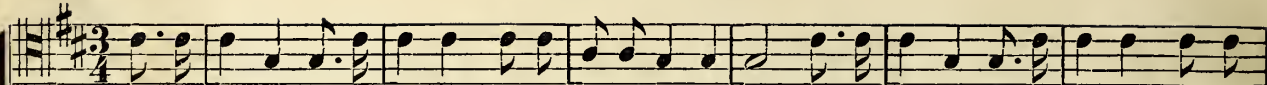
JAS. L. ORR.

1. Welcome, stranger, to our Or - der, We shall need your help and care; In the har-vest and the
 2. In our Or - der friends a - wait you Who will faithful be and true, Hands to aid and hearts to
 3. Now a sis - ter of our Or - der, Wel-come we ex-tend to thee; To the pledges you have

win - tage You shall have a right-ful share. Welcome, wel-come, welcome, wel-come, Heav-en
 cheer you In the work you find to do. Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Tho' your
 giv - en, Faith-ful may you ev - er be. Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Faithful

bless you is our prayer, Welcome, wel-come, welcome, wel-come, Heav-en bless you is our prayer.
 skies be dark or blue, Tho' your skies be dark or blue.
 may you ev - er be, Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Faithful may you ev - er be.

M. REBECCA DARR.

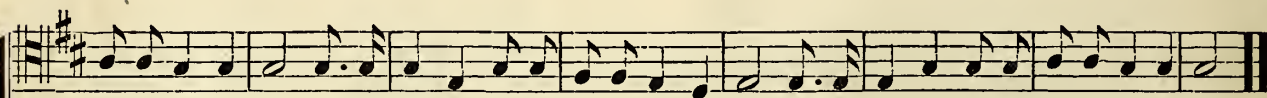
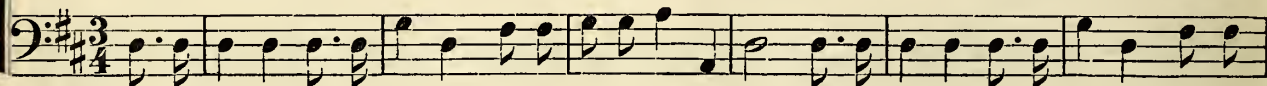


1. Wel-come, brothers, welcome ev - er To our so-cial, friendly band ; True and faithful, naught can sev-er Broth-ers

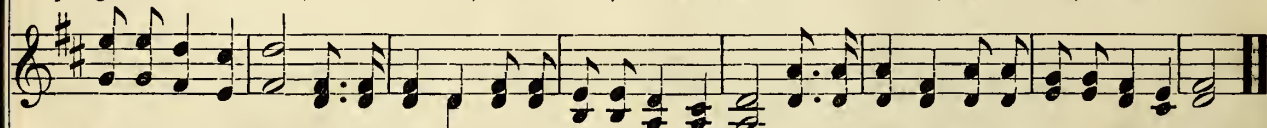


2. Wel-come, brothers, oh, how cheering Is your presence in our band ; Strong in u - nion, nev - er fear-ing, We will

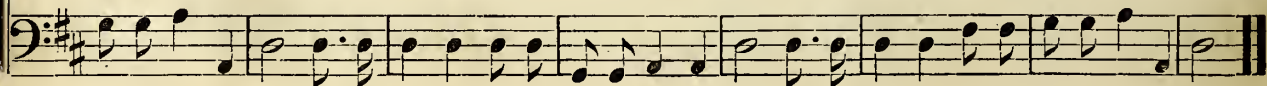
3. Wel-come, brothers, we were wea - ry, At your coming we re - joice, As the grain-fields, drooping, dreary, Brighten



pledged in heart and hand, Whilst our Order, reared in love, shall ever stand ; Whilst our Order, reared in love, shall ever stand.



bless our home and land, Till cor-ruption, shall be pure at our command ; Till cor-ruption shall be pure at our command.
at the rain-cloud's voice ; Welcome, welcome, doubly welcome is your choice ; Welcome, welcome, doubly welcome is your choice.

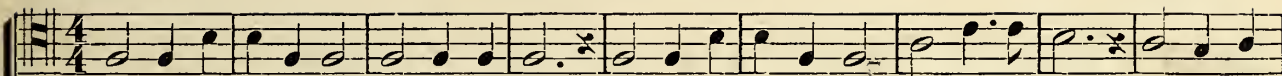


SHEPHERDESS.

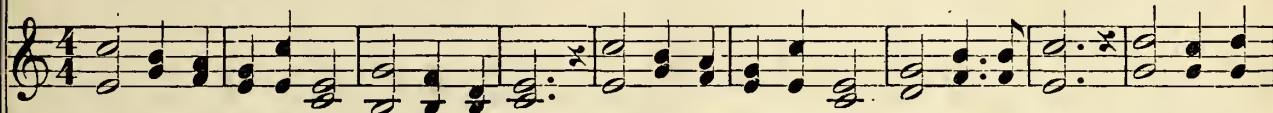
M. REBECCA DARR.

JAS. L. ORR.

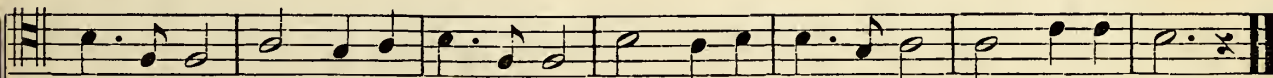
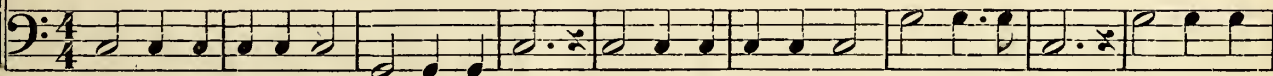
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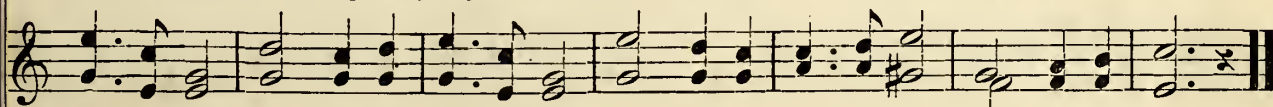
1. Guard thy charge tenderly, O shep-herd - ess, Let thy rule ev - er be By gen - tle - ness. Watchful - ly



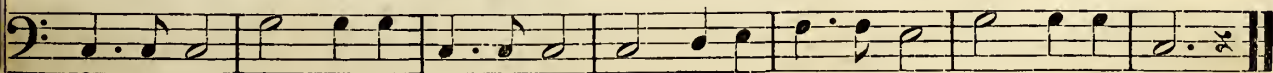
2. Seek the lambs faithfully, When far they stray, Bind their wounds ten - der - ly, Bear them a - way. Here are the
3. Care - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly, Strong in love's might, When light is blessing thee, In the dark night; Heav'n will thy



tend the fold, Car - ing for young and old; Trust - ing to love, not gold, Thy care to bless.



bar - ren rocks, Near thee the wild wolf mocks; Sleep - less - ly watch thy flocks Faith - ful - ly, pray.
ef - forts bless, Bring safe, O shep - herd - ess, All whom thou shalt pos - sess, In - to the light.



HARVESTER.

M. REBECCA DARR.

JAS. L. ORR.

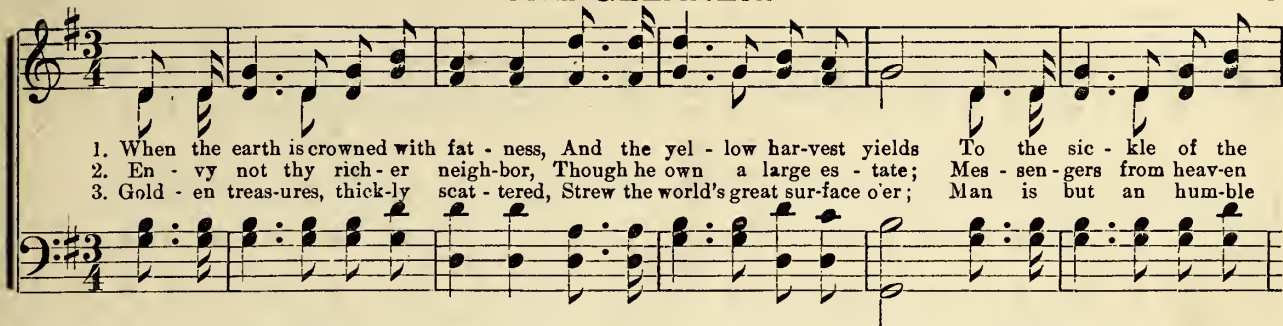
1. The fields are white, O reap - er, go, No long - er i - dly wait; But gath - er in the
 2. And gath - 'ring in the pre - cious grain, To reap not tares, take heed; But gath - er all the

har - vest ripe Be - fore it be too late. The sweet re - ward of hon - est toil Bind
 pur - est gems of thought and word and deed. Oh, haste! the Mas - ter call - eth thee, The

up at an - y cost; And know the sheaves, tho' small they seem, Can nev - er more be lost.
 la - b'ers are too few; Go, toil with will - ing heart and hand To reap the good and true.

THE GLEANER.

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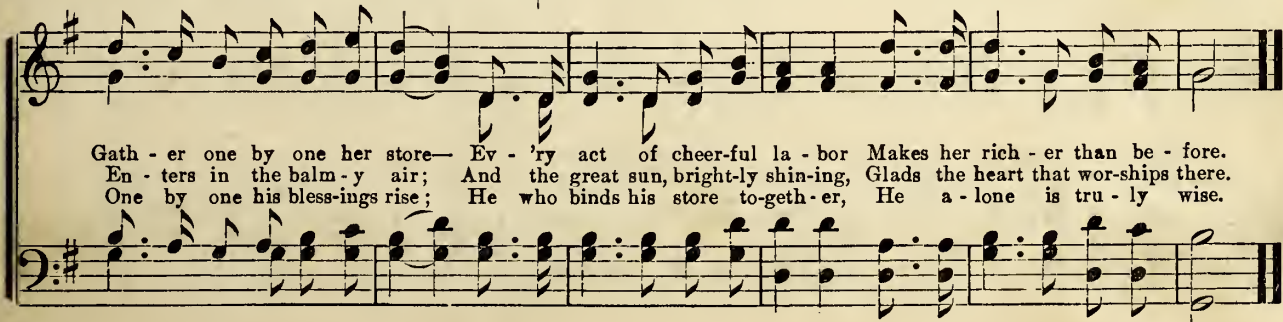


1. When the earth is crowned with fat - ness, And the yel - low har-vest yields To the sic - kle of the
 2. En - vy not thy rich - er neigh-bor, Though he own a large es - tate; Mes - sen - gers from heav-en
 3. Gold - en treas-ures, thick-ly scat - tered, Strew the world's great sur-face o'er; Man is but an hum-ble



reap - er, Toil - ing in the sun - ny fields;
 com - ing, Do - not tar - ry at his gate.
 glean - er, Find - ing knowl - edge, seek - ing more.

Mark the glad, con - tent - ed glean - er,
 O - pen wide the cot - tage lat - tice,
 Step by step he plods his way,



Gath - er one by one her store— Ev - 'ry act of cheer-ful la - bor Makes her rich - er than be - fore.
 En - ters in the balm - y air; And the great sun, bright-ly shin - ing, Glads the heart that wor-ships there.
 One by one his bless-ings rise; He who binds his store to-geth - er, He a - lone is tru - ly wise.

HUSBANDMAN.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. Now Pa-trons free of each de-gree, Who fill this spa-cious hall, We'll join in joy-ful har-mo-
 2. He turns his fur-rows deep and straight, His hon-est bread to gain; With heart e-late doth he a-
 3. And when the harvest crowns his pains, Who then so glad as he, As, grate-ful, thinking o'er his

ny, In cho-rus one and all. We'll sing of heav-en's gra-cious plan To
 wait The sun-shine and the rain. In faith he scat-ters wide the seed, He
 gains, He bends a thank-ful knee. With heart so light, his eyes so bright, With

cheer the good and brave; The true and hon-est hus-bandman Can nev-er be a slave.
 deems the prom-ise true; And trusts that Heav-en, for his need, Will send the kind-ly dew.
 glanc-es kind-ly range, O'er broth-ers of the mys-tic rite, The Pa-trons of the Grange.

HUSBANDMAN. Concluded.

15

CHORUS.

Hur-rah, hur - rah, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, The brav - est on the
sod, Is the true and hon - est hus - band - man, The no - blest work of God.

NEARER HOME.

CAREY.

J. L. O.

1. One sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to-day Than I've ev-er been be - fore.
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be, Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys-tal sea.
3. Fa-ther, per-fect my trust, My spir-it shield in death; Oh, let my feet be set Nearer my home to-day,
Nearer the great white throne,
Let my feet be set

M. REBECCA DARR.

JAS. L. ORR.

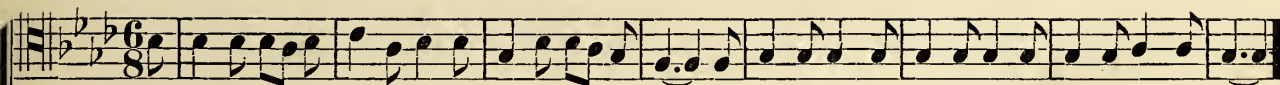
1. She com - eth; Hus - band - man, re - joice, The vine - yard bright - er smil - eth, As with her lov - ing
 2. Each ope - ning bud and bloom - ing vine That in the vine - yard glow - eth, For her a wreath of

hand and voice, She ev - 'ry care be - guil - eth. In strength and weak - ness by thy side, Of
 bless - ings twine, Her gen - tle hand each know - eth. Oh, bless - ed task to stay the hands That

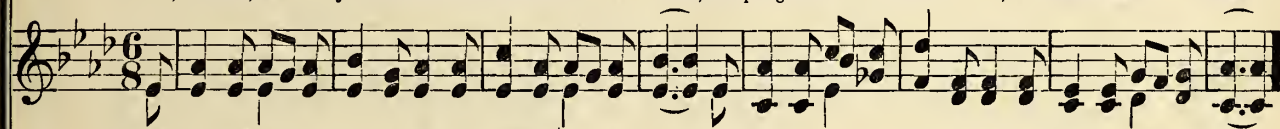
all thy lot par - tak - ing; She still will walk, whate'er be - tide, New hopes and strength a - wak - ing.
 else might lose their pow - er, By prayer to flood the wait - ing lands With sweet, re - fresh - ing show - ers.

PATRONS' CHAIN.

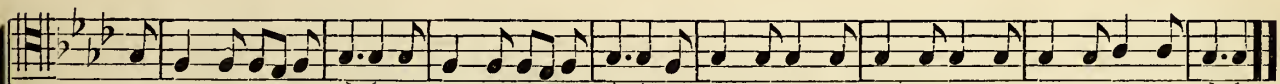
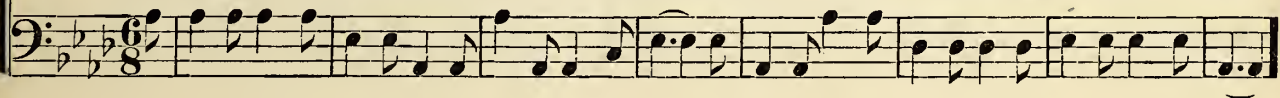
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1. Come, Pa-trons, let us join our hands A-round our sa - cred shrine, We pledge to each fra - ter-nal love, As sa - cred and di - vine.



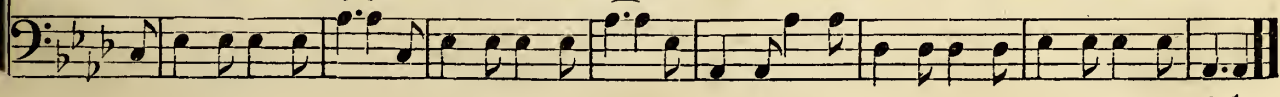
2. The chain of friend-ship let us form, Each link to hold a heart, With char - i - ty so large and warm, That in it all have part.
3. And thus may Patron hearts and hands A cir - clet e'er sur - round, Where all the chains of all our bands Are in one cir - cle bound.



We pledge fi-del - i - ty, Hold fast un-to your vow, In love, in truth, in char - i - ty, The pledge you gave us now.



A chain of hearts and hands, Each link a faith - ful soul, That pledg-es its fi - del - i - ty To each and to the whole.
One band of hearts and hands, Where soul is linked with soul, In faith, and hope, and char - i - ty, With truth to crown the whole.



WELCOME SONG.

NOTE.—May be used at close of degree or after the lecture in installation service.

1. We bid you here wel-come to al-tar and heart, We bid you here wel-come, no long-er to part;

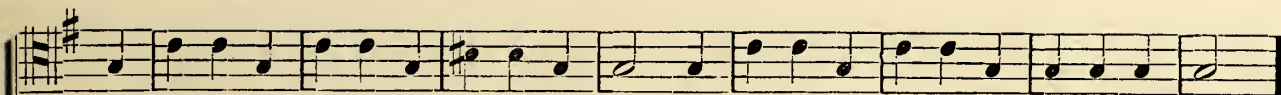
2. We pledge you our friendship, we pledge you our love; We trust, to your pledg-es, you faith-ful may prove,

We bid you here wel-come to shrine and to hall, We bid you here welcome, thrice welcome to all.

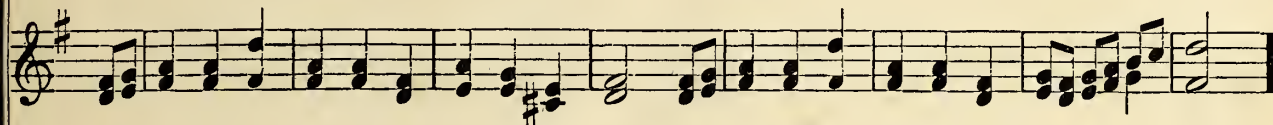
And, as down life's path-way we trav-el in hand, May troub-les and tri-als but strengthen our band.

WELCOME SONG. Concluded.

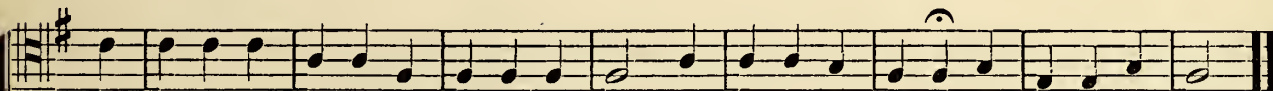
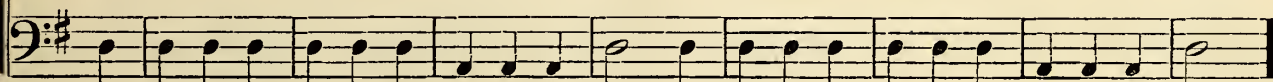
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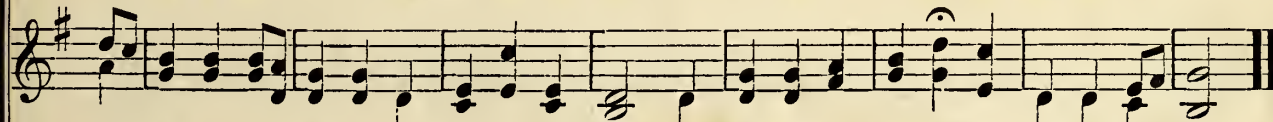
Ye reap-ers, and fruit-ers, and flor-ists, re - joice, And here in thanks-giv-ing all lift up the voice;



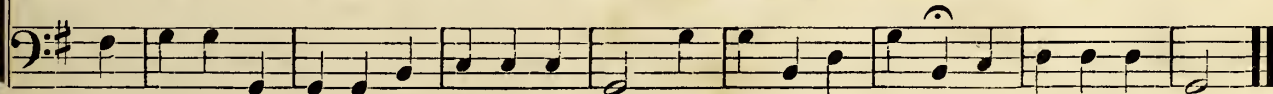
Bind, friendship, our hearts with its bright golden chain, That ne'er may be sundered while life doth re - main,



Oh, nev - er may dis-cord heart mu - sic de - stroy, We'll sing the high cho-rus, the cho-rus of joy.



But lead us to - geth-er to bright realms on high, Be-yond earth's dark shadows, to God's star-ry sky.



BE FAITHFUL, O PATRON!

(After O. B. N.)

1. Be faith-ful, O Pa - tron, thy prom - ise ob - serve, May truth to each oth - er our un - ion pre - serve;
 2. See or - der and beau - ty rise gen - tly to view, Each broth - er and sis - ter so per - fect and true;

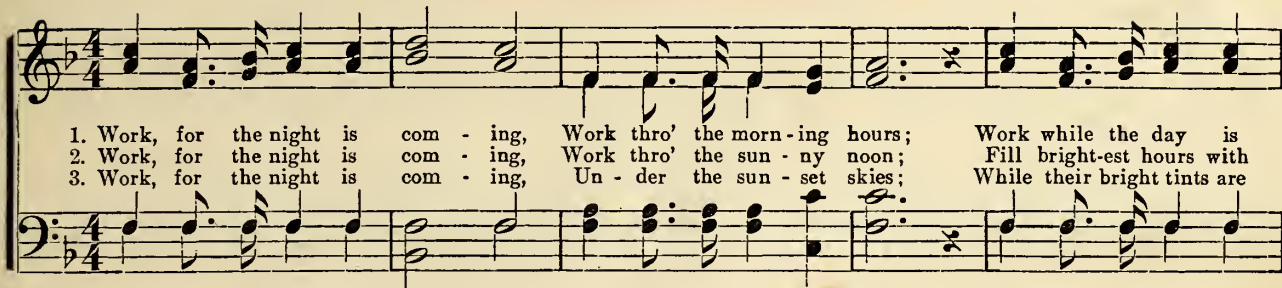
Keep each ob - li - ga - tion a gem of thy soul, 'Mid ev - 'ry tempt - a - tion, un - tar - nished and whole.
 When or - der shall cease, and when tem - ples de - cay, May each fair - er Gran - ges im - mor - tal sur - vey.

REFRAIN.

Faith, faith, clear - eyed faith, Oh, keep it un - cloud - ed a gem of thy soul.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

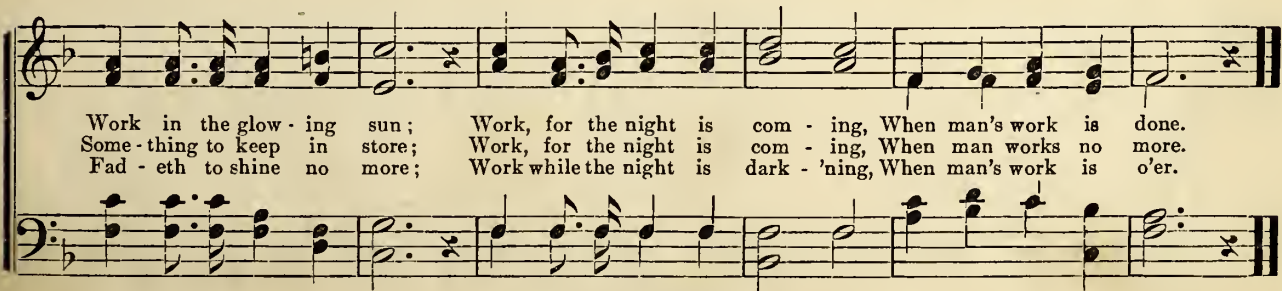
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1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the day is
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est hours with
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are



spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment
 glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,



Work in the glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Some - thing to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

PARTING HYMN.

M. REBECCA DARR.



1. Broth - ers and sis - ters, now we must Give each the part - ing hand, Be - seech - ing God, in
 2. Al - though the stream of prog - ress sweeps E'er on - ward in its course, It ne'er can fath - om
 3. Though part - ings here must give us pain, Glad Hope sees through the tears, And tells us we shall

whom we trust, To free - ly bless our land; To bless the Grange - as - sem - bled here, Our
 pu - rer deeps Than spark - led at its source, And with the bless - ings that we gain, That
 meet a - gain, There is no time for fears; So, Ja - nus - like, we look both ways And

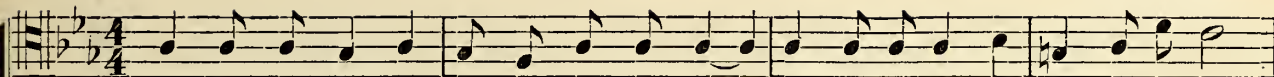
hearts to Him in - cline, And make us pure as Pa - trons were In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
 all so bright - ly shine, We'd have the sweet con - tent re - main, Of the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
 clasp, with right di - vine, The pre - cious store of com - ing days, And the joys of "Auld Lang Syne."

CLOSING SONG.

23

J. L. O.

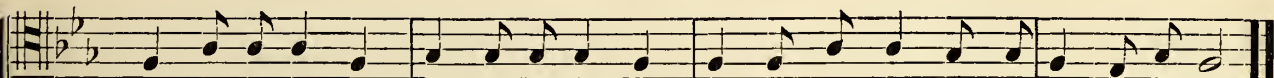
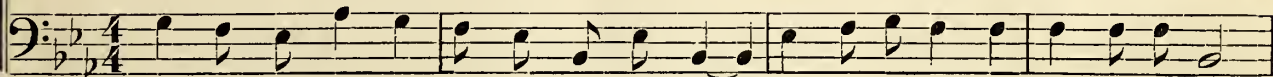
JAS. L. ORR.



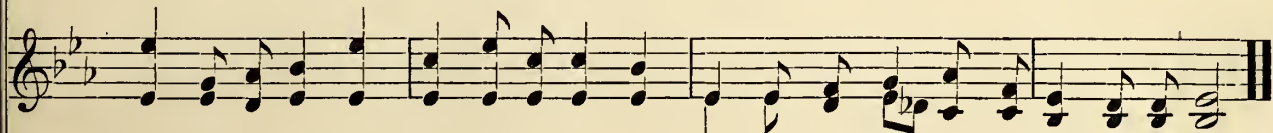
1. Help us, O Fa - ther, un - to Thee we cry, Hear us and bless us ere we de-part;



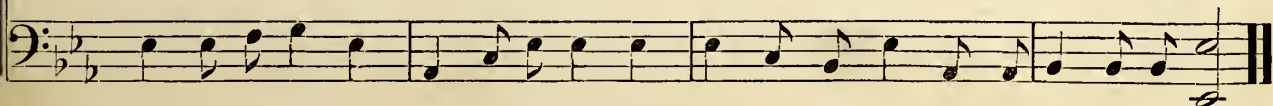
2. Oft in our weak-ness, when temp - ta - tions gath-er, Dark-ness en - folds and tri - als o'er-come,

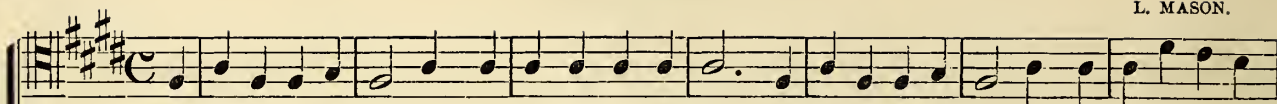


Strength-en our weak-ness, keep us still faith-ful, Soothe each af - flic - tion, and rule in each heart.

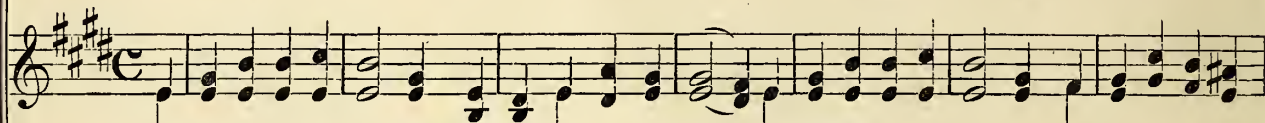


Still we be-seech Thee, Fa - ther, in pit - y Guard us and guide us wher-ev - er we roam.

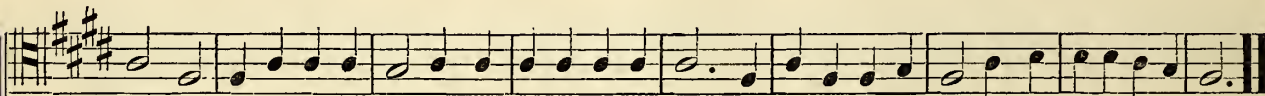
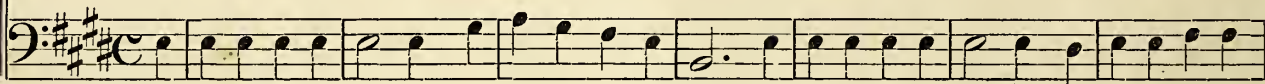




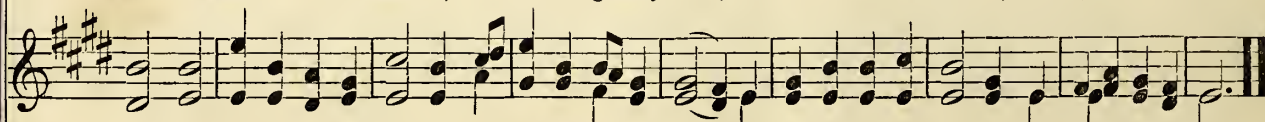
1. 'Tis toil that o-ver na-ture Gives man his proud con-trol, And pu-ri-fies and hal-lows The tem-ple of his



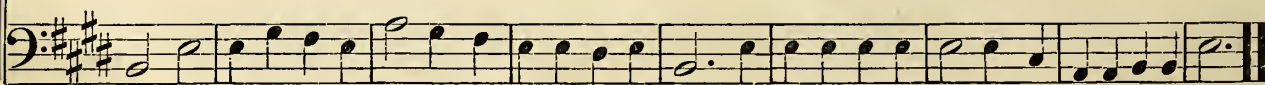
2. The Grand Almighty Builder, Who fashioned out the earth, Hath stamped his seal of hon-or On Lab-or from her



soul. It start-les foul dis-eas-es, With all their ghastly train ; Puts i-ron in the mus-cle, And crystal in the brain.



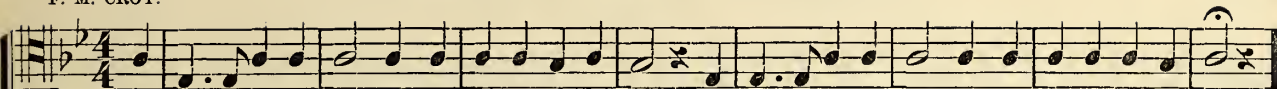
birth, In ev-'ry an-gel flow-er That blossoms from the sod, Be-hold the Mas-ter touches—The handiwork of God.



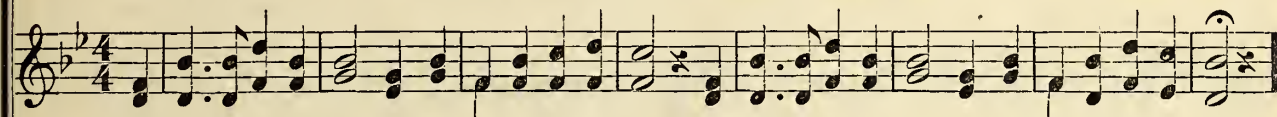
AS WE GO FORTH TO LABOR.

25

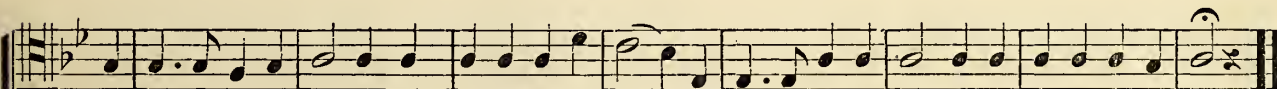
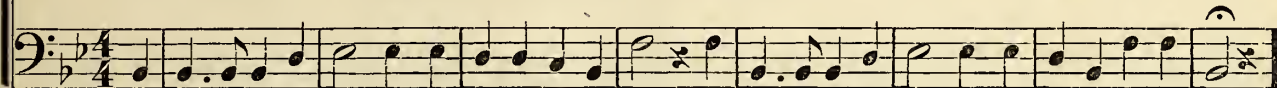
F. M. CROY.



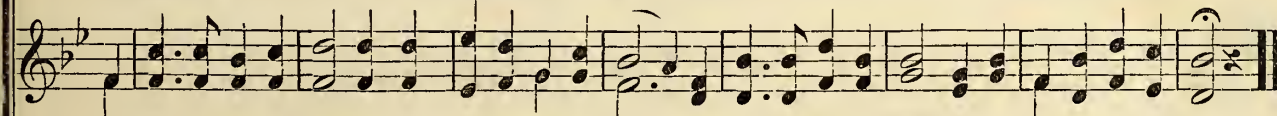
1. As we go forth to la - bor, And toil with-in the field, God bless with us each neighbor, And give a glorious yield.



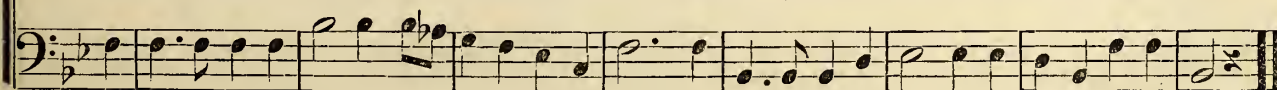
2. We pay you for your wa - ges No sil - ver, neither gold, But with our Gold-en Pag - es True wisdom we un - fold.



May each observe with or - der As he goes forth to toil, With-in our peaceful bor - der He must prepare the soil.



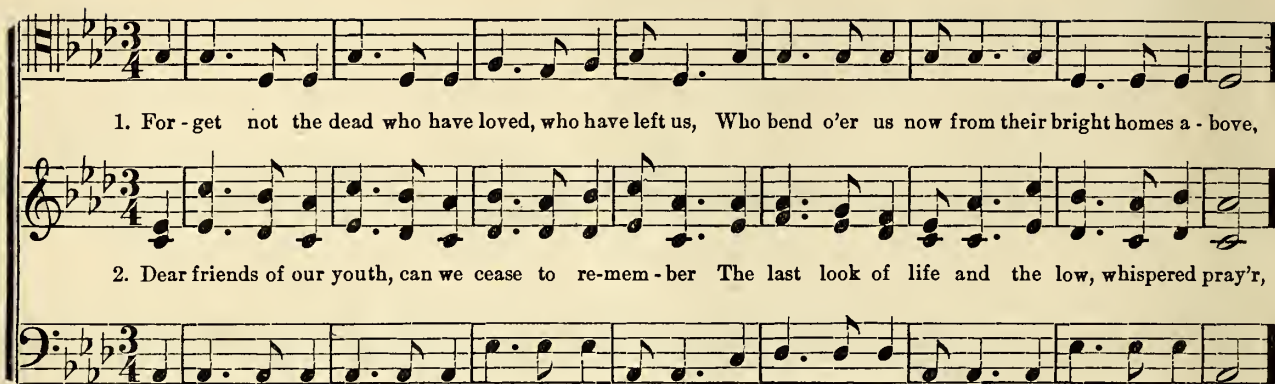
And when we cease our labors, To rest beneath the sod, May we, with these, our neighbors, Repose our Faith in God.



FORGET NOT THE DEAD.

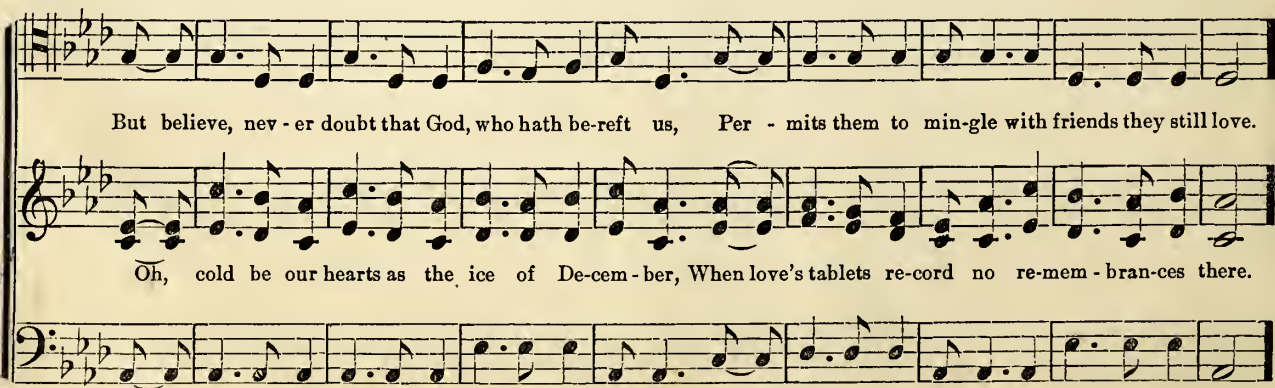
Decoration Song.

KIALLMARK.




1. For - get not the dead who have loved, who have left us, Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes a - bove,

2. Dear friends of our youth, can we cease to re-mem - ber The last look of life and the low, whispered pray'r,

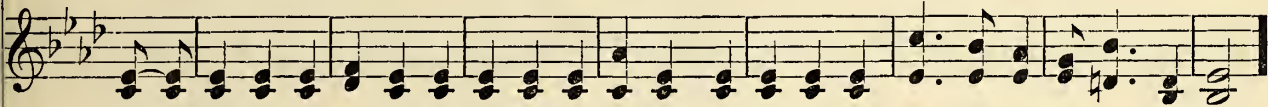


But believe, nev - er doubt that God, who hath be-reft us, Per - mits them to min-gle with friends they still love.

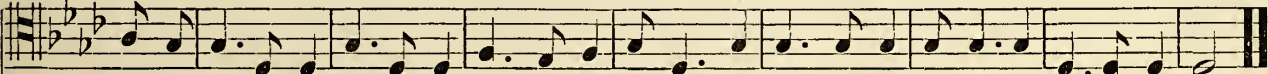
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of De-cem-ber, When love's tablets re-cord no re-mem-bran-ces there.



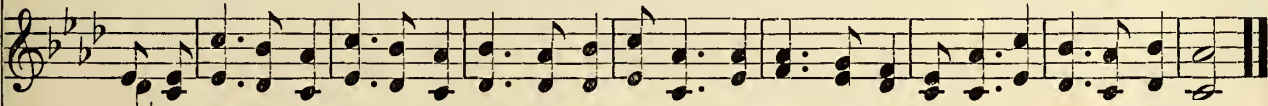
Re - peat their fond words, all their no-ble deeds cher-ish, Speak kind-ly of them who have left us in tears;



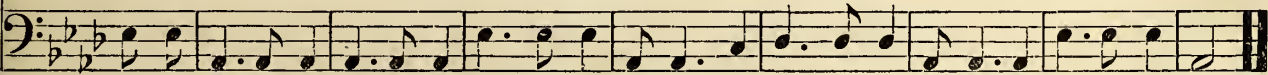
Then for-get not the dead, who are ev - er-more nigh us, Still float-ing some-times to our dream-haunted bed;



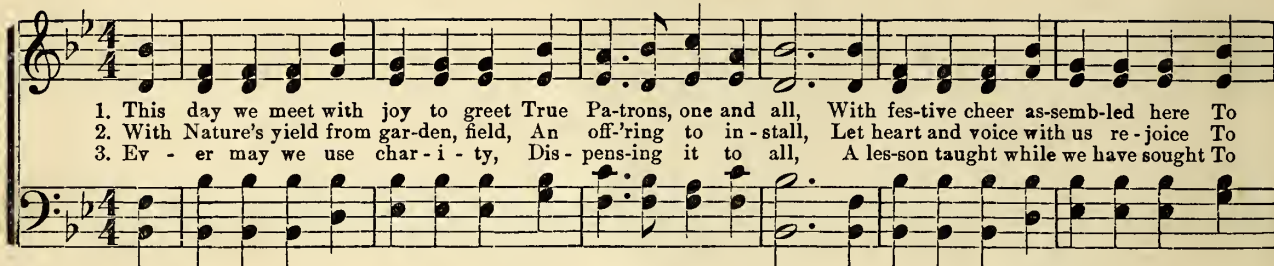
Oth - er joys may be lost, but their names shall not per-ish, While time bears our feet thro' this val - ley of tears.



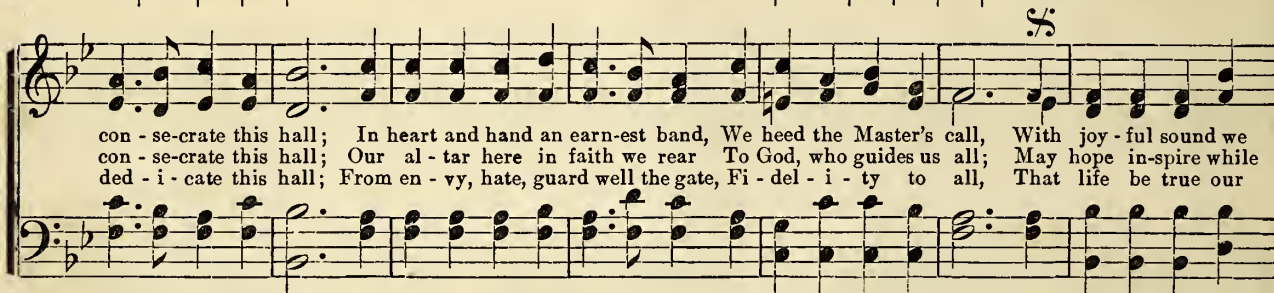
In the lone - li - est hour, in the crowd they are by us, For - get not the dead, oh, for - get not the dead.



DEDICATION ODE.



1. This day we meet with joy to greet True Pa-trons, one and all, With fes-tive cheer as-semb-led here To
 2. With Nature's yield from gar-den, field, An off-ring to in-stall, Let heart and voice with us re-joice To
 3. Ev-er may we use char-i-ty, Dis-pens-ing it to all, A les-son taught while we have sought To



con-se-crate this hall; In heart and hand an earn-est band, We heed the Master's call, With joy-ful sound we
 con-se-crate this hall; Our al-tar here in faith we rear To God, who guides us all; May hope in-spire while
 ded-i-cate this hall; From en-vy, hate, guard well the gate, Fi-del-i-ty to all, That life be true our



Fine. *D. S. From farm and home this* *D. S.*

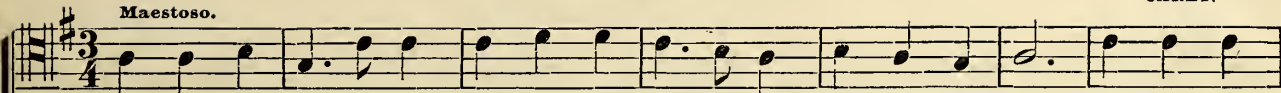
gath-er round To ded-i-cate this hall. with ³ love, good will,
 we as-pire To ded-i-cate this hall.
 vows re-new To con-se-crate this hall. With love, good will, And char-i-ty for all,

day we come, To ded-i-cate this hall.

INSTALLATION ODE.

CAREY.

Maestoso.

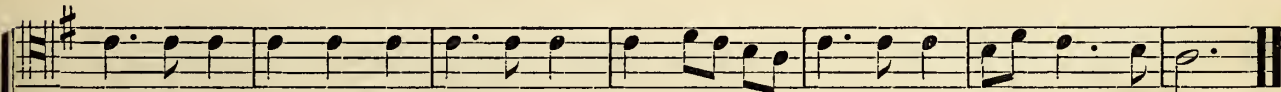
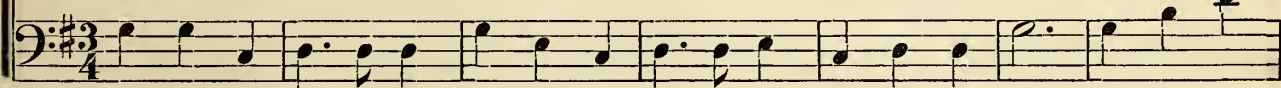


1. Come thou who made this earth, And to man-kind gave birth, Bless us to-day; Thou who hast

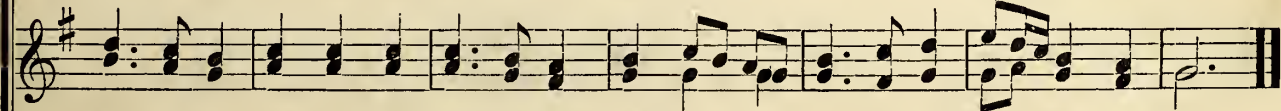


2. Bless thou our ef - forts here, Each droop - ing spir - it cheer, And care be - guile; Wipe thou a-

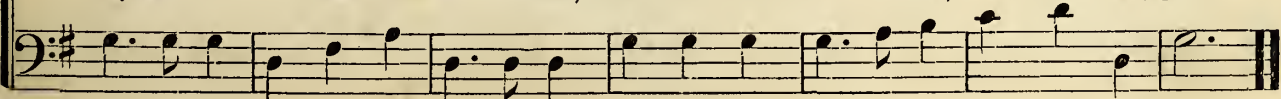
3. May each of - fi - cial be Faith - ful to truth and thee, In Grange or State; For - ev - er



taught the worth Of la - bor, bring us forth, From East, West, South and North, In proud ar - ray.



way each tear, Ce - ment in friend - ship dear, Re - mov - ing ev - 'ry fear From those who toil.
may each vow Re - mem - bered be as now, While un - to thee we bow, O Mas - ter, great.

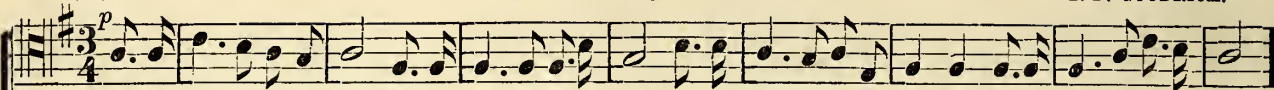


THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

T. F. G.

To be sung on taking leave of the Dead.

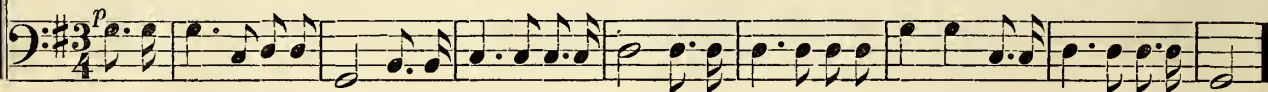
T. F. GOODRICH.



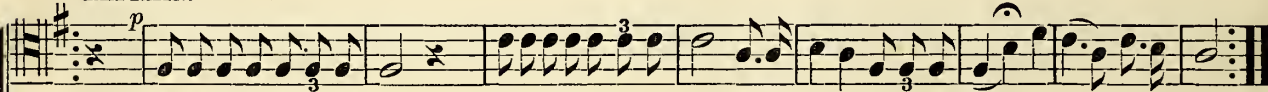
1. Gen - tly fold the pal-lid hands, Death has closed the eye-lids now; She is rest-ing with her Sav - ior, She has joined the an-gel band.
 2. Soft - ly smooth the marble brow, Take one look, the last on earth; Murmur not, for 'twas the Mas-ter, And he do - eth all things well.



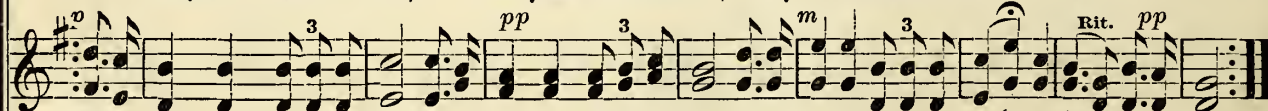
3. Hushed the voice, 'tis stilled in death, Sweetly sleeps the peaceful dead; Oh, how lone - ly, oh, how lone - ly, Now she's gone from out our midst.
 4. Gen - tly bear her form a - way To the con - fines of the tomb; She'll be wait - ing o - ver yon - der, In that land of per-fect day.



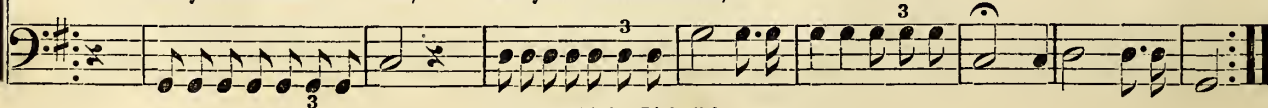
REFRAIN.



Sweetly rests the bean-ti-ful dead, Sweetly rests the beautiful dead, Sweetly rests the beau-ti-ful dead who die in the Lord.



'Sweetly rests the bean-ti-ful dead, Sweetly rests the beau-ti-ful dead, Sweetly rests the beau-ti-ful dead who die in the Lord.
 Sweetly rests the bean-ti-ful dead, Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,



From "Shining Light," by per.

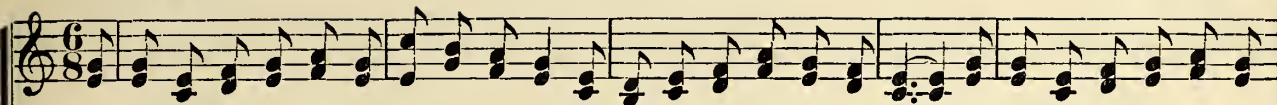
WORK.

31

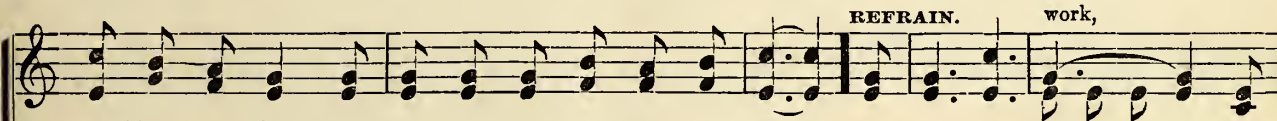
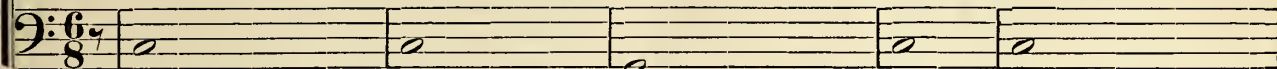
"Our Little Grangers."

(FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.)

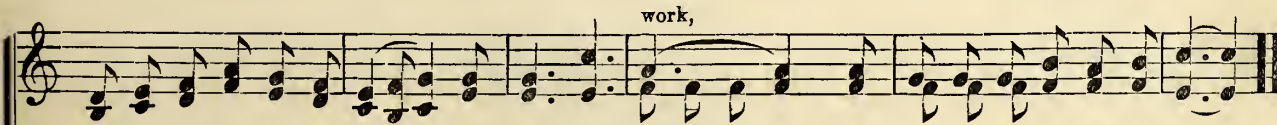
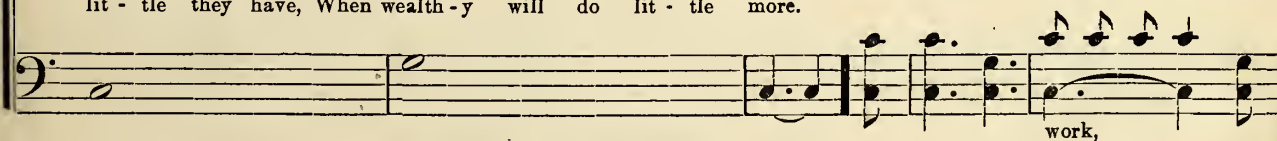
JAS. L. ORR.



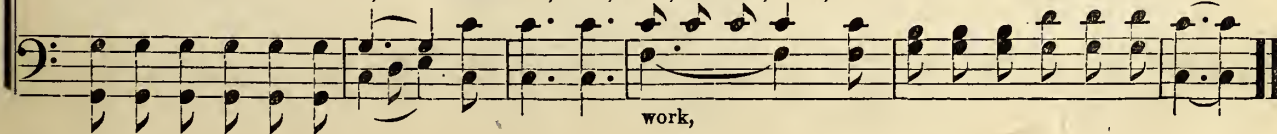
1. Don't think there is nothing for children to do Because they can't work like a man; The har-vest is great and the
2. You think if great rich-es you had at command, Your zeal should no weari-ness know; You'd scatter your wealth with a
3. But what if you've nought but a pen-ny to give, Then give it, tho' scanty your store; For those who give nothing when



la - b'rrers are few, Then, chil - dren, do all that you can.
 lib - er - al hand, And suc - cor the chil - dren of woe. Then work, work, work, children, work, There's
 lit - tle they have, When wealth - y will do lit - tle more.



work for the chil-dren to do, Then work, work, work, children, work, There's work for the children to do.



BUD AND BLOOM.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. Though the win - ter be cheer - less and cold, And the wild winds are bow - ing the trees,

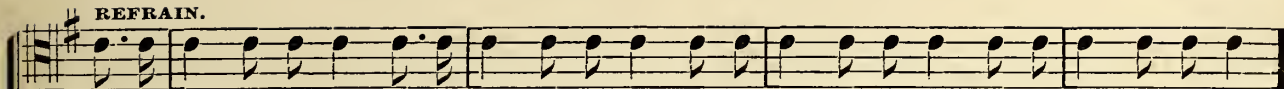
2. In the axe and the con - quer - ing plow, The har - row - ing, mel - low - ing spade,

3. From the hour that we scat - ter the seed To the day when the har - vest we glean,

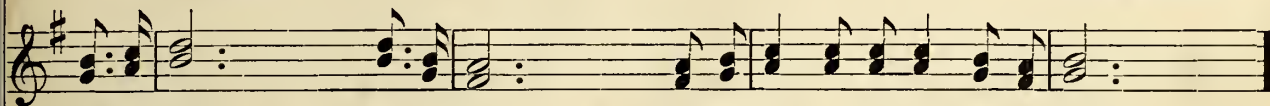
In prom - ise the spring we be - hold, And re - joice with the birds and the bees.

We the sym - bols of la - bor a - vow, The tools of our in - dus - try made.
On - ly peace from the Fa - ther we need, To make us de - vout - ly se - rene.

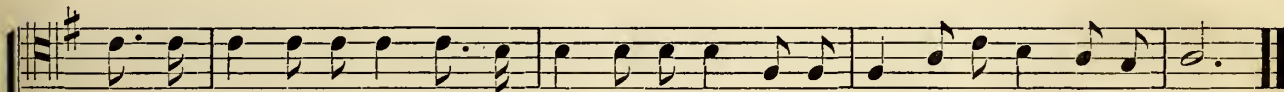
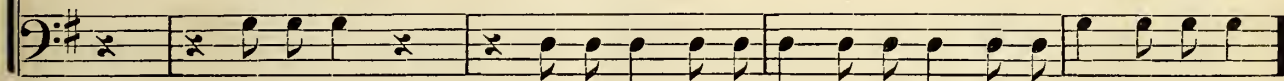
REFRAIN.



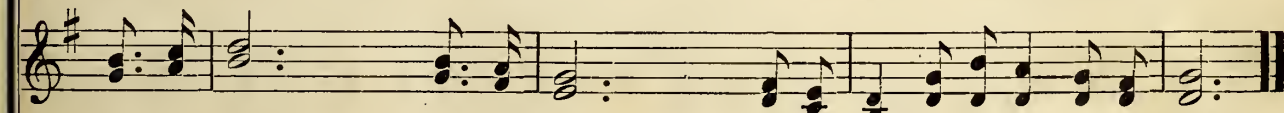
Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, bud and bloom, sweet perfume, And the fruit in its time Na-ture yields, sweet perfume,



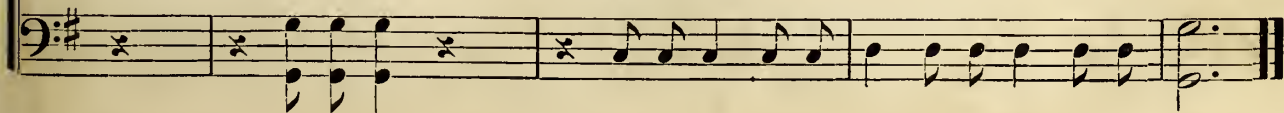
Bud and bloom, sweet per-fume, And the fruit in its time Na-ture yields,
Sweet perfume, sweet perfume, sweet perfume,



Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, bud and bloom, sweet perfume, We will hark to the call of the fields.

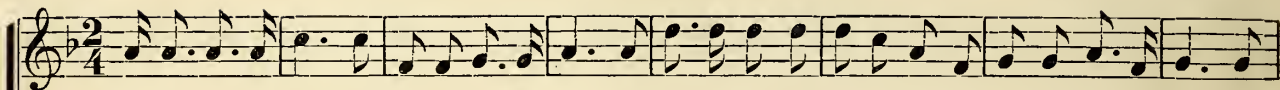


Bud and bloom, sweet per - fume, We will hark to the call of the fields.
sweet perfume, sweet perfume,

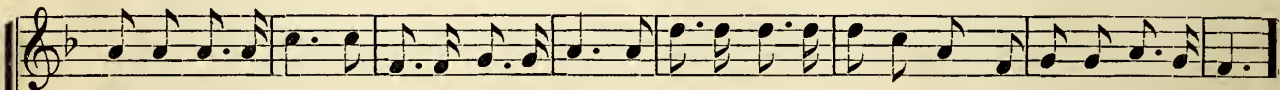


THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



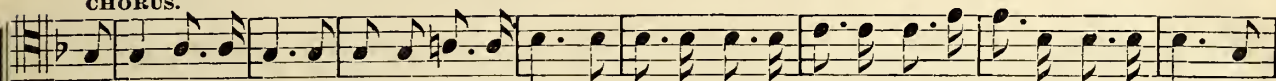
1. Brothers of the plow, The pow-er is with you; The world in ex-pec-tation waits For ac-tion prompt and true, Op-
 2. Brothers of the plow, In calm and qui-et might, You've waited long and patient-ly For what was yours by right; A
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come, ral-ly once a-gain, Come, gather from the prai-rie wide, The hill-side and the plain; Not



pression stalks a-broad, Mo-nop-o-lies about; Their gi-ant hands al-read-y clutch The till-ers of the ground.
 fair re-ward for toil, A free and o-pen field; An hon-est share for wife and home Of what your harvests yield.
 as in days of yore, With trump of battle's sound, But come and make the world respect The till-ers of the ground.



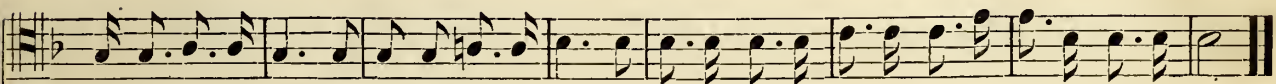
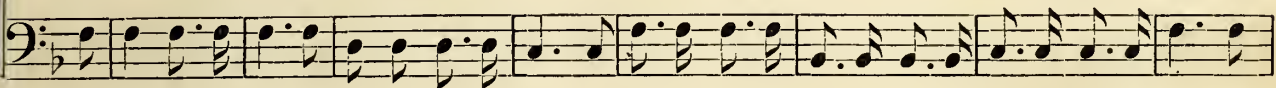
CHORUS.



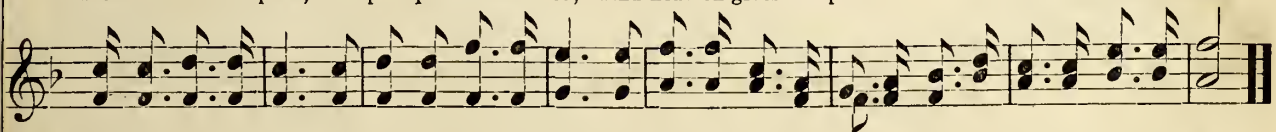
Awake, then, awake! the great world must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread, Yes,



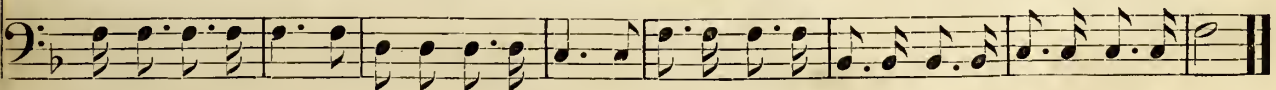
Awake, then, awake! the great world must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread, Yes,



broth-ers of the plow, The peo-ple must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread.



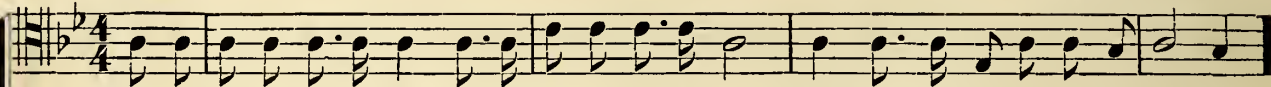
broth-ers of the plow, The peo-ple must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread.



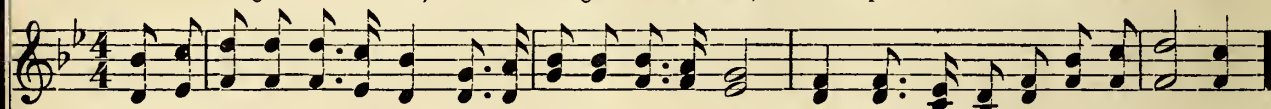
"PLOW DEEP" 'S THE MOTTO.

GEO. COOPER.

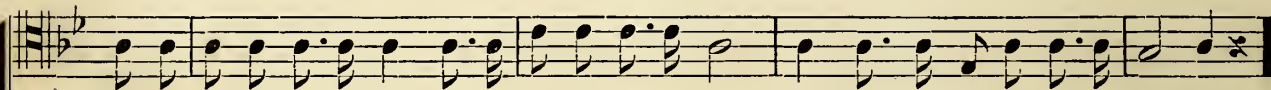
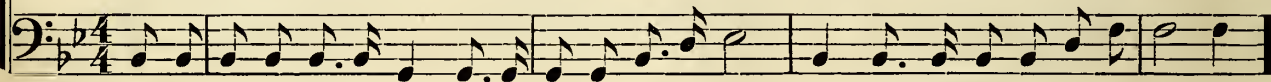
G. F. ROOT, by per.



1. There's a sound up-on the breeze, and they hear it from a - far, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!
2. From the Granges of the east, and the Granges of the west, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!



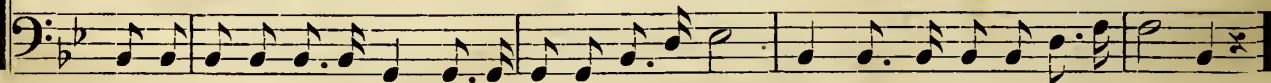
3. Bold mo-nop-o-ly and fac-tion we'll ev-er keep at bay, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!
4. We are root-ing out corruption in the high-ways of the land, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!



- There's a u-nion in the Grange that the world can nev-er mar, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!
 From the north and from the south, in the land we love the best, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!



- And dis-hon-est-y shall trem-ble when farmers clear the way, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!
 And the might-y helm of state yet shall feel the farmer's hand, "Plow deep" 's the mot-to of the Pa-trons!



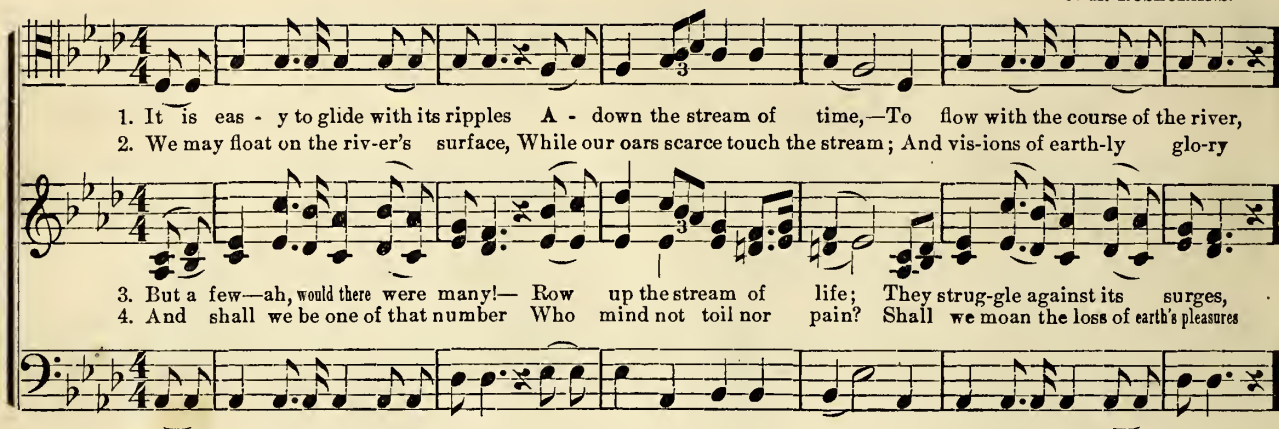
REFRAIN.

Plow deep for - ev - er! Ye Pa - trons, a - rise! Fraud and con - ten - tion for - ev - er de - spise! We can

tar - ry for the har - vest, grow - ing day by day, "Plow deep's" the mot - to of the Pa - trons.

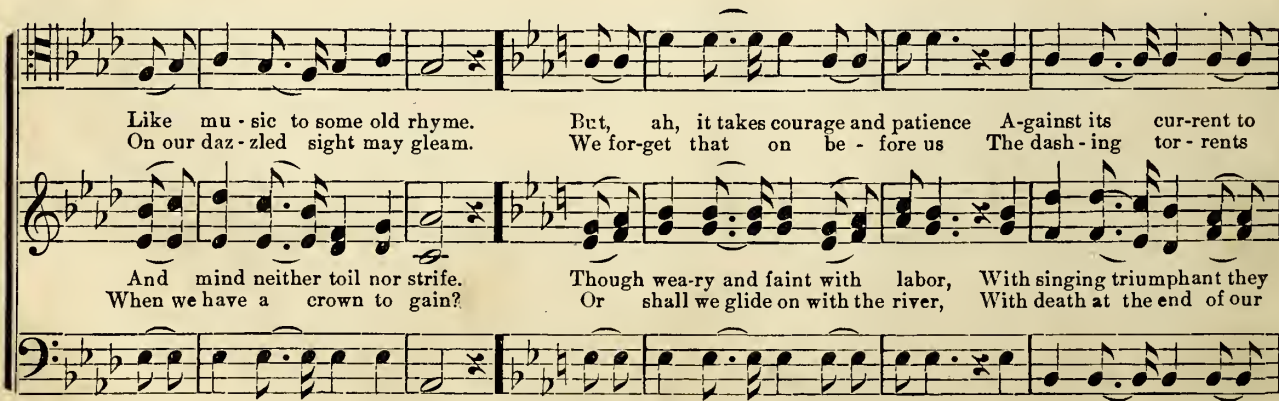
ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. It is eas - y to glide with its ripples A - down the stream of time,—To flow with the course of the river,
2. We may float on the riv-er's surface, While our oars scarce touch the stream; And vis-ions of earth-ly glo-ry

3. But a few—ah, would there were many!— Row up the stream of life; They strug-gle against its surges,
4. And shall we be one of that number Who mind not toil nor pain? Shall we moan the loss of earth's pleasures



Like mu - sic to some old rhyme. But, ah, it takes courage and patience A - gainst its cur - rent to
On our daz - zled sight may gleam. We for - get that on be - fore us The dash - ing tor - rents

And mind neither toil nor strife. Though wea - ry and faint with labor, With singing triumphant they
When we have a crown to gain? Or shall we glide on with the river, With death at the end of our

From "Shining Light," by per.

REFRAIN.

ride; And we must have strength from heaven When row-ing against the tide.
 roar; And when we are i - dly dreaming, Its waters will carry us o'er.

It is easy to glide with its ripples

ride; For faith is the he-ro's captain When row-ing against the tide.
 ride? While our brother, with heaven before him, Is row-ing against the tide.

It is easy to glide with its ripples

A - down the "stream of time,"—To flow with the course of the river, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme.

A - down the "stream of time,"—To flow with the course of the river, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme..

BE IN EARNEST, BOYS.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. Boys of spir - it, boys of will, Boys of mus - cle, brain and pow'r, Fit to cope with an - y
 2. Do what-e'er you have to do With a true and earn - est zeal; Bend your sin - ews to the
 3. Tho' your strength may seem but small, Though no great re - sults ap - pear, If you la - bor with a

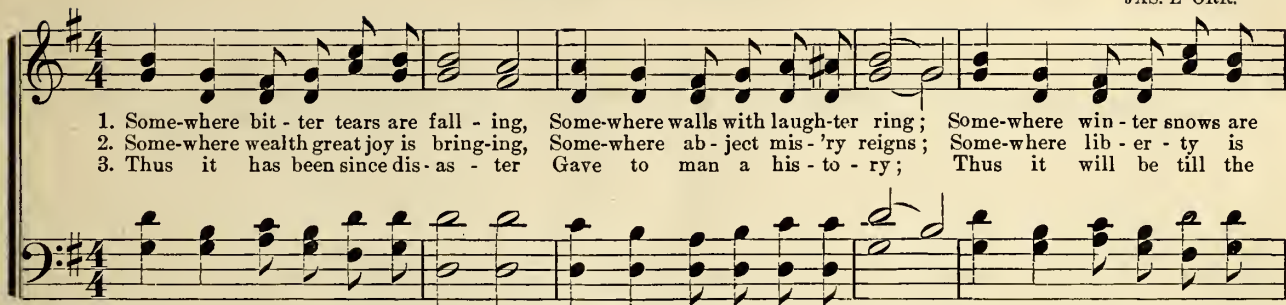
thing, These are want - ed ev - ry hour. Not the weak and whin - ing drones, Who all
 task, Put your shoul - ders to the wheel. Though your du - ty may be hard, Look not
 will, You will tri - umph, do not fear. In the work - shop, on the farm, At the

trou - bles mag - ni - fy, Not the watch - word of "I can't, But the no - bler one, "I'll try."
 on it as an ill, If it be an hon - est task, Do it with an hon - est will.
 desk - wher - e'er you be, From your fu - ture ef - forts, boys, Comes a na - tion's des - ti - ny.

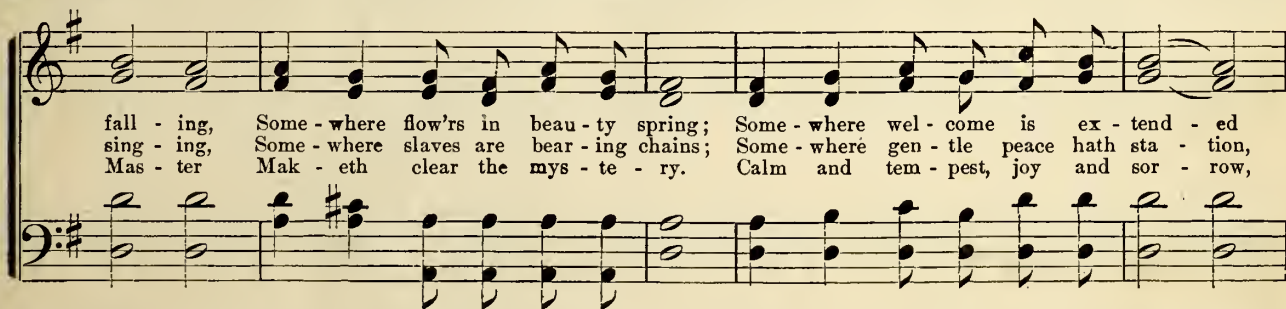
SOMEWHERE.

41

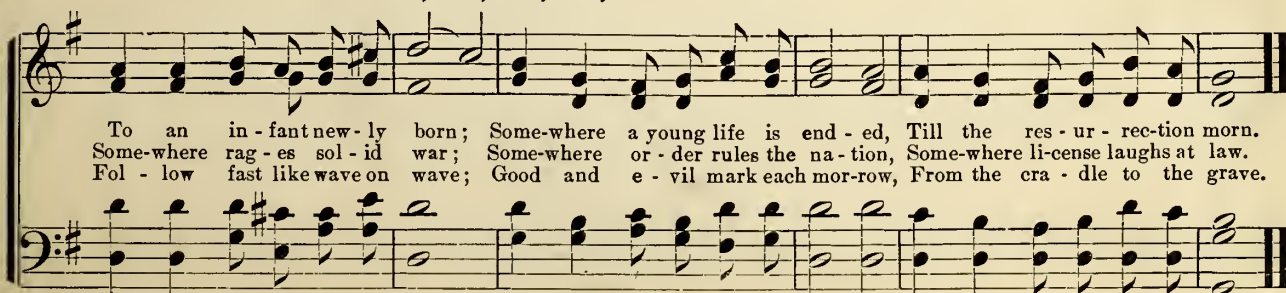
JAS. L. ORR.



1. Some-where bit - ter tears are fall - ing, Some-where walls with laugh-ter ring; Some-where win - ter snows are
 2. Some-where wealth great joy is bring-ing, Some-where ab - ject mis - 'ry reigns; Some-where lib - er - ty is
 3. Thus it has been since dis - as - ter Gave to man a his - to - ry; Thus it will be till the



fall - ing, Some - where flow'rs in beau - ty spring; Some - where wel - come is ex - tend - ed
 sing - ing, Some - where slaves are bear - ing chains; Some - where gen - tle peace hath sta - tion,
 Mas - ter Mak - eth clear the mys - te - ry. Calm and tem - pest, joy and sor - row,



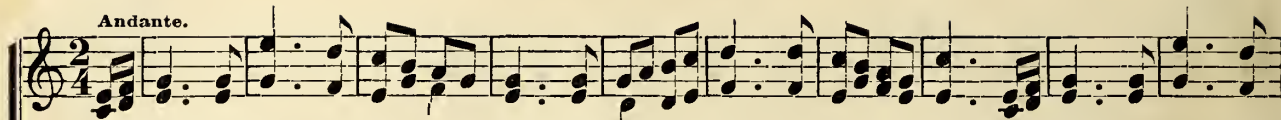
To an in - fant new - ly born; Some-where a young life is end - ed, Till the res - ur - rec-tion morn.
 Some-where rag - es sol - id war; Some-where or - der rules the na - tion, Some-where li - cense laughs at law.
 Fol - low fast like wave on wave; Good and e - vil mark each mor - row, From the cra - dle to the grave.

I DREAMED OF HOME.

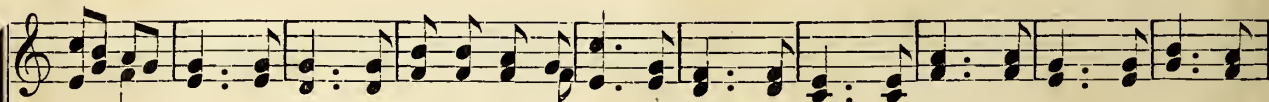
O. R. B.

O. R. BARROWS.

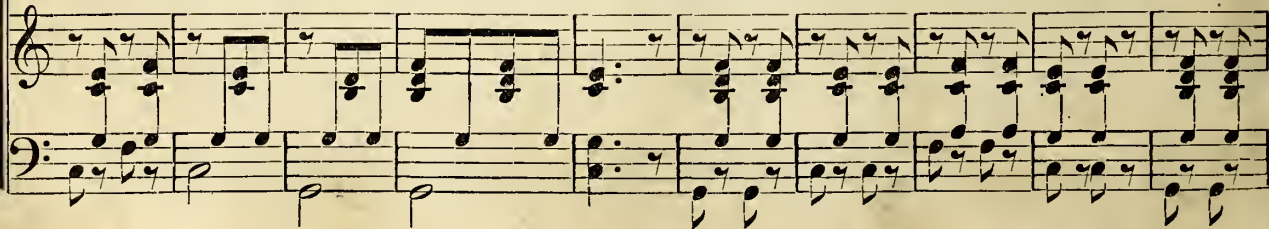
Andante.



1. I dreamed of home last night, and stood Once more with-in its hal-lowed walls, And saw the friends of
 2. I dreamed of home ere toil and care Had can-kered o'er the joys of youth, Ere sor-row's dark-'ning
 3. I dreamed of home when sun-ny hours Went wind-ing up the hill of years, And all the path was



ear-ly years As gath-ered in its sa-cred halls. I joined the group that sits at eve A-round the
 shade was there, And hope was bright with love and truth. I felt, as when a lit-tle child, My moth-er's
 strewn with flow'rs, And life was still un-wet with tears. I dreamed—but vis-ions will not stay— And sum-mer



bright and cheer - ful hearth, And sang a - gain the sol - emn hymns That raise the soul a -
 hand with fond - ling care; As sweet and low, in ac - cents mild, She taught my lips the
 days of youth are o'er, And I have wan - dered far a - way, The songs of home to

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

bove the earth.
 youth - ful prayer. I dreamed (I dreamed) of thee, my child - hood's home; Long have I wan - dered from thy
 hear no more.

The chorus section begins with a repeat sign and a fermata over the first measure. The musical score continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

I DREAMED OF HOME. Concluded.

halls; I dreamed (I dreamed) of thee, no more to roam, I stood with-in thy hon-ored walls.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

CODA. Very slow. 2d time very softly.

I dreamed (I dreamed), I dreamed (I dreamed,) of thee, my home; I dreamed (I dreamed,) I dreamed (I dreamed), of thee, my home, thee, my home.

1st time. 2d time.

Sva.

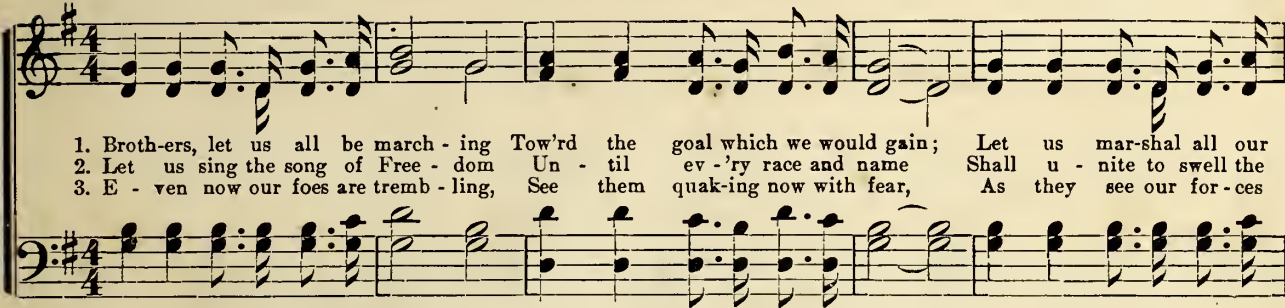
The Coda section is marked 'Very slow' and '2d time very softly'. It begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line with some grace notes. Below it are two piano staves (treble and bass) with a simple harmonic accompaniment. The section concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. Above the final measure, '1st time.' and '2d time.' are written. A wavy line labeled 'Sva.' (Sustained) is placed above the piano staves.

ONWARD MARCHING,

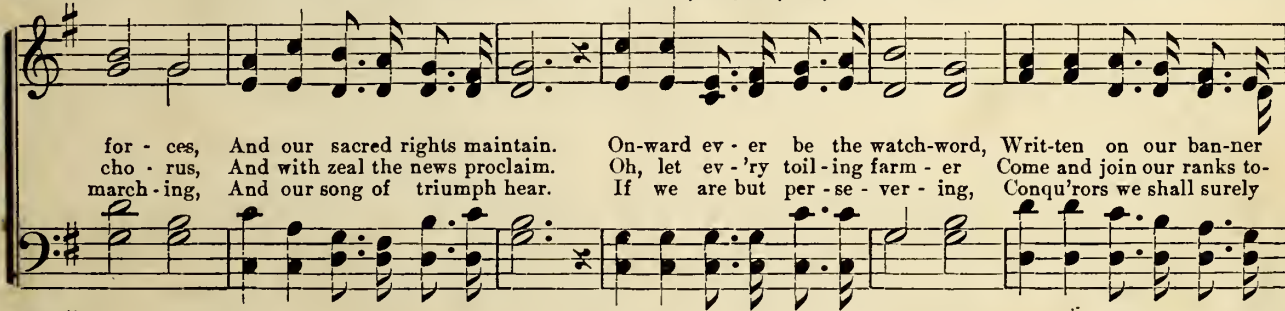
45

L. H. WEAVER.

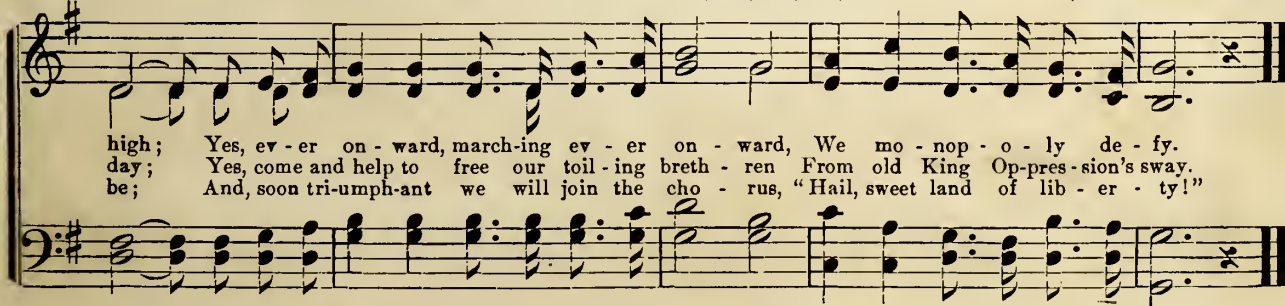
JAS. L. ORR.



1. Broth-ers, let us all be march - ing Tow'rd the goal which we would gain; Let us mar-shal all our
 2. Let us sing the song of Free - dom Un - til ev - 'ry race and name Shall u - nite to swell the
 3. E - ven now our foes are tremb - ling, See them quak-ing now with fear, As they see our for - ces



for - ces, And our sacred rights maintain. On-ward ev - er be the watch-word, Writ - ten on our ban - ner
 cho - rus, And with zeal the news proclaim. Oh, let ev - 'ry toil - ing farm - er Come and join our ranks to -
 march - ing, And our song of triumph hear. If we are but per - se - ver - ing, Conqu' - rors we shall surely



high; Yes, ev - er on - ward, march - ing ev - er on - ward, We mo - nop - o - ly de - fy.
 day; Yes, come and help to free our toil - ing breth - ren From old King Op - pres - sion's sway.
 be; And, soon tri - umph - ant we will join the cho - rus, "Hail, sweet land of lib - er - ty!"

SUNSHINE EVER FOLLOWS RAIN.

MRS. E. R. HUGHES.

M. L. REMSBERG.

1. I am roam-ing in the mead - ows In the dew - y flush of light, O'er my spir - it comes a
 2. Still dark clouds around me gath - er While the sunlight round me plays; Friends depart and fond hearts
 3. Still I list-en, soft-ly list - en, And my sor-row light-er seems; At my feet the dew-gems

shad - ow, Turning sunshine into night. Oh, the woe of doubtful lov - ing Saddens heart and wearies
 sev - er, God has strange, mysterious ways. And I linger in the shad - ow, List - less in my wear-y
 glist - en In the sunlight's rosy beams. And the brooklet in the dis - tance, Soft - ly singing a re-

SUNSHINE EVER FOLLOWS RAIN. Concluded.

brain; Hope is softly whisp'ring something, Sunshine ever follows rain.
 pain; Dreaming in the dew-y mead - ow, Sunshine ever follows rain.
 frair, Drinking in the dew - y fra - grance, Sunshine ever follows rain.

O'er the meadows I am

O'er the meadows I am

roam - ing, List-less in my wea-ry pain; Hope is softly whisp'ring something, Sunshine ever fol-lows rain.

roam - ing, List-less in my wea-ry pain; Hope is softly whisp'ring something, Sunshine ever fol-lows rain.

PICNIC SONG.

L. S. H.

L. S. HALL.

1. We come, we come from hill and vale, To spend a ga - la day; With glad - some hearts our

2. We come, we come the grove to fill With songs of mirth and glee; To mock the wild-bird's

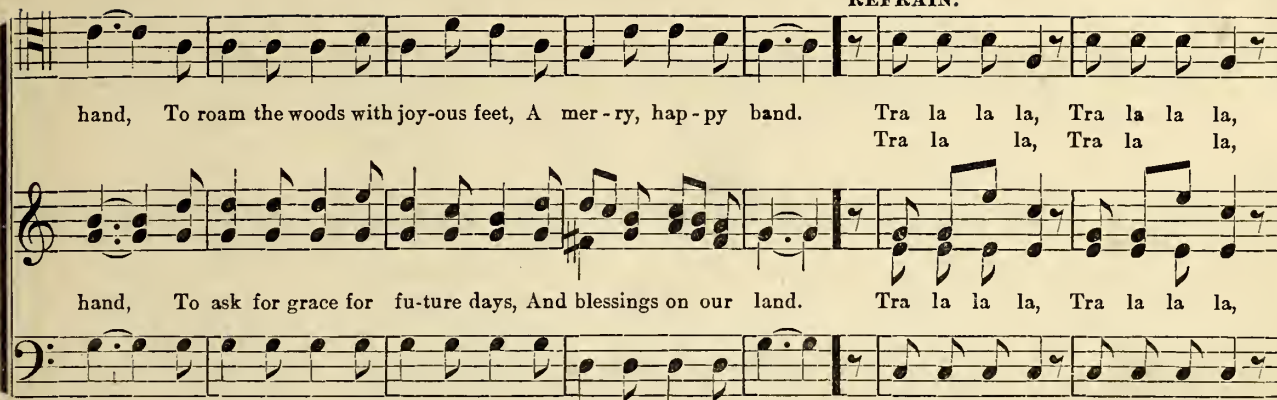
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the melody for the first line of the first verse. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the melody for the first line of the second verse. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the bass line for the first line of the first verse.

friends to hail, And hie to the woods a - way. We come, we come glad hearts to meet, And grasp the friend - ly

mer - ry trill, With hearts as light and free. We come, we come our God to praise, For fav - ors from his

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the melody for the second line of the first verse. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the melody for the second line of the second verse. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. It contains the bass line for the second line of the first verse.

REFRAIN.



hand, To roam the woods with joy-ous feet, A mer-ry, hap-py band. Tra la la la, Tra la la la,
Tra la la, Tra la la,

hand, To ask for grace for fu-ture days, And blessings on our land. Tra la la la, Tra la la la,



Haste we a-way, hay-py to-day, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Hap-py and free to-day.
Tra la la, Tra la la,

Haste . we, hap-py to-day, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Hap-py and free to-day..

M. E. W.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. I launched my boat, my little boat, With sails of gold and blue, Upon the sea, whose mighty depth And breadth I nev-er knew;

2. I wait-ed on the lone-ly shore, For many a wea-ry day, To see my boat come sailing back, The boat I sent a-way.

3. But tho' my eyes are dim and old, And all my youth is gone, Still here up-on the bar-ren shore I watch and wait a-lone.

I watched it drift far out of sight With all the precious hoard Of hap-py hope, of trust, of love, That I for years had stored.

For all the sea is flocked with sails, And ships float up the bay, Great ships returning with more spoil Than all they took a-way.

My lit-tle boat, my pretty boat, With sails of gold and blue, Still wanders on the wide, wide sea, Whose breadth I nev-er knew.

IF I HAD BUT A VOICE OF SONG.

51

HELIA HAUGHTON.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. Oh, had I but a voice of song To thrill the hearts of men, I'd sing glad strains of goodness true, O - ver and o'er a - gain.

2. I'd send such floods of noble tho't Cours-ing thro' all the world, That sin, assailed in its great strength, Should from its throne be hurled.

3. Men should no longer ea-ger be For pleas-ures dear - ly bought, The world would all be full of joy, If purged of e - vil thought.

With all the beauteous things we love My gladsome song I'd fill; For ev - 'ry lit-tle tho't of good Crowds out some tho't of ill.

I'd leave no chance for wicked-ness Its poi - son to in - still; For ev - 'ry lit-tle tho't of good Crowds out some tho't of ill.

Oh, had I but a voice of song The hearts of men to thrill, I'd sing to them such goodly tho'ts, They'd crowd out all the ill.

A SONG TO THE GOOD OLD PLOW.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. A song to the plow, the brave old plow, That hath ruled the wide world o'er, For
 2. Thou hast seen the time when no peal - ing chime - Was heard the wide world thro'; When the
 3. Thou hast seen the time in many a clime, When the bread was hard to win, When

life and good fare on his strong steel share, Shall de - pend for ev - er - more; There is
 king's broad hall, and the cot - tage small, Of a Christ - mas nev - er knew; And
 both great and small, at hun - ger's call, Were led in - to dead - ly sin; But

strength in his beam, as the toil - ing team Turns the fur - rows so long and deep, While it
 ma - ny a day, a - long the high - way, Have hun - dreds starv - ing lain, They are
 thou ne'er can'st say, thou hast seen the day When want bowed the strong man's head, When the



mel - lows the sod we have trust in our God, That his prom - ise he sure - ly will keep.
 dead, they are gone, to earth's bo - som borne, But the plow it still doth reign.
 right - eous man's seed, in his great - est need, Ev - er begged for his dai - ly bread.

REFRAIN.



Then a song to the good old plow, That hath fed all the na - tions, gone, And



glo - ry as now to the good old plow When a thou - sand years have flown.

MERRILY SING.

J. H. FILLMORE.

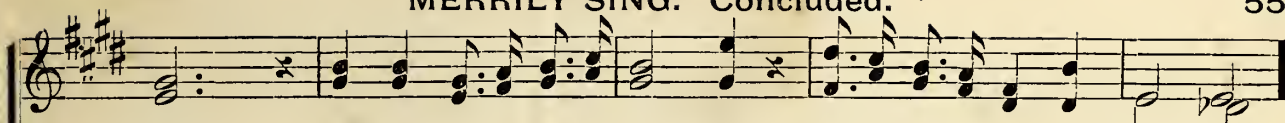
1. Mer-ri - ly sing our hap - py even-ing song, mer-ri - ly sing, Cheer - i - ly now the joy - ful notes pro-
 2. Joy-ful - ly sing, the cho - rus now we raise, mer-ri - ly sing, Crown-ing the night with mu - sic's grand-est

long; mer-ri - ly sing; Heart-i - ly join our cheer-ful, hap - py throng, mer-ri - ly sing, mer-ri - ly sing, mer-ri - ly,
 lays; mer-ri - ly sing; Sing-ing will bless and bright-en all our days, mer-ri - ly sing, mer-ri - ly sing, mer-ri - ly,

mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing. Chase a - way all care and sad - ness, Swell the an - them loud and
 mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing. Mu - sic is a gold - en treas - ure, Beau - ty dwells in ev - ry

MERRILY SING. Concluded.

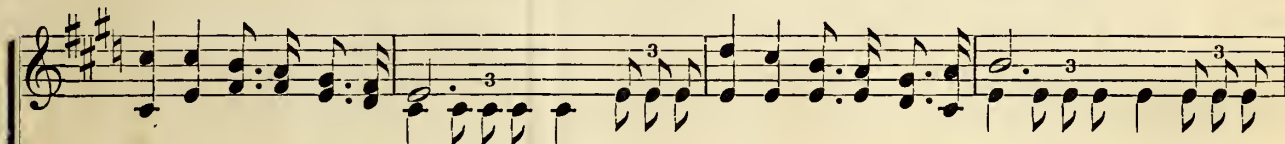
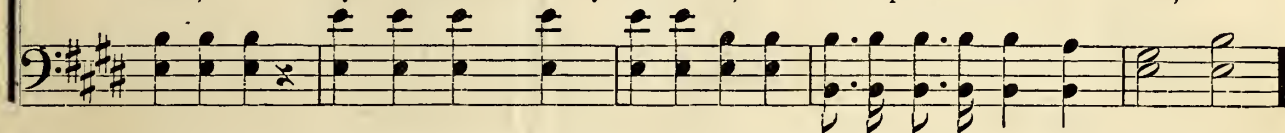
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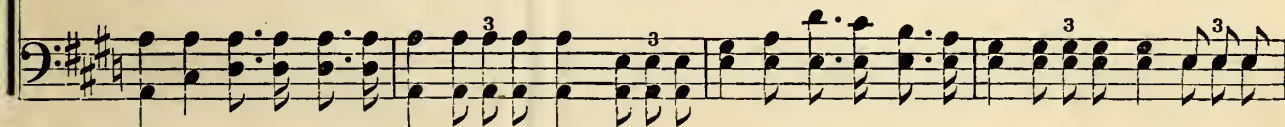
long;
sound;

Lift your hearts to joy and glad - ness
Joy is found in ev - 'ry meas - ure,

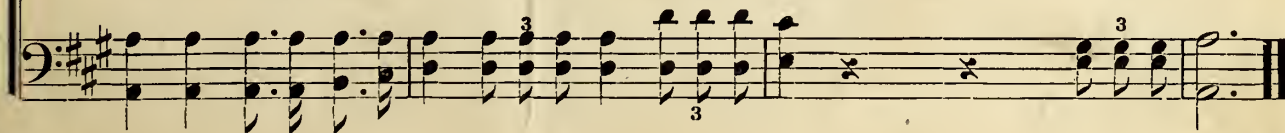
With the ech - oes of our song; Then
Let its pleas - ures now a - bound;



sing our hap - py even - ing song, mer - ri - ly sing, Cheer - i - ly now the joy - ful notes pro - long, merrily sing; Heartily



join our cheer - ful, hap - py throng, mer - ri - ly sing, mer - ri - ly sing, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.



NEVER TURN BACK.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

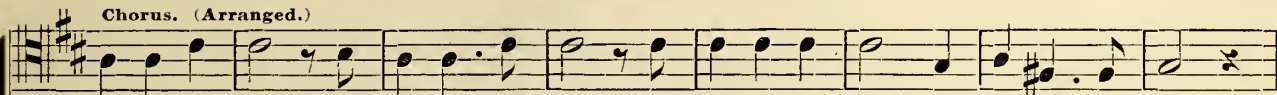
1. Don't ev - er turn back with your hand to the plow, To reap you must sow, would you gath - er it
 2. Your path-way, tho' shal - low, will deep - er yet grow, And rich - er the soil, if you fol - low the
 3. Then turn up the soil and work it with care, Sow broad-cast the seed, and root out the
 4. God cares for the spar - row—how much better we, His chil - dren on earth, pro - tect - ed will

now? The sun must shine down with its glad, cheer - ing ray, To chase a-way dark-ness and light up the day.
 row; The roots will strike deep - er, en-riched by de - cay, As flow - ers bloom fresh at the smil - ing of day.
 tare; Look forth on the har - vest of bright, wav - ing grain, Have faith in your la - bor, 'twill not be in vain.
 be; Then heap up the bins, stow a - way in the mow, And nev - er turn back with your hand to the plow.

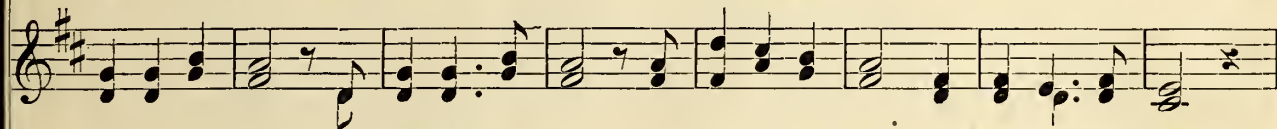
NEVER TURN BACK. Concluded.

57

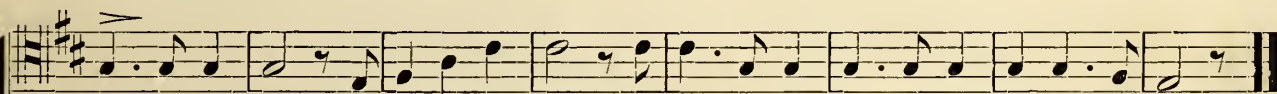
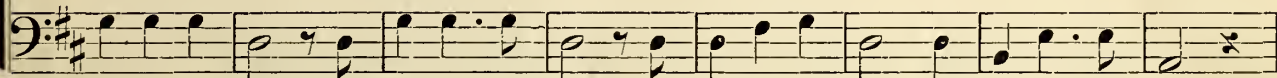
Chorus. (Arranged.)



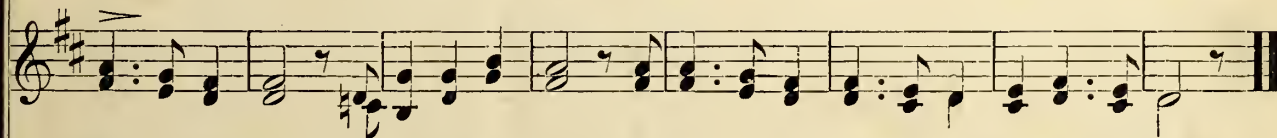
Nev - er turn back, but press stead - y on, At - tune the sweet harp a - new for the song;



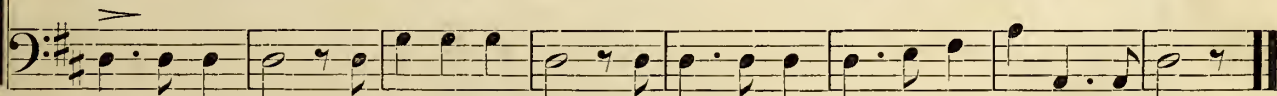
Nev - er turn back, but press stead - y on, At - tune the sweet harp a - new for the song;



Strike the right chord and make this one vow, To nev - er turn back with your hand to the plow.



Strike the right chord and make this one vow, To nev - er turn back with your hand to the plow.



NO GOLDEN HARVEST.

SCOTCH AIR.

1. There is no gold - en har - vest For him who fears to soil His hands with hon - est
 2. There is no gold - en har - vest For him who will not sow, And tend, and reap and
 3. There is no gold - en har - vest For him who will not wait, When all his la - bor's

la - bor And wear the badge of toil, And wear the badge of toil; For thus the Mas - ter
 gar - ner The grain that God shall grow; For God a - lone can grow, Can make the small seed
 end - ed, Till God the grain cre - ate, Till God the grain cre - ate, With sunshine and with

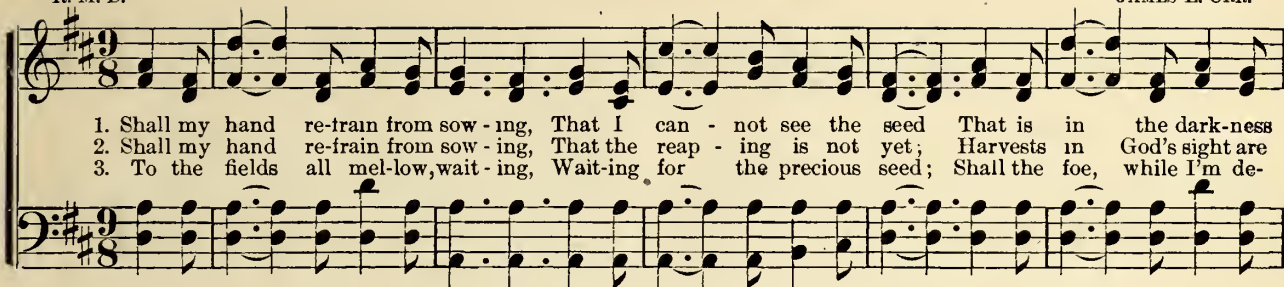
knows Who is faith - ful in his vine - yard, Who hath tend - ed well his rows.
 yield, And the hus - band - man shall gar - ner Of the fruit of his own field.
 storms, Through the ma - ny days of prom - ise, While he his work per - forms.

EVER SOWING.

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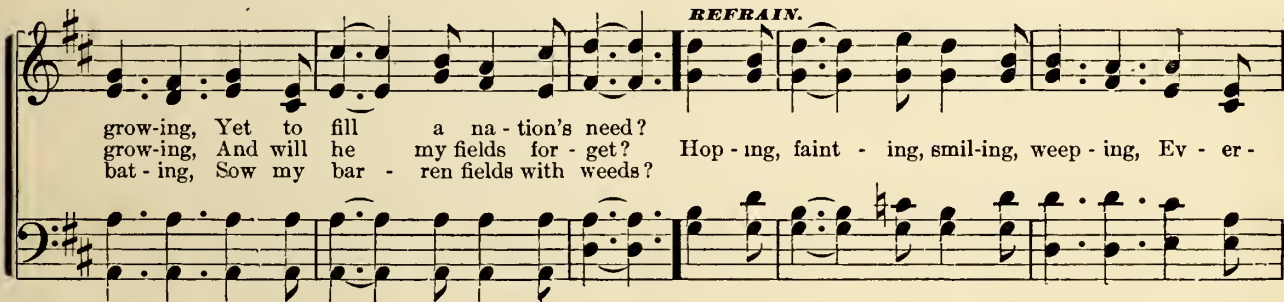
R. M. D.

JAMES L. ORR.

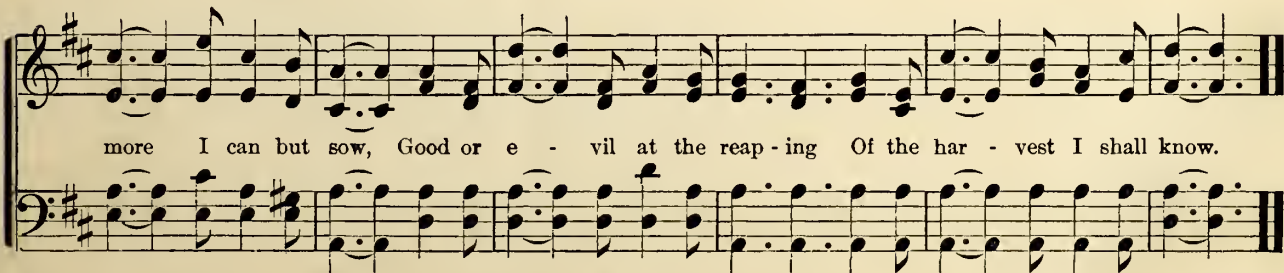


1. Shall my hand re-train from sow - ing, That I can - not see the seed That is in the dark-ness
 2. Shall my hand re-train from sow - ing, That the reap - ing is not yet; Harvests in God's sight are
 3. To the fields all mel-low, wait - ing, Wait - ing for the precious seed; Shall the foe, while I'm de-

REFRAIN.



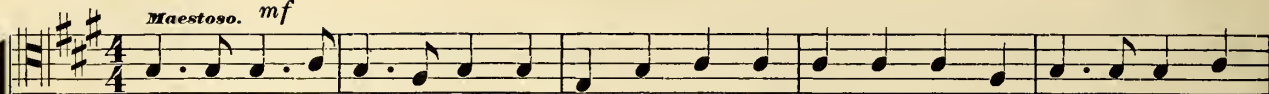
grow-ing, Yet to fill a na - tion's need?
 grow-ing, And will he my fields for - get? Hop - ing, faint - ing, smil - ing, weep - ing, Ev - er -
 bat - ing, Sow my bar - ren fields with weeds?



more I can but sow, Good or e - vil at the reap - ing Of the har - vest I shall know.

FARMER'S MARCH.

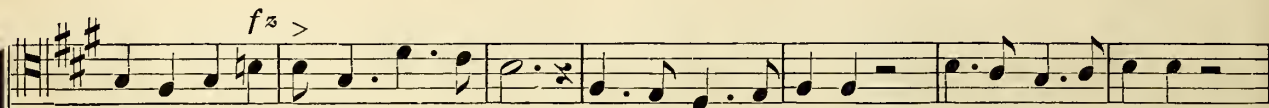
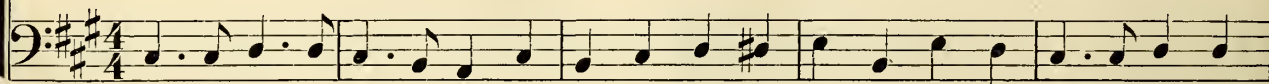
WELSH AIR.

Maestoso. mf

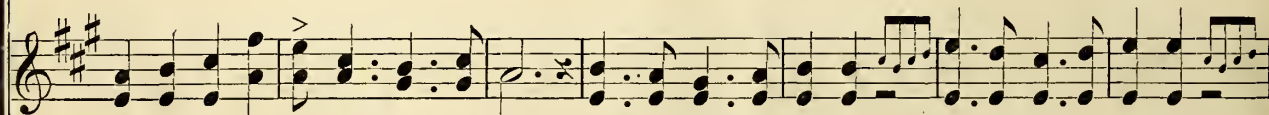
1. Lo! the morn of strife is blush-ing, To the con-test men are rush-ing; On-ward, gal-lant



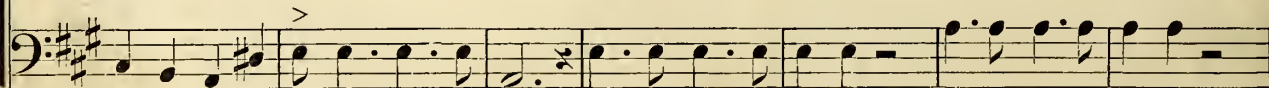
2. Might-y in your brawn-y val-or, Turn the scoff-er's sneer to pal-lor, Snatch the earth, ye



knights of la-bor, Be ye men to-day. Give ye right as-sist-ance, On, and span the distance



knights of la-bor, From the id-ler's sway. Ev-er brave-ly dar-ing, Ev-er no-bly bear-ing



Of de - gree that mocks your manhood; Man ly in re - sist - ance, Fell op - pres - sion in your way;

All the hardships of the strug - gle, With the weak - est shar - ing All the spoils that pave your way;

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The music is a march, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure containing a fermata.

Let no stig - ma rest on la - bor, Vin - di - cate your - self, ye farmers, Be ye men to - day.

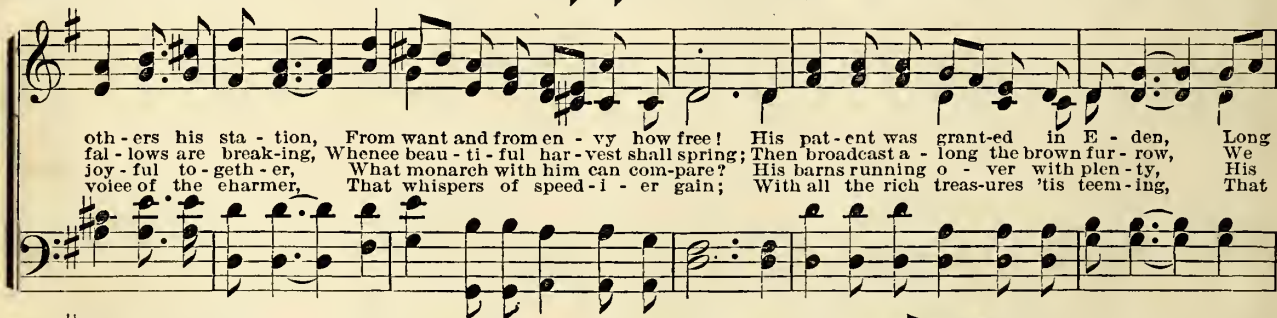
Toil and hon - or be your watchword, Bravely on, ye knights of la - bor, Men, in - deed, to - day.

This musical system also consists of three staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. It begins with a 'Cres.' (Crescendo) marking above the first staff. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a final measure containing a fermata.

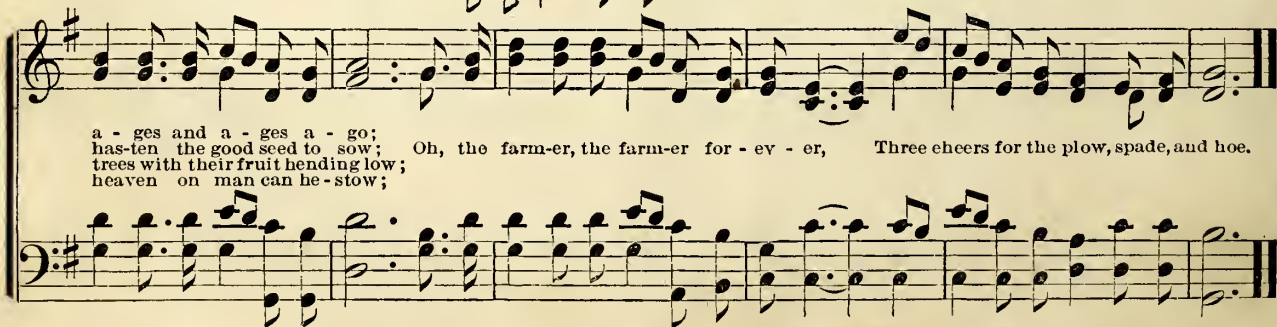
THE PLOW, SPADE, AND HOE.



1. The farm-er is chief of the na - tion, The old - est of no - bles is he; How hlest be-yond
2. In A - pril, when na - ture is wak - ing, And blue - birds are first on the wing, His plow now the
3. But when, in the clear Autumn weath-er, He reaps the re - ward of his care; So bus - y and
4. Then sing me the life of a farm-er, With com - fort and health in his train, And heed not the



oth - ers his sta - tion, From want and from en - vy how free! His pat - ent was grant - ed in E - den, Long
fal - lows are break - ing, Whence beau - ti - ful har - vest shall spring; Then broadcast a - long the brown fur - row, We
joy - ful to - geth - er, What monarch with him can com - pare? His barns running o - ver with plen - ty, His
voice of the charmer, That whispers of speed - i - er gain; With all the rich treas - ures 'tis teem - ing, That



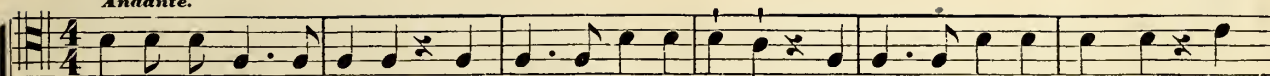
a - ges and a - ges a - go;
has - ten the good seed to sow; Oh, the farm-er, the farm-er for - ev - er, Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe.
trees with their fruit bending low;
heaven on man can he - stow;

LABOR IS KING.

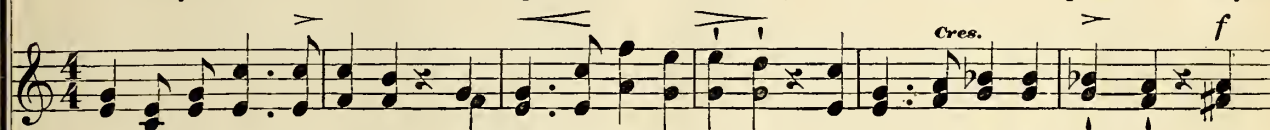
63

M. REBECCA DARR.
Andante.

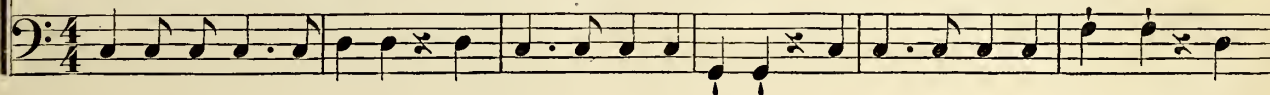
KINKEL.



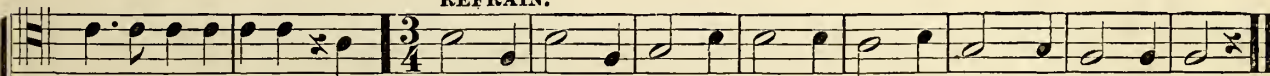
1. For - ev - er and for - ev - er The life-threads twine and sev - er, And sea - sons on - ward roll - ing Are
2. Its sub - jects are all na - tions, Ex - empt - ed are no sta - tions; The de - vo - tees of pleas - ure Pay



3. In vain were ea - gles' pin - ions To flee from its do - min - ions; It ev - 'ry - where up - ris - es In
4. But they who own its pow - er Find sweet rewards each hour; For mer - ci - ful e'er prov - eth This



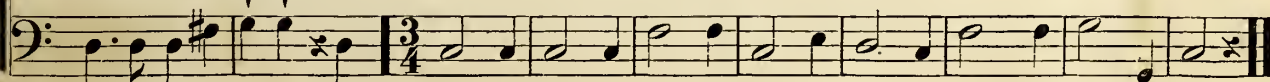
REFRAIN.



rul - ers' death - notes tolling. But Time may fly, and chang - es ring, Yet La - bor ev - er - more is king.
trib - ute in full measure. Oh,



man - i - fold dis - guises. Oh, Time may fly, and chang - es ring, Yet La - bor ev - er - more is king.
king to him that loveth. Oh,



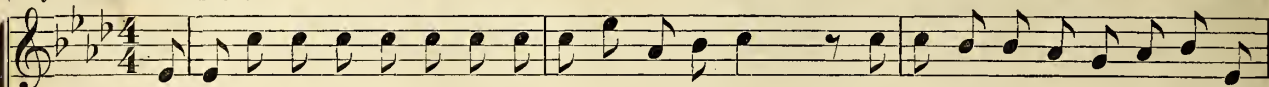
BECAUSE HE JOINED THE GRANGE.

J. L. O.

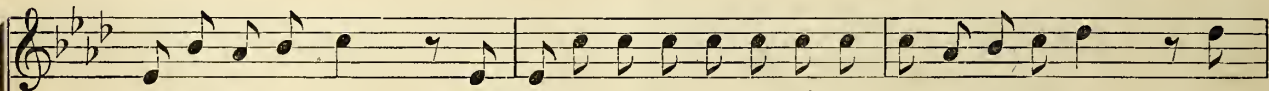
JAMES L. ORR.

SCENE.—A farmer's kitchen. Father, mending some broken furniture; Mother, churning on an old dasher; Lucy, timidly asking father's consent.

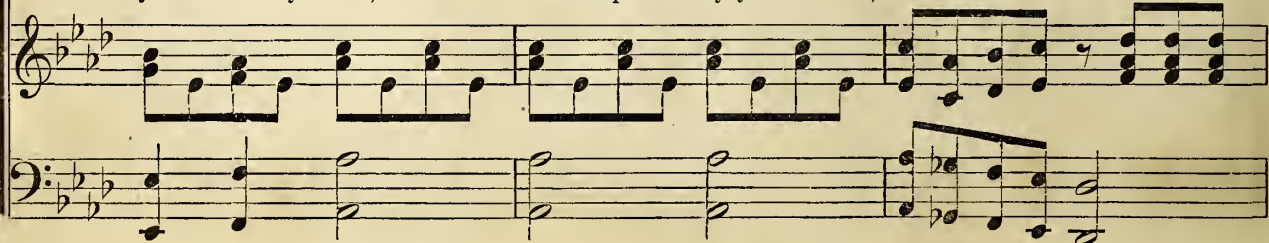
Costumes to suit characters. The hammer and churn may be made to keep time to the first two measures of the Chorus; after that they should remain silent.



LUCY.	Now, fa-ther, do not scold me, please, when I have told you all	That Ru - fus said to me last night when
FATHER.	Git mar-ried, Lu-cy? Rufus Brown? what's that I hear ye say?	Young Brown that talks in sich a smart and
MOTHER.	Pray, fa-ther, do not scold the girl, I'm sure you must for - get	The time when you were twenty-one and
FATHER.	For more than thir-ty years, dear wife, you've been my faithful guide;	Your love has nev - er cold - er grown since



he came here to call;	He talked about the crops, you know, how they were going to be;	But
hi - fa - lu - tin way?	You mar - ry him? No, Lu - cy, no,—now taint no use to cry;	He'd
I not twen-ty yet;	I left <i>my</i> home for one I loved with-out re-proof or tears,	And
you became my bride;	I've learned to prof - it by your counsels, and I'll not re - fuse	To



af - ter you were gone he talked of something else to me.
 live on ed - i - cation's plan, and let ye starve and die.
 I've been happy with him now for five and thir - ty years.
 grant the wishes of your heart, what-ev - er you may choose;

He told me of the hopes and plans he
 Besides, young Brown has joined the Grange; what
 A bet - ter boy than Ru-fus Brown I'm
 And so, I s'pose, we'd bet-ter let the

had for years to come,
 made him sich a fool?
 sure I nev - er saw,
 young folks have their way;

And asked me if I'd be con-tent to share his fu-ture home,
 Why can't he jine the meet-in' folks, or jine the Sunday-school?
 And ed - u - cation's just as good for farm-ing as for law;
 And if our Lu - cy wants to wed young Rufus Brown, she may;

I'm
 They're
 He's
 For

sure he's ver-y earnest, fa-ther, for he told me so,
 good enough for sich as me, and good enough for him;
 good to Lu-cy, and we know, what-ev-er else may change,
 when I think of days gone by, it don't seem right to scold;

And asked me if I'd be his wife; and—
 There haint no pesk-y goat for one to
 It has - n't made him dumb or poor, be-
 It seems as if our hearts keep young, while

CHORUS. Soprano.

fa-ther, may I go?
 ride a jin - in' them.
 cause he joined the Grange.
 we ourselves grow old. (Last v.)

Alto. It aint no use to talk, and 'tain't no use to cry, We

Tenor. It aint no use to talk, come, Lu - cy, don't you cry, Go

(Last verse.) It aint no use to talk, and 'tain't no use to cry, We
 It aint no use to talk, come, Lu - cy, don't you cry, Go

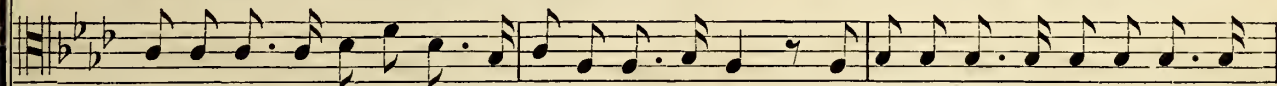
Bass.

Chorus may be omitted on the first verse.



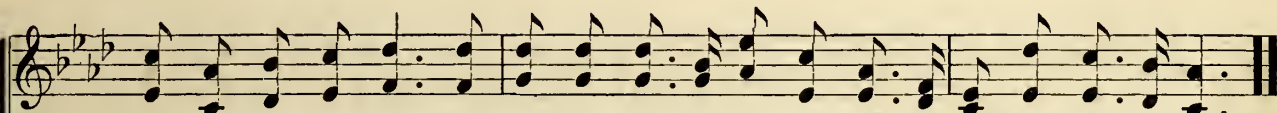
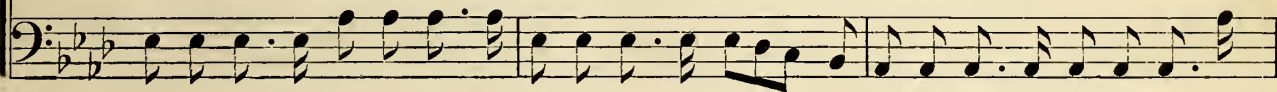
don't want a - ny Rufus Brown mixed in this fam - i - ly;
wed your Ru - fus if you choose, and live con - tent - ed - ly;

Be - sides, its just as like as not, what -
For, wife, I guess that you are right, what -

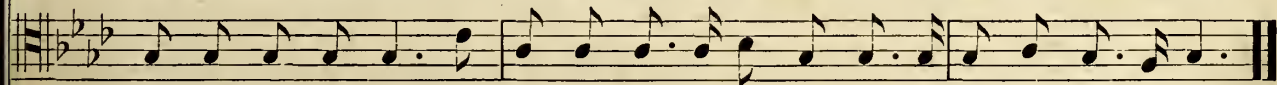


don't want a - ny Rufus Brown mixed in this fam - i - ly;
wed your Ru - fus if you choose, and live con - tent - ed - ly;

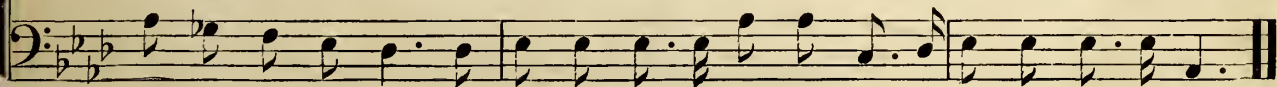
Be - sides, its just as like as not, what -
For, wife, I guess that you are right, what -



ev - er else may change, *He'll* not a - mount to a - ny thing, be - cause he's joined the Grange.
ev - er else may change, It don't make peo - ple dumb or poor, be - cause they join the Grange.



ev - er else may change, *He'll* not a - mount to a - ny thing, be - cause he's joined the Grange.
ev - er else may change, It don't make peo - ple dumb or poor, be - cause they join the Grange.

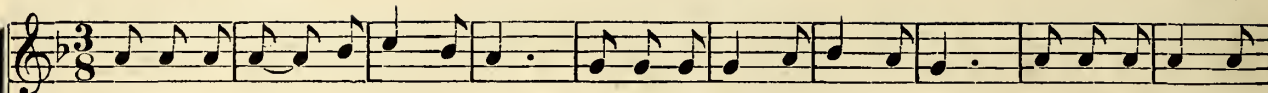


MOTHER'S LULLABY.

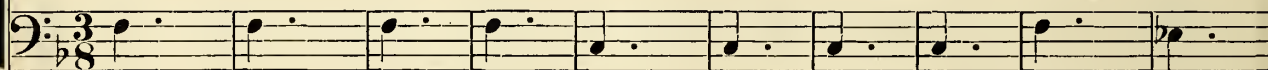
Words from "THE NURSERY."

To "the hand that rocks the world."

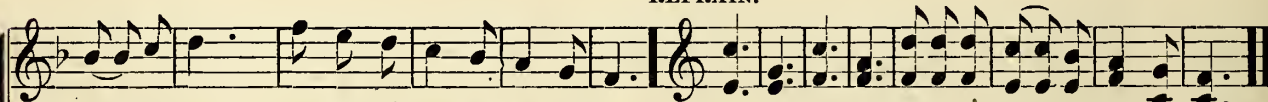
JAS. L. ORR.



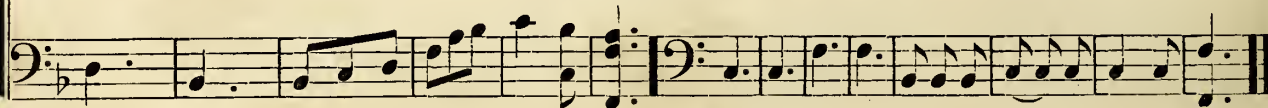
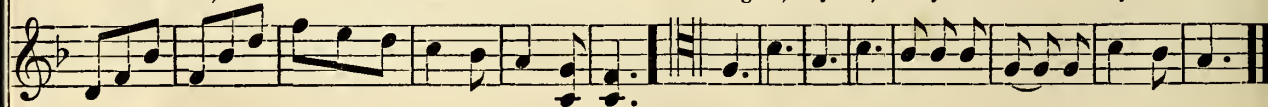
1. Ba-by is go-ing to By-lo-land, Go-ing to see the sights so grand; Out of the skies the
 2. O the bright dreams in By-lo-land, All by the lov-ing an-gels planned; Soft lit-tle eye-lids
 3. Sweet is the way to By-lo-land, Guid-ed by moth-er's gen-tle hand; Lit-tle lambs now are



REFRAIN.



- little stars peep, Watching to see her fast a-sleep. Swing so, By-lo, Ba-by is go-ing to By-lo-land.
 downward close, Just like the pe-tals of a rose. Swing so, By-lo, Ba-by is go-ing to By-lo-land.
 in the fold, Lit-tle birds nes-tle from the cold. Swing so, By-lo, Ba-by is safe in By-lo-land.



MEMORIAL SONG.

69

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD.

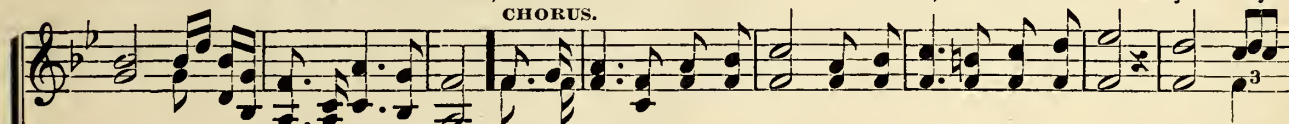
ABT.

Duett.

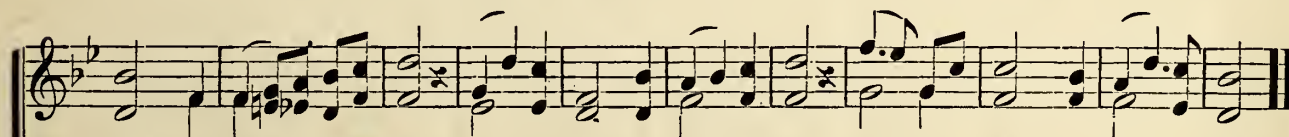
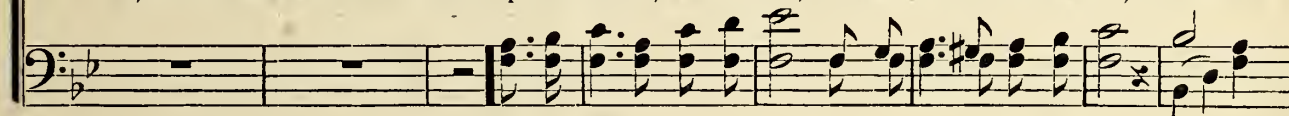


1. In mem'ry of our sis - ter dear, Patrons, we are gathered here, Plant - ing our me - mo - rial
2. Breath of Spring, or Sum - mer's glow, Autumn's fruit, or Win - ter's snow, All will find this to - ken
3. Thou who called those of our band, To that far - off bet - ter land, Guide us as we jour - ney

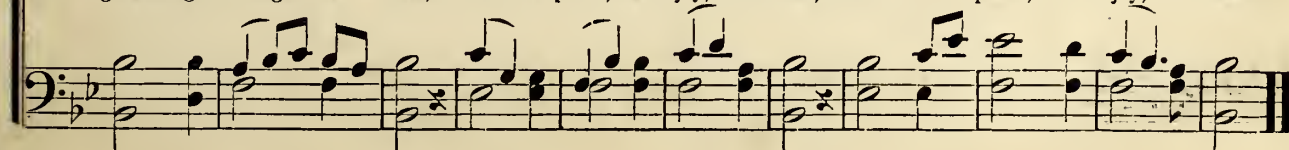
CHORUS.



tree, Let it e'er our to - ken be. Sev - ered are fra - ter - nal ties, She has journeyed to the skies; Though from here, Emblem of our Or - der dear. Ev - er may we like it be, Not - ed for fi - del - i - ty; Like it on, Till our task in life is done. Up - ward lead us, as this tree, On - ward till our friends we see, In that



home and Grange she's gone, In our hearts her name is borne, In our hearts her name is borne.
as we on - ward go, Broad - er, pur - er, bet - ter grow, Broad - er, pur - er, bet - ter grow.
great bright Grange a - bove, Where is peace, and joy, and love, Where is peace, and joy, and love.



SAILING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER.

Mrs. E. R. HUGHS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I am drift - ing down life's riv - er, I am drift - ing with the tide, And I faint - ly catch the
 2. I am drift - ing on life's bil - lows, And its wave - lets 'round me roll; Soon my bark will safe - ly
 3. Lift, oh lift the mist - y cur - tain, Let the gold - en sun - beams fall; Let them chase a - way the

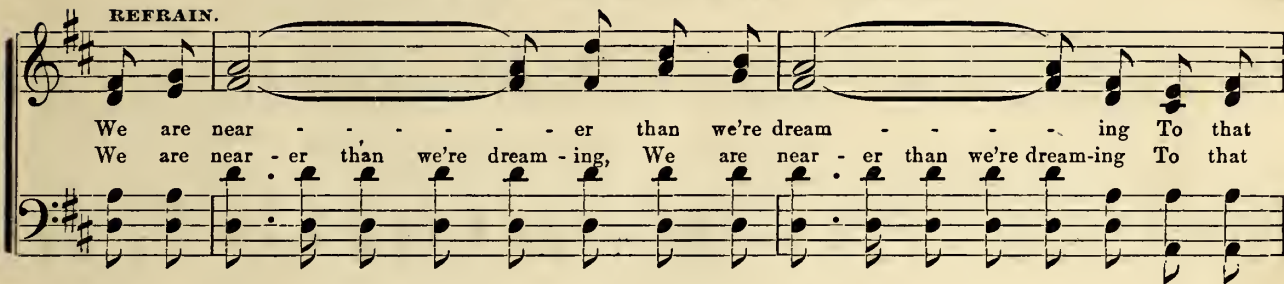
mu - sic, Mu - sic from the oth - er side; Oft I'm plunged a - mid the break - ers, And the
 an - chor, In that bright and hap - py goal. For I know that shore I'm near - ing, By the
 shad - ows Hang - ing dark - ly on the wall. O - pen, o - pen wide the win - dow, List - en

bil - lows 'round me roar; Then I list - en for the mu - sic, Mu - sic from the oth - er shore.
 pur - ple sun - set glow, By the mu - sic that comes steal - ing, With its ca - dence soft and low.
 to the mu - sic sweet; Wel - come, wel - come, joy - ous mu - sic, Soft - ly now the two worlds meet.

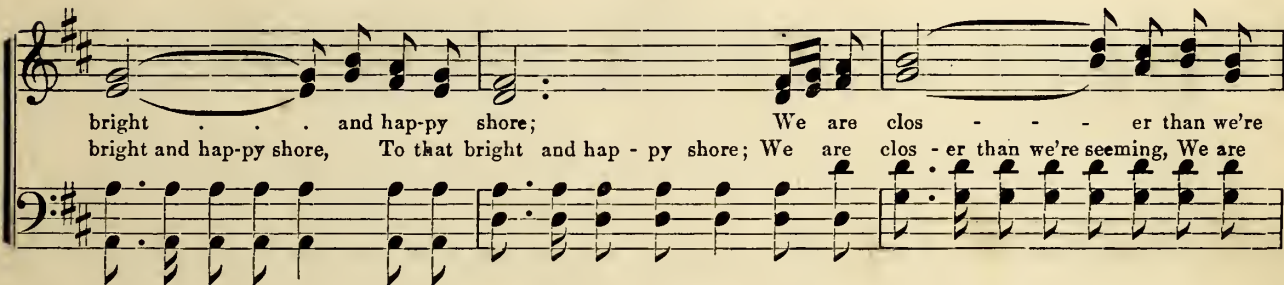
SAILING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER. Concluded.

71

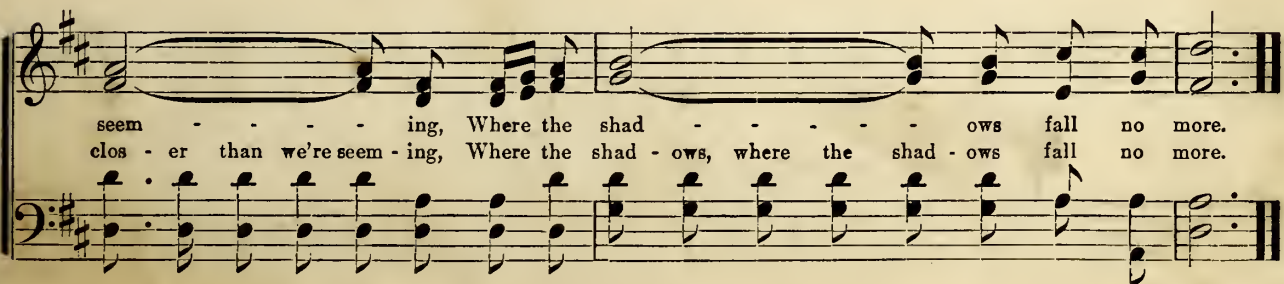
REFRAIN.



We are near - - - er than we're dream - - - ing To that
We are near - er than we're dream - ing, We are near - er than we're dream - ing To that



bright and hap - py shore; We are clos - - - er than we're
bright and hap - py shore, To that bright and hap - py shore; We are clos - er than we're seem - ing, We are



seem - - - ing, Where the shad - - - ows fall no more.
clos - er than we're seem - ing, Where the shad - ows, where the shad - ows fall no more.

GATHER THE CHERISHED ONES.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per

Slowly and softly.

1. Gath - er the cherished ones home to their rest, Strew the pale ros - es o - ver the breast; Like them in

2. Weep for the cherished ones, hal-low with tears, Graves which the love of lost ones en-dears; Trust to their

3. Je - sus our cherished ones welcomes on high, With him for - ev - er, no more to die; May we, dear

beau - ty, flow - ers de - cay, When the heart's earth - ly joy pass - eth a - way.

pil - low gent - ly the dead, An - gels from heav - en will watch o'er their head.

Fa - ther, when life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to part nev - er - more.

HAIL THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION.

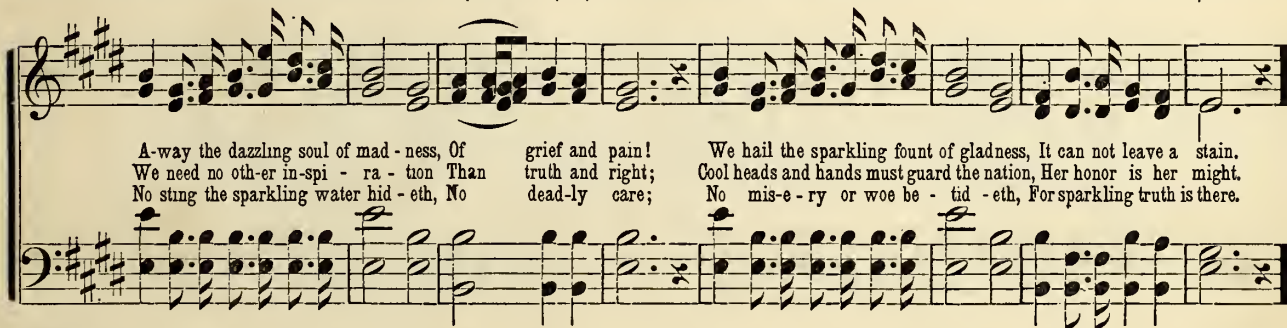
73

M. REBECCA DARR.

JAS. L. ORR.



1. Hail to the crystal fountain flow - ing Pure, bright and clear; Touch not the ruby wine-cup glow-ing, Shun it with manly fear.
 2. Let not Columbia's sons and daughters The wine ex - tol; But let us quaff the sparkling waters, Wine to the he-ro's soul.
 3. No luring blush shall chain the hours That Freedom loves; No lurking fiend shall steal the powers Virtue so well ap - proves.



A-way the dazzling soul of mad - ness, Of grief and pain! We hail the sparkling fount of gladness, It can not leave a stain.
 We need no oth - er in - spi - ra - tion Than truth and right; Cool heads and hands must guard the nation, Her honor is her might.
 No sting the sparkling water hid - eth, No dead - ly care; No mis - e - ry or woe be - tid - eth, For sparkling truth is there.

REFRAIN.



Hail the march of Pro - hi - bi - tion! May its banner float, Up - held by tem - prance legis - la - tion, Honored by voice and vote.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Tho' trou-bles per-plex you, Dis-heart-en and vex you, Re-tard-ing your prog-ress in som-ber ar-ray; To shrink from with
 2. The task may be teas-ing, The du-ty un-pleas-ing, But he who con-fronts it will soon win the day; The fight is half
 3. Mis-for-tunes un-count-ed Are oft-en sur-mount-ed, If on-ly we quit not the field in dis-may; Then one more eu-

REFRAIN.

ter-ror Is sure-ly an er-ror, For where there's a will there is always a way. There's a way, there's a way, Where-
 over When once we dis-cov-er That where there's a will there is always a way. There's a way, there's a way,
 deavor, Re-mem-bering ever, That where there's a will there is always a way. There's a way, there's a way,

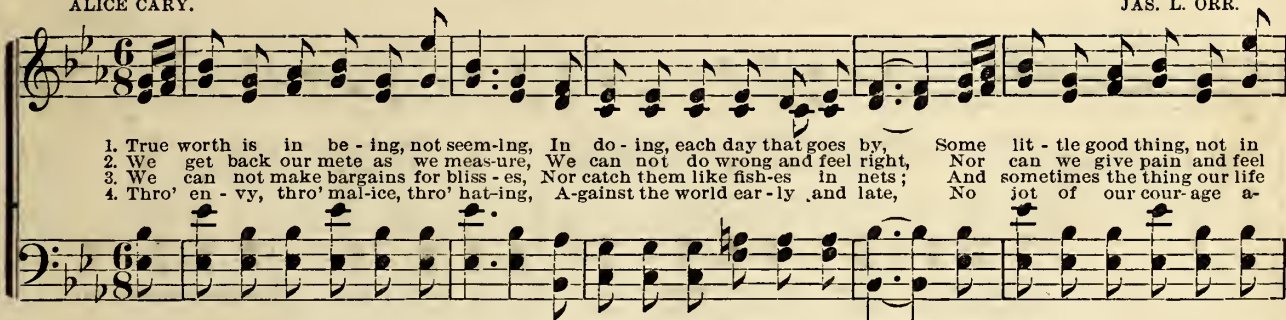
ev-er there's a will there's a way, There's a way, there's a way, Where-ev-er there's a will there's a way.
 there's a way, There's a way, there's a way,

TRUE WORTH IS IN BEING.

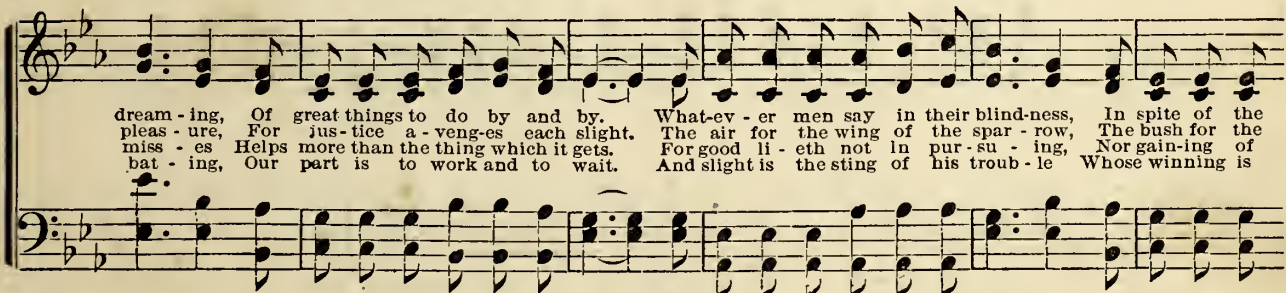
75

ALICE CARY.

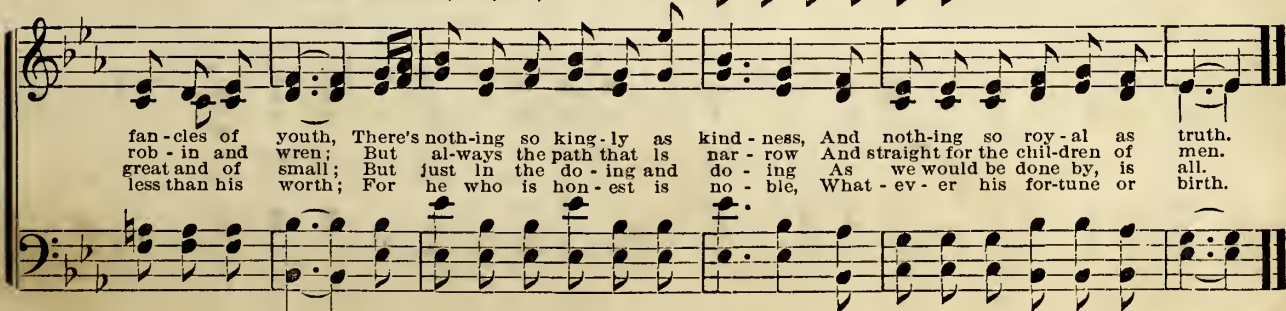
JAS. L. ORR.



1. True worth is in be - ing, not seem - ing, In do - ing, each day that goes by, Some lit - tle good thing, not in
 2. We get back our mete as we meas - ure, We can not do wrong and feel right, Nor can we give pain and feel
 3. We can not make bargains for bliss - es, Nor catch them like fish - es in nets; And sometimes the thing our life
 4. Thro' en - vy, thro' mal - ice, thro' hat - ing, A - gainst the world ear - ly and late, No jot of our cour - age a -



dream - ing, Of great things to do by and by. What - ev - er men say in their blind - ness, In spite of the
 pleas - ure, For jus - tice a - veng - es each slight. The air for the wing of the spar - row, The bush for the
 miss - es Helps more than the thing which it gets. For good li - eth not in pur - su - ing, Nor gain - ing of
 bat - ing, Our part is to work and to wait. And slight is the sting of his troub - le Whose winning is



fan - cles of youth, There's noth - ing so king - ly as kind - ness, And noth - ing so roy - al as truth.
 rob - in and wren; But al - ways the path that is nar - row And straight for the chil - dren of men.
 great and of small; But just in the do - ing and do - ing As we would be done by, is all.
 less than his worth; For he who is hon - est is no - ble, What - ev - er his for - tune or birth.

HAPPY HOURS. (Glee.)

M. REBECCA DARR.

Solo obligato.

Arranged.

1. Bright, happy hours, with glowing treasure, Out-pour-ing free - ly their boundless measure; The winds and
 2. Bright, happy hours, oh, well-loved sto-ry! They're telling ev - er the world's young glory; And thro' life's

1. Hap-py hours, with glow-ing treas - ure, Free-ly pour - ing boundless meas - ure;
 2. Hap-py hours, oh, well-loved sto - ry! Ev - er tell - ing world's young glo - ry;

sun - beams twine their greeting To stay with joy their foot-steps fleet; Come while the
 stream of dark-ness steal-ing, The light of love and joy re - veal; With them is

Winds and sun - beams twine their greet - ing, Stay with joy their foot-steps fleet.
 Thro' life's stream of dark-ness steal - ing, Light of love and joy re - veal.

glad - some sun is shin-ing, And chain the mo - ments sweet with hap - py song; A - way with
 E - den's joy re - turn-ing, Come chain the mo - ments sweet with hap - py song; They come to
 come while glad - some sun is shin - ing; Chain the mo - ments sweet with song; A -
 with them E - den's joy re - turn - ing; Chain the mo - ments sweet with song; . They

care, no sad re - pin - ing, While hap - py hours bring pleas - ures sweet.
 greet, the heart's deep yearning, With pleas - ures that our cares con - ceal.

way with care, no sad re - pin - ing, Hap - py hours bring pleas - ures sweet.
 come to greet the heart's deep yearn - ing, Pleas - ures that our cares con - ceal.

CHORUS. *ff*

Gai - ly sing, hap - py voic - es ring, While fleet - ing mo - ments bring The joys we sweet-ly sing;

ff

Though they die like the sum - mer flow'rs, Sing till the list - 'ning hours End with our song.

HOPE AND PERSEVERE.

79

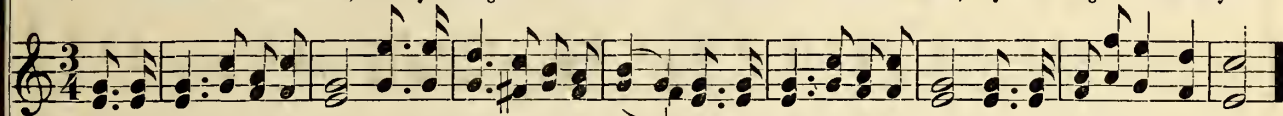
C. L. WHITNEY.

FIFTH DEGREE.

JAS. L. ORR.

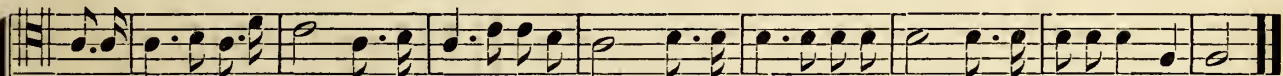
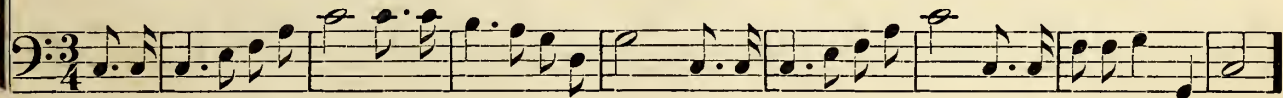


1. Hus-band-man and Ma-tron true, Would you strength and zeal renew? Join hands in a broader field, Try what larg-er u-nions yield.

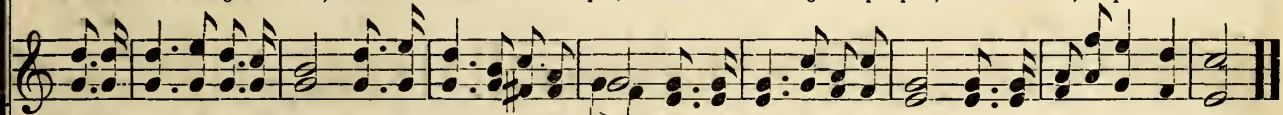


2. Pa-trons, on your weary way, Is there dark-ness and de-lay? Have you troub-le, constant strife To at-tain the high-er life?

3. Of Po-mo-na wisdom learn, Beau-ty's forms with a-ges turn; Earth to earth, and dust to dust, Time will keep his sa-cred trust.

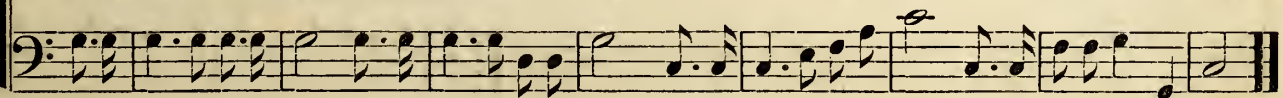


Seek our Or-der's high-er court, At Po-mo-na's feet re-port, And when frowning ills ap-pear, *Heed them not, but per-se-vere.*



Seek Po-mo-na's signet ring, Tal-is-man-ic words 'twill bring, Words that con-quer far and near; Al-ways *hope and per-se-vere.*

But these minds with truth imbued, Pure with love, and faith re-newed, Gems im-mor-tal will ap-pear; On-ly *hope and per-se-vere.*



SONG OF THE LARK. (Canon.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro vivace.

What melody, hark! 'tis thou, merry lark, Thy car - ols so joy-ous out-pour - ing; I join in thy song, By thee borne along, To-

f

What melody, hark! 'Tis thou, merry lark, Thy

f

gether we mount, upward soaring, Together we mount, upward soaring. - What mel-o-dy, hark! 'Tis thou, merry

What melody, hark! 'Tis thou, merry lark, Thy

SONG OF THE LARK. Continued.

81

car - ols so joy - ous out - pour - ing. I join in thy song, By thee borne a - long, Together we mount, upward soar - ing, To -
 lark so joy - ous To - geth - er, to - geth - er

lark thy car - ols out - pour - ing. I join in thy song, By thee borne along, To - geth - er, to - geth - er
 car - ols so joy - ous out - pour - ing. Together we mount, upward soar - ing, To -

* Second time pass from here to Coda.

gether we mount, upward soar - ing, What mel - o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, merry lark, so joy - ous, I

we mount, upward soar - ing, What melody, hark! 'Tis thou, merry lark, Thy carols so joyous out - pour - ing, I
 gether we mount, upward soar - ing, What mel - o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, merry lark, Thy carols outpour - ing,

SONG OF THE LARK. Concluded.

join in thy song, By thee borne along. To - geth-er, to - geth - er we mount, upward soar - ing.

join in thy song, By thee borne along. Together we mount, upward soar - ing, Together we mount, upward soar - ing.

To - geth-er, to - geth - er we mount,

ff CODA.

To - geth - er, to - geth - er, To-geth-er we mount, To-geth-er we mount, up - ward soar - ing.

up - ward

To - geth - er, to - geth - er, To-geth-er we mount, up - ward soar - ing.

We mount, up-ward

BRIGHT VISIONS.

83

M. REBECCA DARR.
After Chaplain.

WIESENTHAL.

1. All blind and deaf the soul may be To God's o'er-rul-ing plan, And nothing hear and noth-ing see Of
2. The world of rev - e - la-tion waits Not ver - y far a - way; At ev - 'ry step we touch the gates That
3. The robes of an - gels trail the clouds And sweep life's dusty ways; Each ti - ny wave of air enshrouds Some

truth - ex - alt - ing man. But they who look with cu - rious eye And list with spir - it
hide the longed-for day. The mys - te - ry that shrouds the walls Re - treats from him who
beau - ty from the gaze— En-shrouds some glo - rious realm of sight, And vol - ume sweet of

ear, Shall see bright vis - ions ev - er nigh, And heav'n - ly mu - sic hear.
seeks; And when he to the un-known calls, The voice of knowl - edge speaks.
sound; Un - seen, un-heard a - midst our night, Is heav - en all a - round.

CHORUS OF LIBERTY.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

NAGELI.

1. Wake the song, wake the song of lib - er - ty, Loud and long the cho - rus
loud and long,

2. Wake the song, wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Glad the throng a na - tion
glad the throng,

The first system of the musical score for 'Chorus of Liberty'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains the melody for the first two verses. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 3/4 time, with the same key signature. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 3/4 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first verse on the top staff and the second verse on the middle staff.

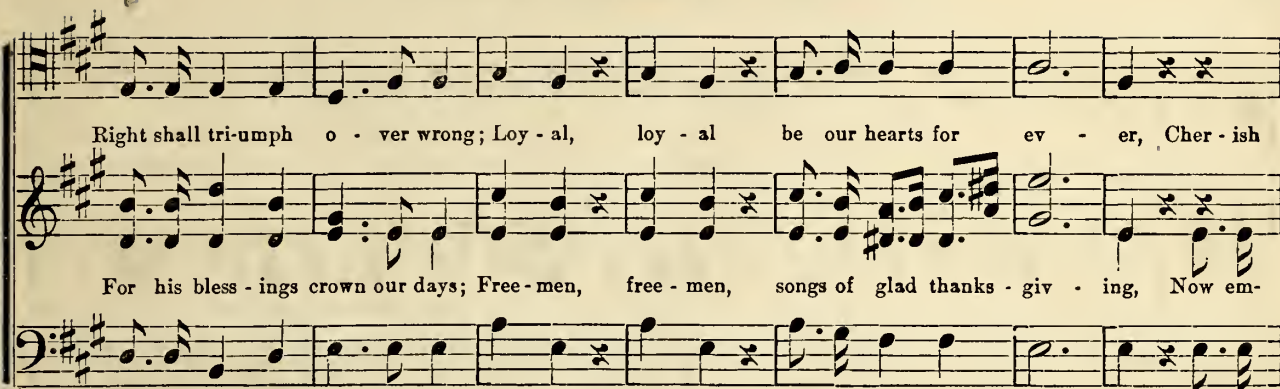
be, Son's of free - dom brave and strong, True to God and country; Now these joy-ous strains pro-long,

free, Guid-ed is our ship of state, By the God of heav-en; Un-to him be songs of praise,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 3/4 time, with the same key signature. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 3/4 time, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first verse on the top staff and the second verse on the middle staff.

CHORUS OF LIBERTY. Concluded.

85



Right shall tri-umph o - ver wrong; Loy - al, loy - al be our hearts for ev - er, Cher - ish

For his bless - ings crown our days; Free - men, free - men, songs of glad thanks - giv - ing, Now em -

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.



Cher-ish we lib - er - ty,
we . . . lib - er - ty, . . . While God a - bove sus - tains in love.

Now em - ploy Songs of joy,
ply . . . songs of joy, . . . God's peo - ple we, a na - tion free.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal line. The middle staff continues the piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics continue below the staves, ending with a double bar line.

HARVEST SONG. March.

E. R. LATTA.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. Grain that was in verd-ure wav-ing, Wear-eth now a hue of gold, And the yel - low heads are bending,
 2. Not in vain the task of plow-ing, And the sow-ing of the seed, For the wealth of gold-en kern-els,

3. Soon from out the nois - y thresh-er, There shall golden streams be poured, That the farm-er's heart will gladden,

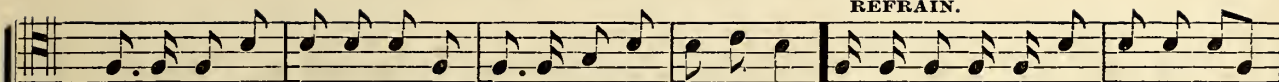
The first system of the musical score for 'Harvest Song' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef melody in 2/4 time. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment in 2/4 time, also featuring chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are written below the staves, with lines 1 and 2 corresponding to the first two measures and line 3 corresponding to the next two measures.

With the fruitage that they hold; That the ripened fruit be gathered, Speed the sick - le to and fro;
 Shall sup-ly the pub - lic need; See the shocks as thick - ly scattered, As the tents of sol-dier band;

And shall bring his just re - ward; Smiles the land to - day with plen-ty, Plen - ty for the need - y throng;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It follows the same format as the first system, with a treble clef melody, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics continue across the staves, with the first line of the system corresponding to the first two measures and the second line corresponding to the next two measures.

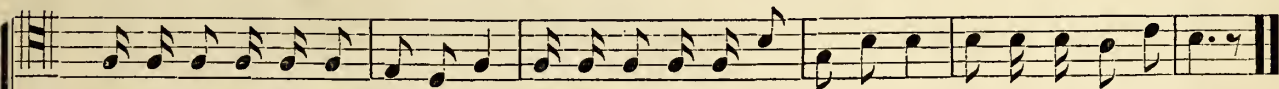
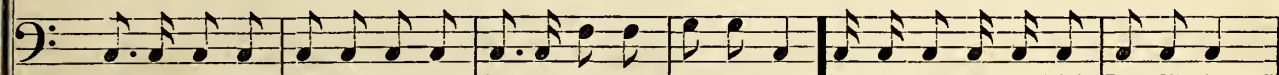
REFRAIN.



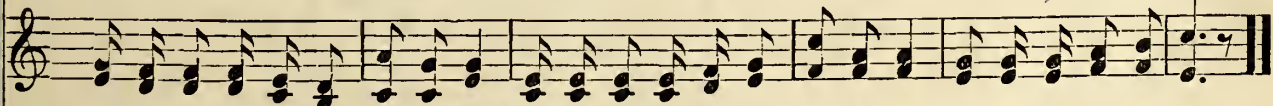
For the count-less hosts of kern-els, Snow - y loaves ere long will show. Hap-pi - ly, hap - pi - ly while we may,
Soon they shall be grand-ly build-ed, Where the ricks shall tow'ring stand.



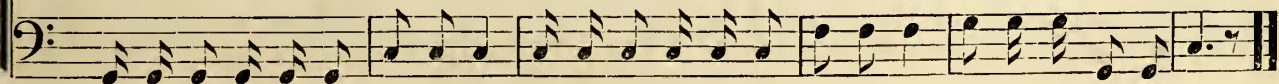
Let all classes and con - di-tions, Join to swell the har-vest song. Hap-pi - ly, hap - pi - ly while we may,



Beau-ti - ful mel-o - dy wed to rhyme, Gladness and grat-i - tude feel to - day, Wel-come the har-vest time.



Beau-ti - ful mel-o - dy wed to rhyme, Gladness and grat-i - tude feel to - day, Wel-come the har-vest time.



BEAUTIFUL GRANGE,

G. COOPER.

Melody by J. R. THOMAS. Arr. by J. L. O.

1. Beau - tiful Grange that we love, Em - blem of order and du - ty, Fair as the planets a - bove,
 2. Ban - ed in hon - or and joy, Sweet is the tie that enfolds us, Far be the hand would destroy,

Lead - ing our hearts by thy beauty, Wis - dom and friendship and peace, Here in their brightness are
 Aught of the friendship that holds us, Yield - ing, fair Grange, unto thee, Hom - age and praise nev - er

dwel - ing, Still may thy Pa - trons in - crease, Ev - er in du - ty ex - cell - ing.
 dy - ing, On - ward our pathway must be, On heav - en's boun - ty re - ly - ing.

REFRAIN.

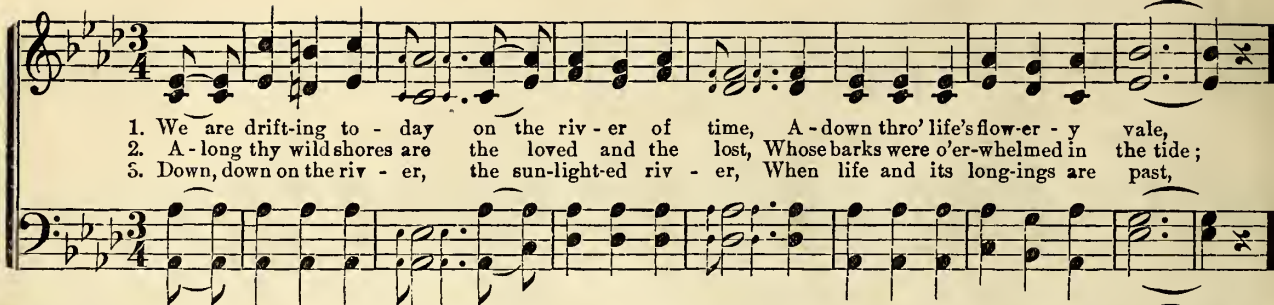
Grange of our hope and our pride, Nev - er from thee may we rove,

Trust in thy coun-sels a - bide, Beau - ti - ful Grange that we love,

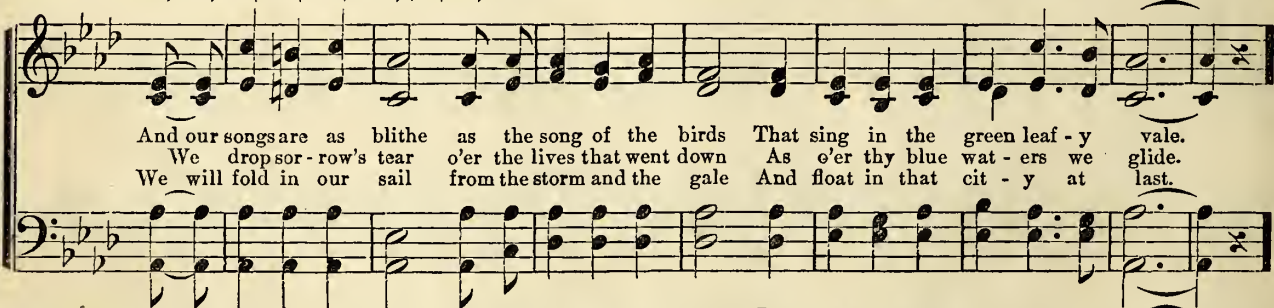
Trust in thy coun - sels a - bide, Beau - ti - ful Grange that we love.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

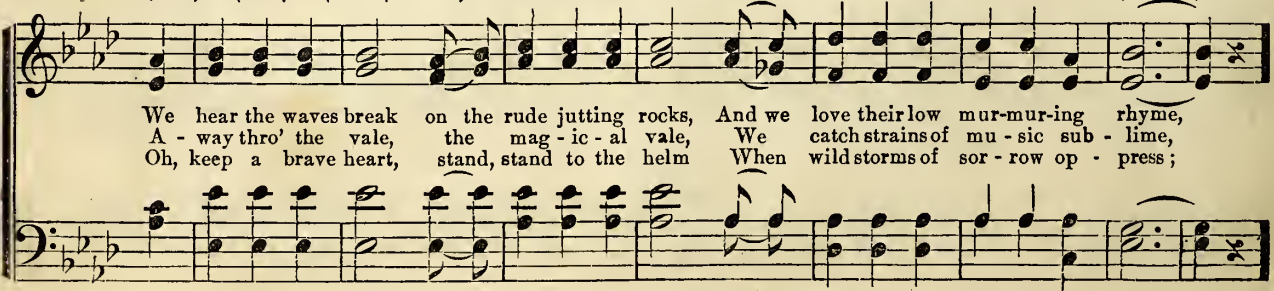
Melody by PETER SCHMITZ. Arr. by J. L. O.



1. We are drift-ing to - day on the riv - er of time, A - down thro' life's flow-er - y vale,
 2. A - long thy wild shores are the loved and the lost, Whose barks were o'er-whelmed in the tide;
 3. Down, down on the riv - er, the sun-light-ed riv - er, When life and its long-ings are past,



And our songs are as blithe as the song of the birds That sing in the green leaf - y vale.
 We drop sor-row's tear o'er the lives that went down As o'er thy blue wat - ers we glide.
 We will fold in our sail from the storm and the gale And float in that cit - y at last.



We hear the waves break on the rude jutting rocks, And we love their low mur-mur-ing rhyme,
 A - way thro' the vale, the mag - ic - al vale, We catch strains of mu - sic sub - lime,
 Oh, keep a brave heart, stand, stand to the helm When wild storms of sor - row op - press;

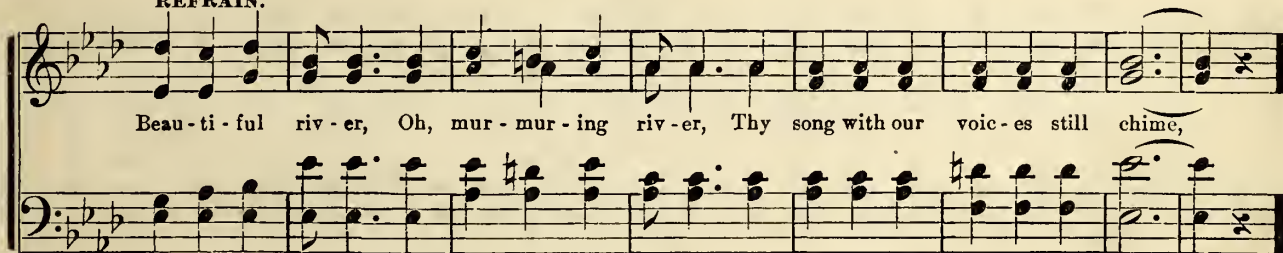
THE RIVER OF TIME. Concluded.

91

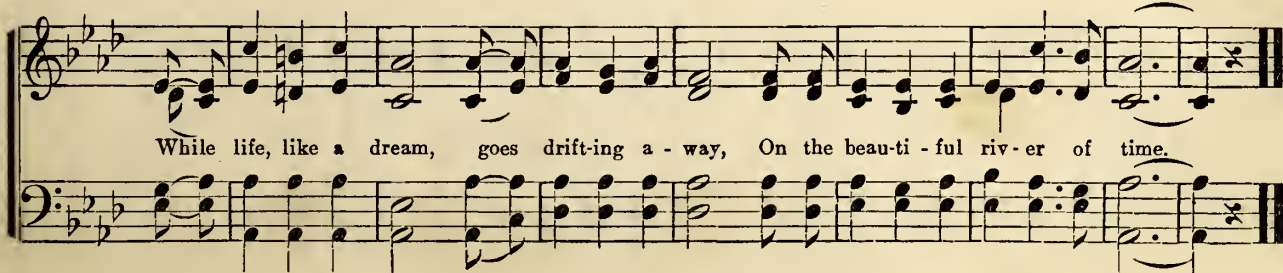


But we have not a fear as we guide our frail bark Down the beau-ti-ful riv-er of time.
 And we know we are near-ing the cit-y of light, Oh, mar-vel-ous riv-er of time.
 Be stead-y, be firm, keep an eye on the light, For time is the riv-er of death.

REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful riv-er, Oh, mur-mur-ing riv-er, Thy song with our voic-es still chime,

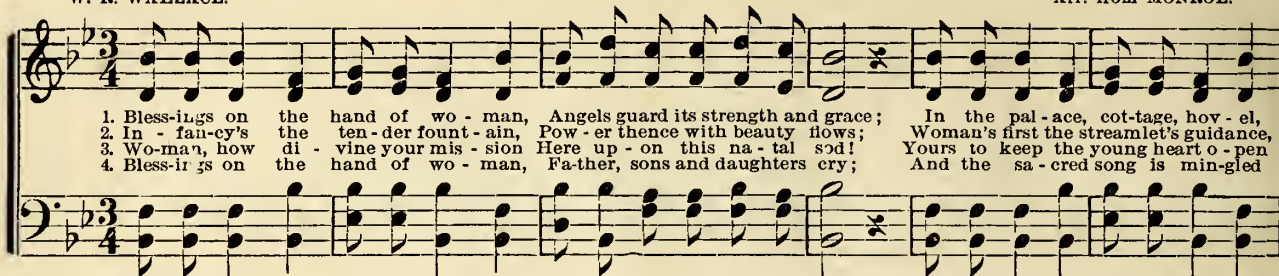


While life, like a dream, goes drift-ing a-way, On the beau-ti-ful riv-er of time.

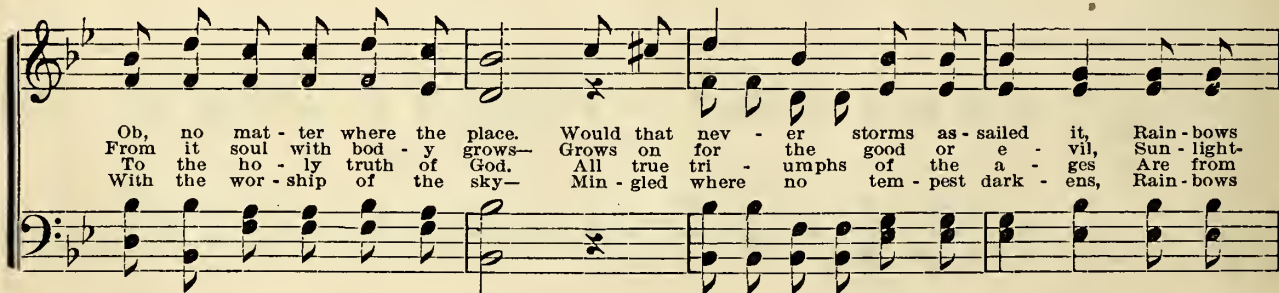
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

W. R. WALLACE.

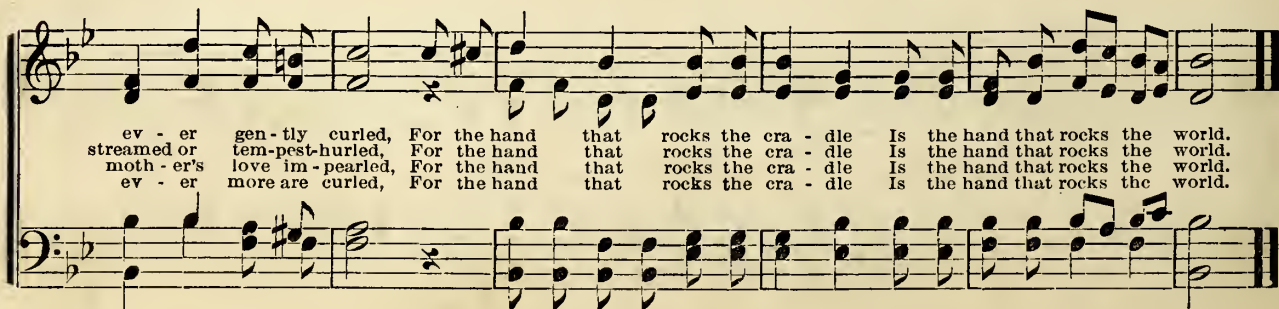
Arr. from MONROE.



1. Bless-ings on the hand of wo - man, Angels guard its strength and grace; In the pal - ace, cot - tage, hov - el,
 2. In - fan - cy's the ten - der fount - ain, Pow - er thence with beauty flows; Woman's first the streamlet's guidance,
 3. Wo - man, how di - vine your mis - sion Here up - on this na - tal sod! Yours to keep the young heart o - pen
 4. Bless - ings on the hand of wo - man, Fa - ther, sons and daughters cry; And the sa - cred song is min - gled



Ob, no mat - ter where the place. Would that nev - er storms as - sailed it, Rain - bows
 From it soul with bod - y grows - Grows on for - er the good or e - vil, Sun - light -
 To the ho - ly truth of God. All true tri - umphs of the a - ges Are from
 With the wor - ship of the sky - Min - gled where no tem - pest dark - ens, Rain - bows

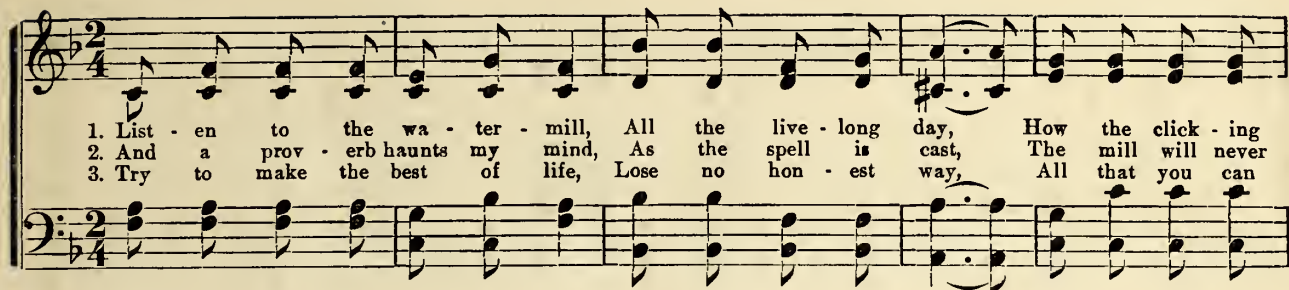


ev - er gen - tly curled, For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world.
 streamed or tem - pest - hurled, For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world.
 moth - er's love im - pearled, For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world.
 ev - er more are curled, For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world.

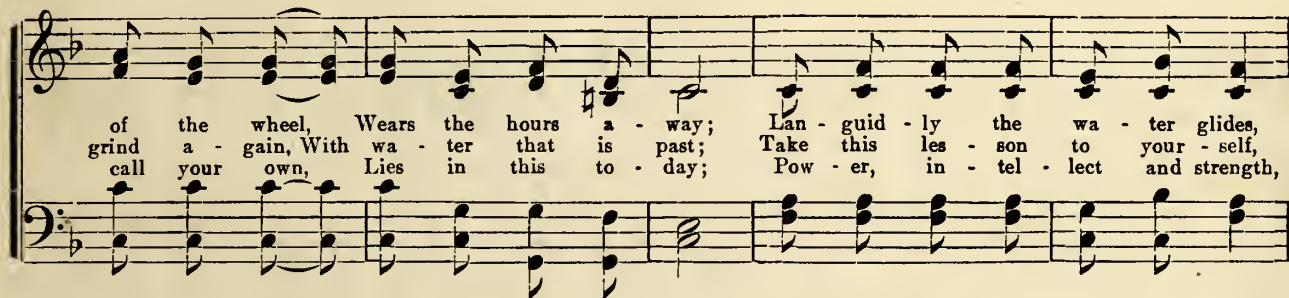
LISTEN TO THE WATER MILL.

93

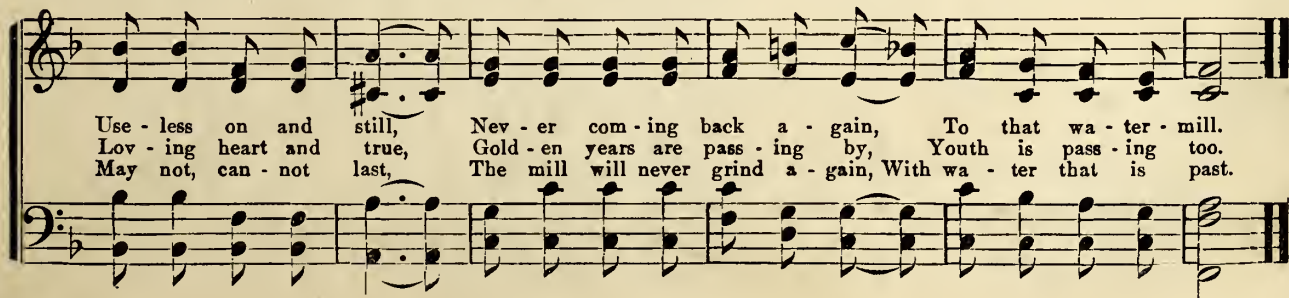
JAS. L. ORR.



1. List - en to the wa - ter - mill, All the live - long day, How the click - ing
 2. And a prov - erb haunts my mind, As the spell is cast, The mill will never
 3. Try to make the best of life, Lose no hon - est way, All that you can



of the wheel, Wears the hours a - way; Lan - guid - ly the wa - ter glides,
 grind a - gain, With wa - ter that is past; Take this les - son to your - self,
 call your own, Lies in this to - day; Pow - er, in - tel - lect and strength,



Use - less on and still, Nev - er com - ing back a - gain, To that wa - ter - mill.
 Lov - ing heart and true, Gold - en years are pass - ing by, Youth is pass - ing too.
 May not, can - not last, The mill will never grind a - gain, With wa - ter that is past.

THE WILD BIRD.

From "Royal Wreath." By per.

DR. G. MIESSE.

Tempo di Valse.

1. In the morn-ing when the sun shines, And the for-est birds sing, We will wan-der in the
Where the sun-beams faint-ly gleam-ing, Thro' the long sum-mer day, Fair-y brook-lets ev-er
2. When the au-tumn leaves have fall-en, From the trees brown and bare, Then the wild bird of the
When the drear-y days of win-ter, Pass a-way for the spring, Then the wild bird comes to

spring-time, While the vil-lage bells ring; }
stream-ing, From the hills far a-way. } On the mount-ain, on the hill-side, In the val-ley be-
for-est, Can be found no more there; }
greet us, And the for-ests will ring. }

low, There the wild bird, from the storm cloud, Seeks a shel-ter at home; Neath the for-est's leaf-y

arch - es, Flows the sil - ver - y stream, Breezes play tri - umphal march-es, Thro' the wild leaf - y dome.

This musical score is for the song 'THE WILD BIRD. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

AS WE MAKE IT.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. We must not hope to be mow - ers, And gath - er the gold - en ears,
2. It is not just as we take it, This mys - tic - al world of ours,

This musical score is for the song 'AS WE MAKE IT.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Un - less we have first been the sow - ers, And wa - tered the fur - rows with tears.
Life's field will yield as we make it, A har - vest of this - tles or flow - ers.

This musical score is for the song 'AS WE MAKE IT.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

COME UNTO ME.

FLEMING.

1. Come un - to me all ye, all ye that la - bor, Come un - to
 2. Take my yoke up - on you and learn, and learn of me, For I am

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses of text provided for each measure.

me all ye, all ye that la - bor And are heav - y la - den,
 meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses of text provided for each measure. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with a repeat sign at the end of the system.

And are heav - y la - den, And I will give you rest.
 Rest un - to, un - to your soul, Rest un - to your soul.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses of text provided for each measure. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with a final double bar line at the end of the system.

1. Good - night, now, good - night, Hearts and voic - es all u - nite,
 2. Good - night, now, good - night, May the eyes that know no night,
 3. Good - night, now, good - night, God of grace and love and might,

Peace of mind and rest from heav - en, To each wea - ry one be giv - en.
 Ev - er o'er our slum - bers keep - ing us Faith - ful watch while we are sleep - ing.
 Rest and strength-en and re - store us For the du - ties still be - fore us,

Sweet - ly rest till morn - ing light, Good - night, good - night, Sweet good - night.
 Guard us till the morn - ing bright, Good - night, good - night, Sweet good - night.
 Shield us thro' death's chil - ly night, Good - night, good - night, Sweet good - night.

THE HAPPY PEASANTS.

SCHUMANN.



1. Oh, what can with our flow-ry plains com-pare, In all their match-less beau-ty, Oh, so
2. The bright green fields, the beau-teous gold-en corn, The birds so sweet-ly sing-ing in the



bright and fair, What gild-ed halls can ri-val na-ture's bow'rs 'Neath which we gai-ly
ear-ly morn, Make light our task and cheer-ly thro' the day Doth pass on swift-ly



Rall.

pass a-way the even-ing hours, When work well done has pleas-ure fair-ly won.
fleet-ing wings the hours a-way, Till close of day brings pleas-ure in-to play.

THE HAPPY PEASANTS. Concluded.

99

REFRAIN. A tempo.

We sing sweet songs and join the mer - ry dance, And joy - ful - ness and

pleas - ure doth each heart en - trance. Till night's dark man - tle clos - es o'er the

day, Bids each with light - some heart a - way to rest, a - way.

ARISE, GIRD ON THY STRENGTH,

LAURA E. NEWELL.

KUCKEN. Arr. by J. L. O.

1. A - rise, gird on thy strength, Press forward tow'rd the prize, Strive to ex - cel what-
Gird thy strength, toward the prize,

2. Toil on while gleams the light, And life and strength are thine, So soon the sa - ble
Gleams the light, strength are thine,

The musical score is written for three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with accompaniment in the Alto and Bass staves. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding staves.

e'er thy task, While smil - ing are the skies, For storms will o - ver - take you, And
For storms

night must come, And stars of even - ing shine, When comes the silent sleep - ing, The
When comes

This section continues the musical score on three staves (Treble, Alto, Bass). The key signature remains D major and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics continue below the staves.

tri - als bar the way, E'er we may reach the shin - ing strand, Or gain the gates of

still rain and the snow, Then shall we all be gathered home, No more to reap or

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines.

day, E'er we may reach the shin - ing strand, Or gain the gates of day.

The gates of day,

sow, Then shall we all be gathered home, No more to reap or sow.

To reap or sow,

This musical system also consists of three staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. The lyrics continue from the first system, with some words appearing on multiple lines.

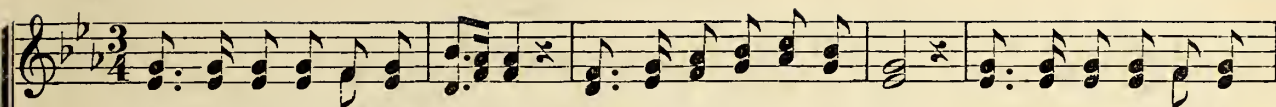
CHAS. J. O'MALLEY.

JAS. L. ORR.

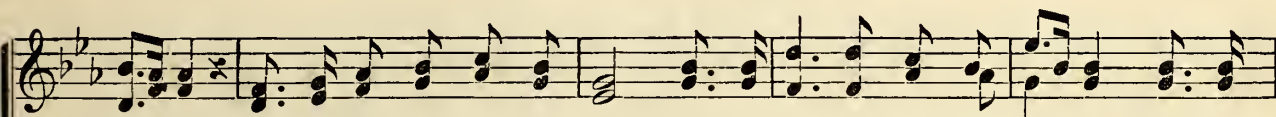
1. What - ev - er lacks purpose is e - vil, A pool without peb-bles breeds slime; Not a - ny one step hath chance
 2. Why plow in the stub-ble with plow-shares, Why win-now the chaff from the grain, Since all of his gifts must be
 3. The pyr - a-mid build-ed of va - por Is blown by His whirlwinds to naught, The song without truth is for-

fash - ioned On the in - fi - nite stair-way of Time: Nor ev - er came good with - out la - bor, In
 toiled for, Since truth is not born with - out pain. He giv - eth not to the un - wor - thy, The
 got - ten, His po - em to man is man's thought. What-ev - er is strong with a pur - pose, In

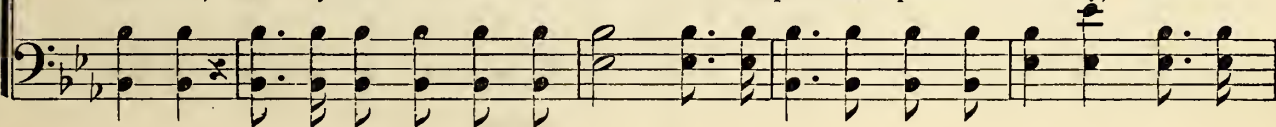
toil or in sci-ence or art; It must be wrought out thro' the muscles, Born out of the soul and the heart.
 weak or the fool-ish in deeds; Who sow-eth but chaff at the seed-time Shall reap but a har-vest of weeds.
 humbleness wrought, and soul pure, Is known to the Mas-ter of sing-ers, He touch-eth it, say-ing, en - dure.



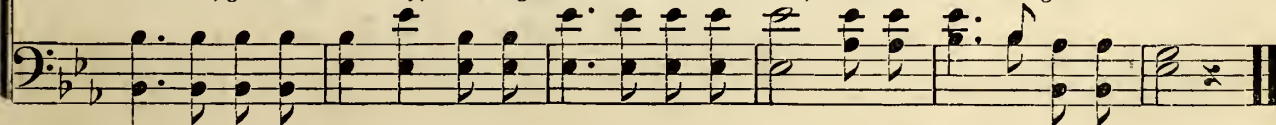
1. See, the fields of grain are wav - ing, In the sunlight free and bright, And the sweet voiced birds are
 2. For the flow'rs that seek the val - leys, Doth his ten - der love pro - vide, Much more doth he love his



trill - ing Sil - v'ry songs of pure de - light. 'Tis the hand that formed the heav - ens That hath
 chil - dren, Safe by him what - e'er be - tide. Oh! the peer - less per - fect beau - ty, Seen on



all our bless - ings giv - en, All things speak his boundless love, And his watch - ful care we prove.
 hill - side, grove and val - ley, Blessings which with us re - main, Make our lives one glad re - frain.



VERDANT GROVE, FAREWELL.

German.

1. Ver - dant grove, fare - well to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau - ty, Thine my part - ing
 2. What de - light to lin - ger here, 'Mid the sha - dy bow - ers, From the sil - ver
 3. But the night for - bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row, To your rest, ye

song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty. Let thy warb - ler's tune - ful throng,
 fount - ain clear, Cull - ing fra - grant flow - ers. Would I might with gar - lands crowned,
 birds a - way, And dream of the mor - row. Fare ye well, ye sha - dy bow'rs,

Bear the ech - o of my song, Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.
 Breath - ing o - dors sweet a - round, Tar - ry with thee lon - ger, Tar - ry with thee lon - ger.
 With your blooming, fragrant flow'rs, Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meet - ing.

WAITING.

105

JOHN BURROUGHS.

JAS. L. ORR. By per.

1. Se - rene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind or tide or sea; I rave no more 'gainst
1. A - sleep, a - wake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my

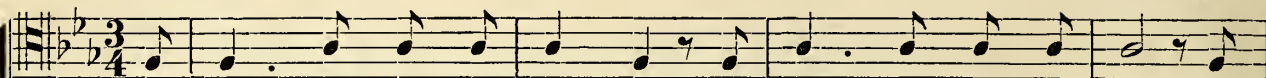
time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me. I stay my haste, I make de-lays, For
bark a-stray, Nor change the tide of des - ti - ny. What mat - ters if I stand a-lone? I

what a-vails this ea-ger pace? I stand a - mid th'e - ter - nal ways, And what is mine shall know my face.
wait with joy the com-ing years, My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gar-ner up its fruits of tears.

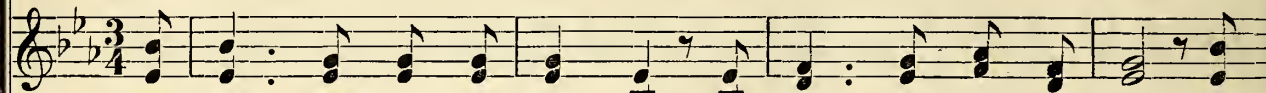
OUR COTTAGE BY THE GLEN.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

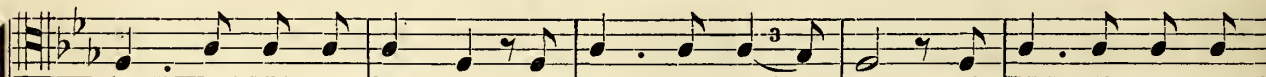
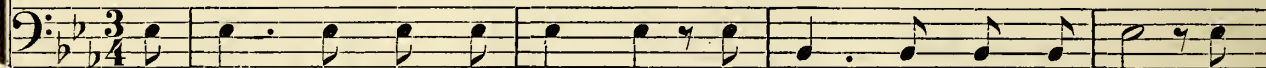
SCHUBERT.



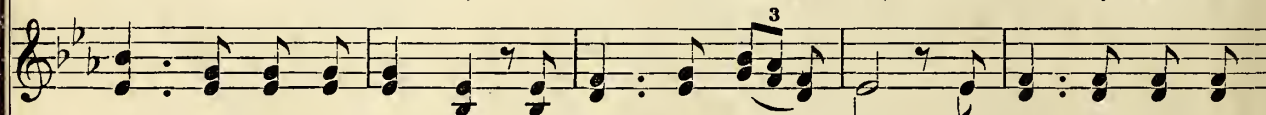
1. Our lot in life is hum - ble, Yet hap - py, tho' of care Each
 2. The lit - tle ones are play - ing Be - side the rus - tic door, The



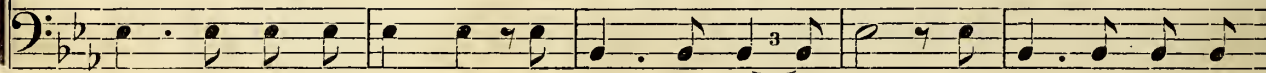
3. The years glide swift - ly on - ward, And soon will dawn the day, When



day its por - tion brings us, With strength our work to bear; And now when sum - mer's
 mu - sic of their voic - es, Is ech - oed o'er and o'er; 'Twas here my saint - ed



all of us re - main - ing, From earth must pass a - way, And tho' the twi - light



glad - ness, Makes glad the earth a - gain, Each day new pleas - ure
fa - ther, Past three score years and ten, By an - gels called left

shad - ows, Grow pale o'er vale and fen, We'll ev - er fond - ly

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

bring - eth The cot - tage by the glen, The cot - tage by the glen.
lone - ly The cot - tage by the glen, The cot - tage by the glen.

cher - ish Our cot - tage by the glen, Our cot - tage by the glen.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the vocal line. The score concludes with a double bar line.

HELP IT ON.

With vigor.

1. There's a good time com-ing, help it on, help it on, There's a good time com-ing, help it on, help it on,
 2. There's a fut-ure on the way, help it on, help it on, There's a fut-ure on the way, help it on, help it on,
 3. When you find a no - ble cause, help it on, help it on, When you find a no - ble cause, help it on, help it on,
 4. The right at last shall win, help it on, help it on, The right at last shall win, help it on, help it on,

There's a good time com-ing, Ev'-ry heart its tune is drum-ming, All the air with it is hum-ming, Help it on, on, on.
 There's a fut-ure on the way, When the night shall turn to day, For the right shall have the sway, Help it on, on, on.

When you find a no - ble cause, Nev - er wait for man's applause, Never count the cost nor pause, Help it on, on, on.
 The right at last shall win, Tho' the struggle long has been, And the good time shall be-gin, Help it on, on, on.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

109

M. REBECCA DARR.

MEHUL. Opera of Joseph. Arr.

1. When the hus - bandman grows wea - ry, And the heart is full with strife, And the skies so sad and
 2. Si - lent - ly her presence show - ers, Sunshine calm in no - ble deed, Cloth - ing with new hopes and

drea - ry, With their dark - ness shad - ow life; Then comes the no - ble wo - man, With her
 pow - ers, All who of her help have need; Toils may her kind words soft - en, Count - less

hands so true and kind; With her heart di - vine - ly hu - man, All his troublous griefs to bind.
 are her deeds of good; Winning her a pray'r most oft - en, For her no - ble wo - man-hood.

ONWARD.

1. On - ward, on-ward strive for-ev - er, Though the task be hard and long, Up - ward look and nev - er
 2. On - ward look to heav'n for guid-ance, Though the way be dark to view, God will guide in paths of

fal - ter, Right shall triumph o - ver wrong. Trust - ing, hopeful, try - ing ev - er To a -
 safe - ty, And our strength each day re - new. So be-yond the bars of sun - set, Rest and

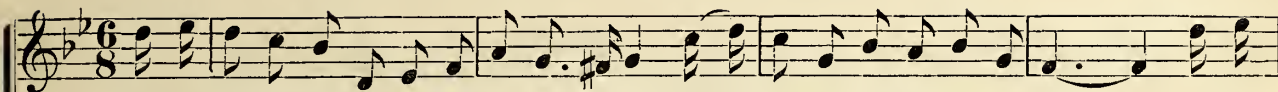
chieve some good each day, We may reap a precious har - vest, Aid - ing oth - ers on the way.
 peace and home a - wait, On - ward till with conquests end - ed, We shall en - ter heav-en's gate.

WE ARE DRIFTING A-DOWN.

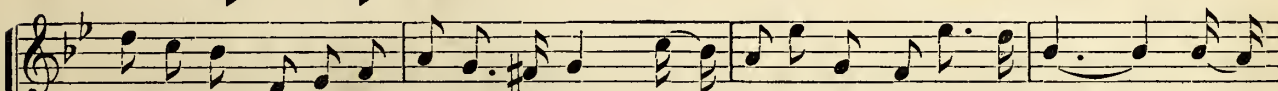
J. L. O.

JAS. L. ORR.

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1. We are drift-ing a-down on the riv - er of time In the morning and freshness of youth, And our
 2. We are drift-ing a-down on the riv - er of time With friends kind and dear by our side, As we
 3. We are drift-ing a-down on the riv - er of time And the cur-rent grows swifter and strong, And the



songs are but ech-oes of joy in the heart Welling up from the fountain of truth. Oh!
 list to their coun-sels of wis-dom and love We fear not the gath-er - ing tide. But the
 sound of the waves as they mur-mur - ing rise Is mingling it - self with our song. But we



The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords, mostly dyads and triads, with some sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a simple harmonic accompaniment of half and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the melody.

sweet is the mu-sic the rip-ples a-wake, As our bark glides the still wa-ters o'er, And the
 stream rush-es on and as wid-er it grows, And we drift far-ther out on its wave, We must
 fear not to sail tho' the skies may grow dark And the bil-lows lift high-er their crest, Hope

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, continuing the melody from the first system. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, continuing the harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, continuing the simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the melody.

winds breathe as soft as a bless-ing of peace, As they waft us a - way from the shore.
 bid a fare - well to the friends of our youth, But we cher-ish the counsels they gave.
 beck-ons us on and we fol-low in faith That we're nearing the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

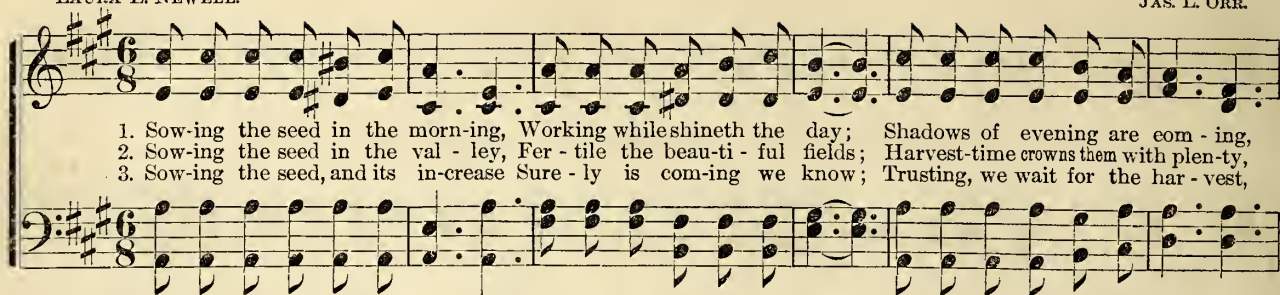
Then have not a care for the dangers that wait, And heed not the shadows that fall, For our

bark must float down till it reaches the sea, God's love is directing, directing it all.

SOWING THE SEED.

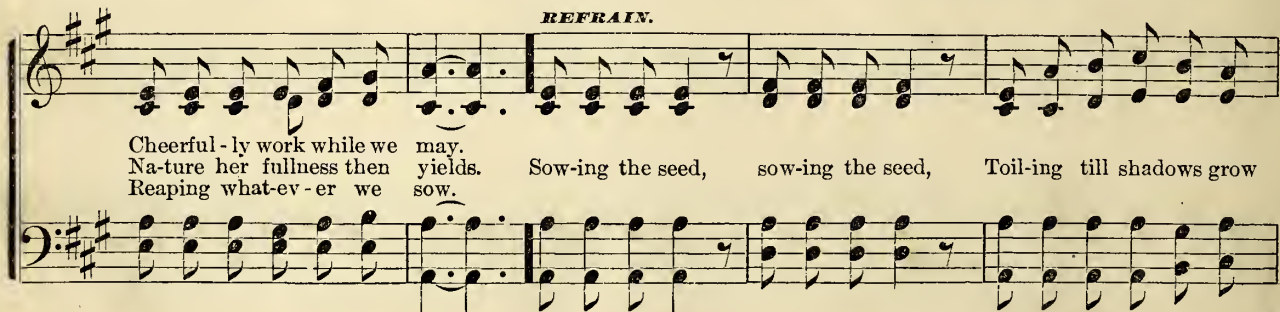
LAURA E. NEWELL.

JAS. L. ORR.

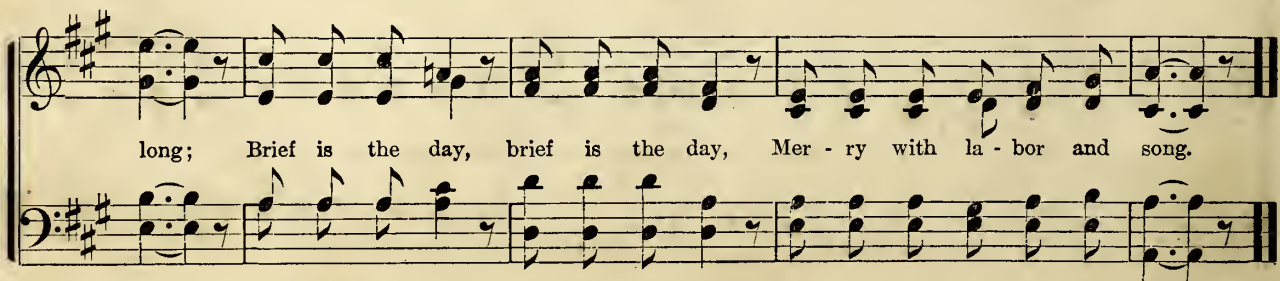


1. Sow-ing the seed in the morn-ing, Work-ing while shineth the day; Shadows of evening are com-ing,
 2. Sow-ing the seed in the val-ley, Fer-tile the beau-ti-ful fields; Harvest-time crowns them with plen-ty,
 3. Sow-ing the seed, and its in-crease Sure-ly is com-ing we know; Trusting, we wait for the har-vest,

REFRAIN.



Cheer-ful-ly work while we may.
 Na-ture her fullness then yields. Sow-ing the seed, sow-ing the seed, Toil-ing till shadows grow
 Reaping what-ev-er we sow.



long; Brief is the day, brief is the day, Mer-ry with la-bor and song.

DO NOT MORTGAGE THE FARM.

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E. R. LATTA.

JAS. L. ORR, by per.

1. Fortune may sometimes forsake you,
 2. Think of the time it has tak - en,
 3. If you would peaceful-ly slum-ber,

Use-less the struggle may seem;
 Think of the toil it has cost,
 Knowing no waking re - gret,

But be not tempted to
 That you and your children might
 See that your right to the

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment line with chords, and a bass line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment line is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The bass line is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

haz - ard
 own it,
 homestead

That which you may not re - deem;
 Now do not let it be lost;
 Is not encumbered by debt;

Do not im - per - il the homestead,
 Think of the hearts that enshrine you,
 Strict - est e - con - o - my prac - tice,

And

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The vocal line continues with the same treble clef and key signature. The piano accompaniment line continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment. The bass line continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

Ban - ish the thought in a - larm,
trust you to shield them from harm,
Toil with a vig - or - ous arm,

Make it your strong res - o - lu - tion,
Make it your strong res - o - lu - tion,

Nev - er to mortgage the
Nev - er to mortgage the

farm.
farm.
farm.

Do not mortgage, not mortgage the farm, Do not mortgage, not mortgage the farm; For

Do not mortgage the farm, Do not mortgage the farm; For

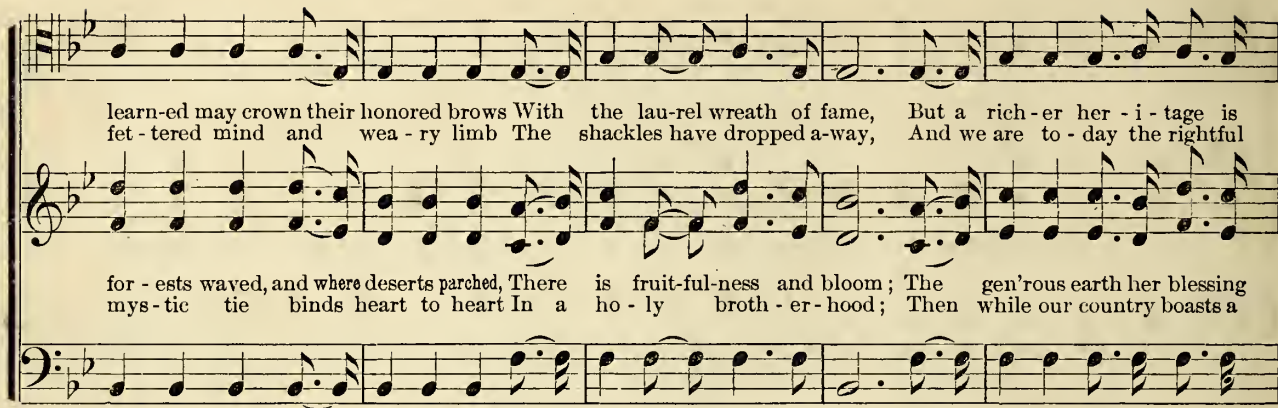
Three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The lyrics are: sor - row will soon o - ver - take you If ev - er you mort-gage the farm.

THE PATRON'S STANDARD.

MRS. M. M. MOORE.

A. NEWBERRY.

Three staves of music in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The lyrics are: 1. The rich may boast of a prince - ly dow - er, The great of a ti - tled name, And the 2. The night is passed, and for us hath dawned The morn of a bright - er day; From the 3. From the east - ern coast to the sun - set shore, See our watch - fires light the gloom, Where 4. We've pledged each oth - er to guard the right, As true free - men ev - er should, And the



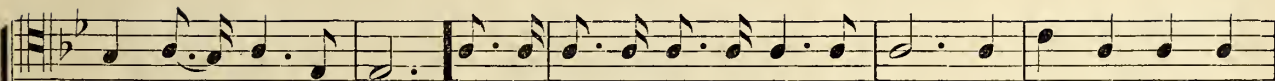
learn-ed may crown their honored brows With the lau-rel wreath of fame, But a rich-er her-i-tage is
fet-tered mind and wea-ry limb The shackles have dropped a-way, And we are to-day the rightful

for-ests waved, and where deserts parched, There is fruit-ful-ness and bloom; The gen'rous earth her blessing
mys-tic tie binds heart to heart In a ho-ly broth-er-hood; Then while our country boasts a



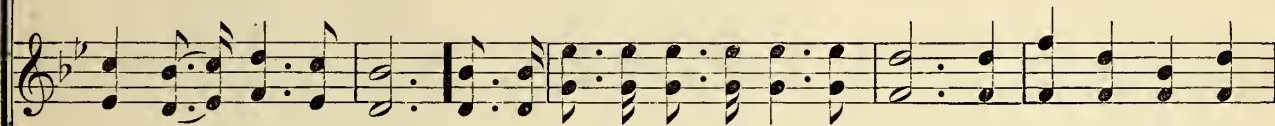
ours Of val-ley and fer-tile plain, All green with the wav-ing of tasseled corn Or
peers Of the proud-est in the land; In sol-id ranks for jus-tice and right, Our

gives, To crown the pass-ing hours, The au-tumn har-vests, the summer fruits, And
name, Or the stars look down to see, We'll sow and reap 'neath the patron's flag, And the



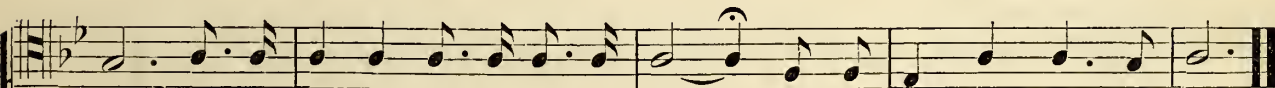
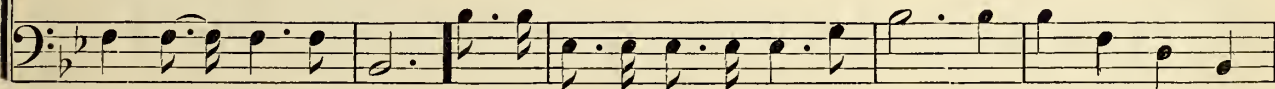
gold - en with rip - ened grain.
Or - der shall ev - er stand.

Oh! the ver - y best of all the flags That e'er have been un-

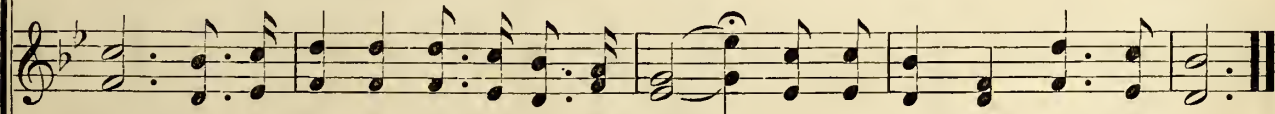


spring-time's bud - ding flow'rs.
ban - ner of the free.

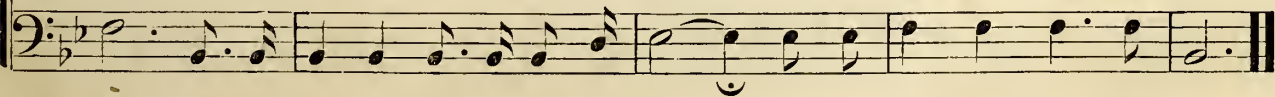
Oh! the ver - y best of all the flags That e'er have been un-



furled, Is the pa - tron's stand - ard, nob - ly borne By the men who feed the world.



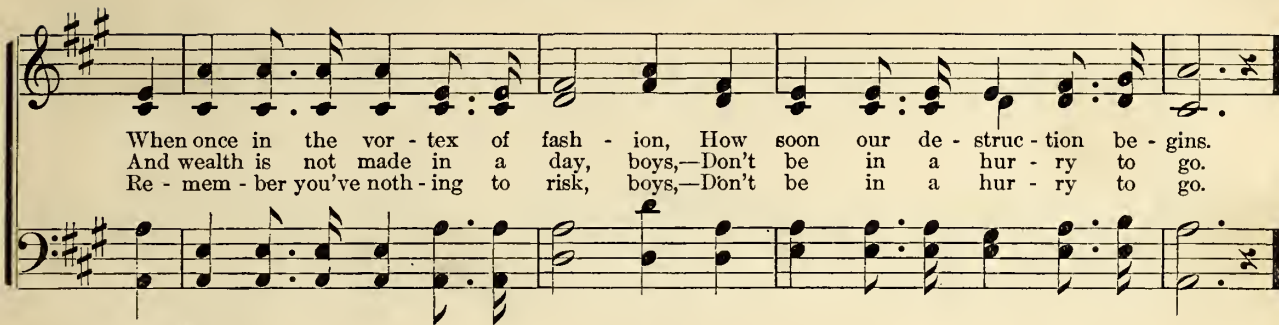
furled, Is the pa - tron's stand - ard, nob - ly borne By the men who feed the world.



1. Come, boys, I have some-thing to tell you, Come near, I would whis-per it low;
 2. You talk of the mines of Aus-tra-lia, They're wealth-y in treas-ure, no doubt;
 3. The farm is the best and the saf-est, And cer-tain-ly sur-est to pay;

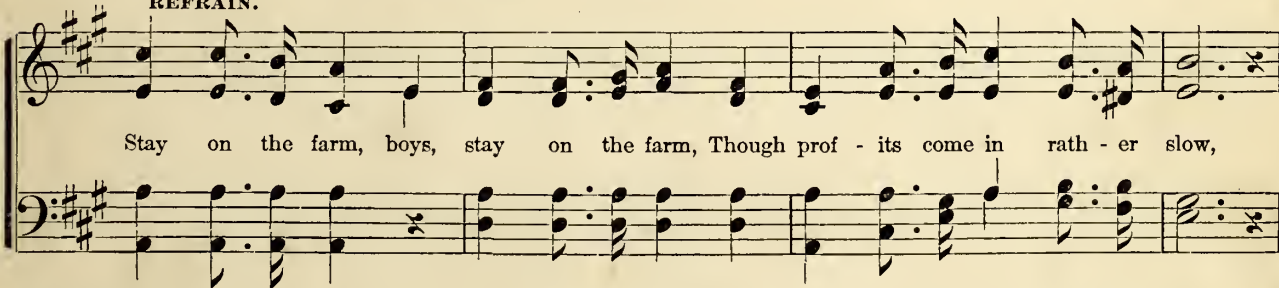
You're think-ing of leav-ing the home-stead,—Don't be in a hur-ry to go.
 But, ah, there is gold on the farm, boys, If on-ly you'll shov-el it out.
 You're free as the air of the mount-ain, And mon-arch of all you sur-vey.

The cit-y has ma-n-y at-trac-tions, But think of its vic-es and sins;
 The mer-can-tile life is a haz-ard, Sur-round-ed by glit-ter and show;
 Then stay on the farm a while long-er, Though prof-its come in rath-er slow,



When once in the vor - tex of fash - ion, How soon our de - struc - tion be - gins.
And wealth is not made in a day, boys,—Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
Re - mem - ber you've noth - ing to risk, boys,—Don't be in a hur - ry to go.

REFRAIN.



Stay on the farm, boys, stay on the farm, Though prof - its come in rath - er slow,

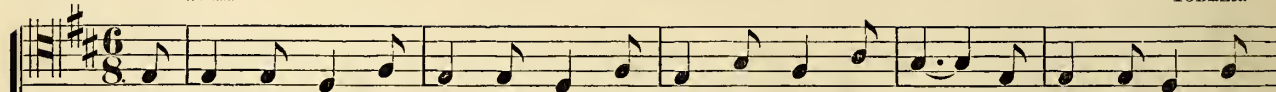


Stay on the farm, boys, stay on the farm, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.

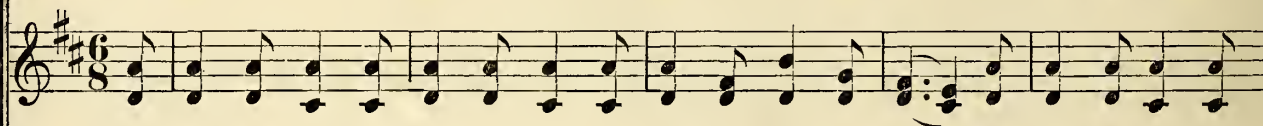
VESPER SONG.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

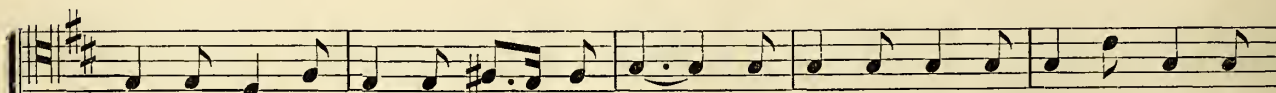
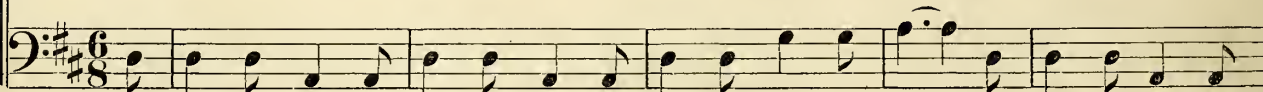
TOBLER.



1. We meet a gen - ial, mer - ry throng, A cheer - ful, earn - est band, With - in the Grange, to



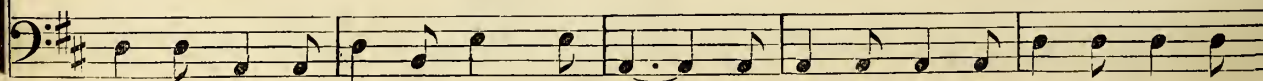
2. Here kind - ly words in - spire us all With hope,—a boon di - vine, While sym - pa - thy, a

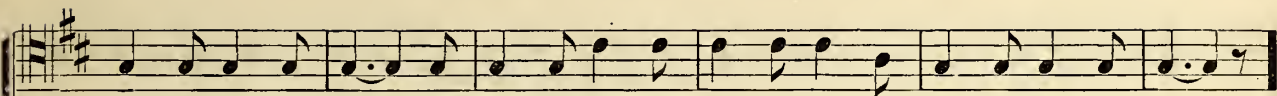


greet our friends, And clasp each out-stretched hand, When past the bus - y day of toil, And



gift from heav'n, We in our hearts en - shrine; And as we clasp each friend - ly hand, God's

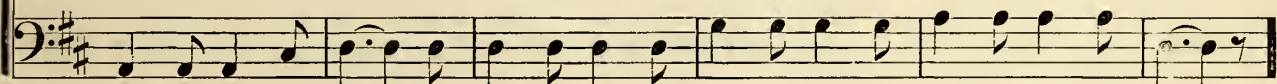




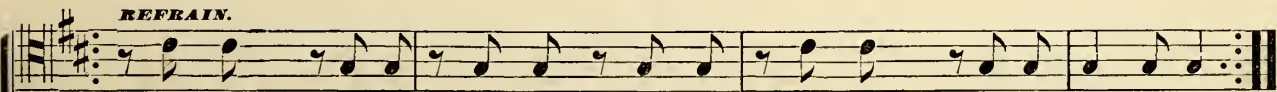
evening's shades ap - pear; Here friendship's gold - en chain u-nites, And songs our spir - its cheer.



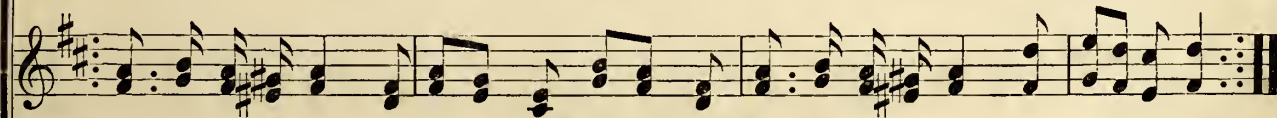
bless-ing will im - plore, And ask that he will guide us home When la - bors here are o'er.



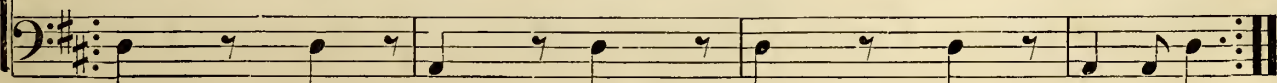
REFRAIN.



La la la la la la la la, La la la la la la.

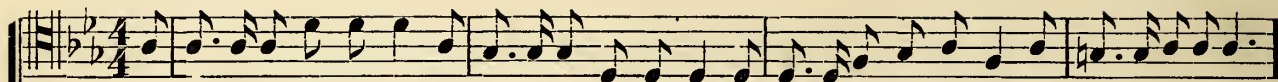


La la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la.
La la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la.

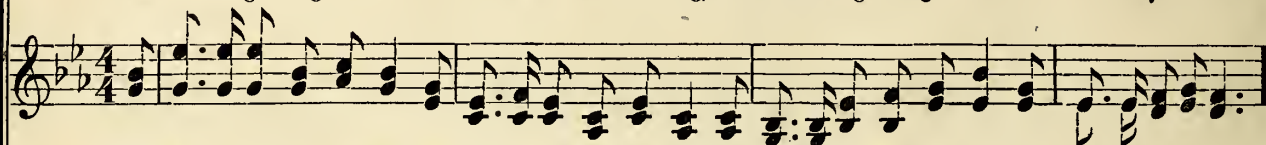


SARAH K. BOLTON.

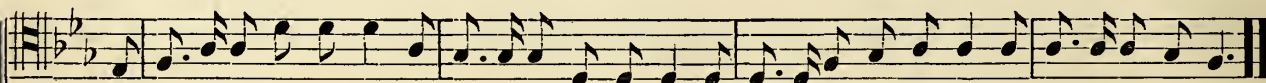
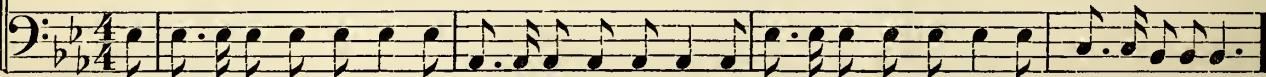
JAS. L. ORR.



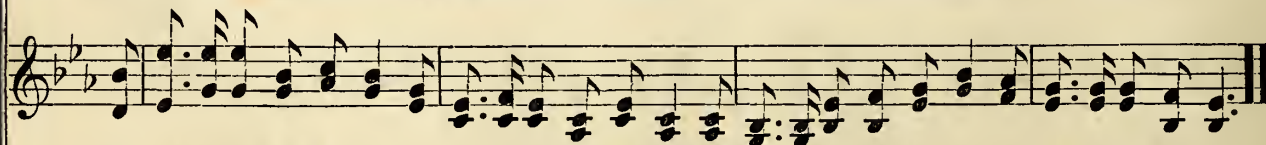
1. The hours are growing short-er for millions who are toil-ing, The homes are growing better for millions yet to be.



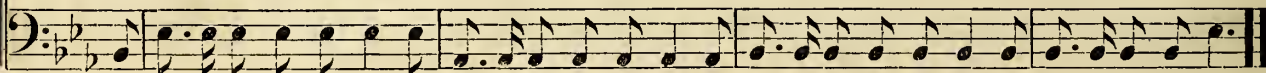
2. The reign of right is conf-ing, men's thoughts are growing deeper, They're giving of their millions they never gave before.



The poor shall learn the les-son how waste and sin are spoiling The fair-est and the grandest of our hu-man-i-ty.



They're learning the new gospel, man is his brother's keeper, And right, not might, shall triumph, the selfish rule no more.

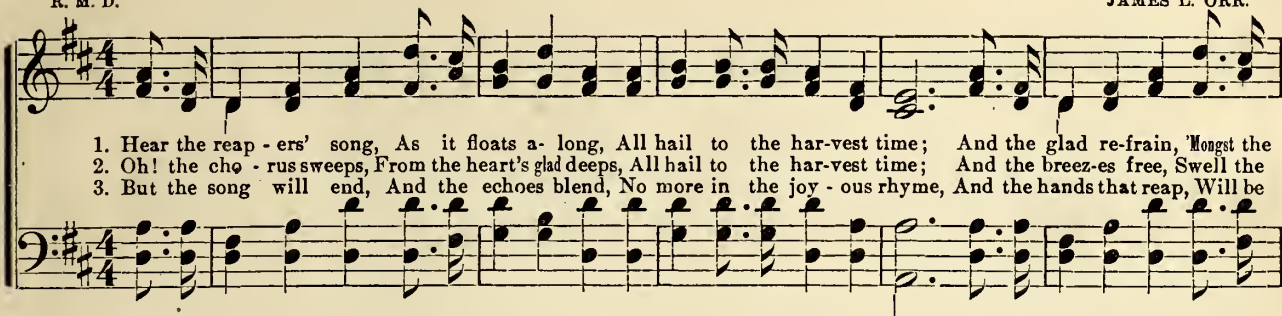


HAIL TO THE HARVEST.

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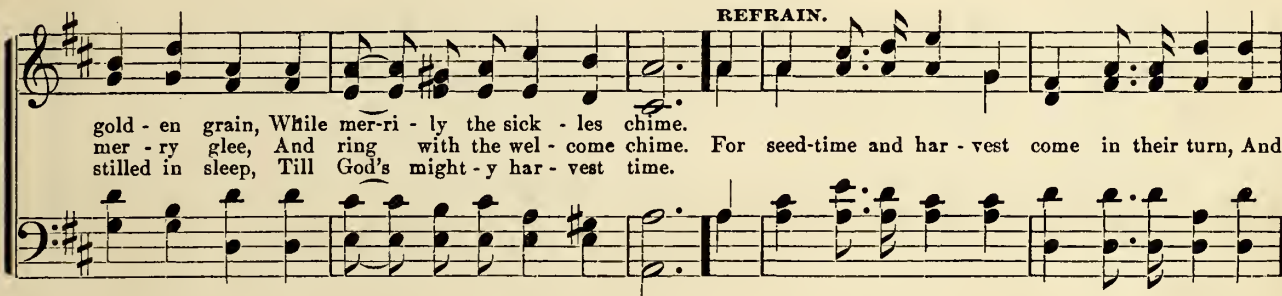
R. M. D.

JAMES L. ORR.

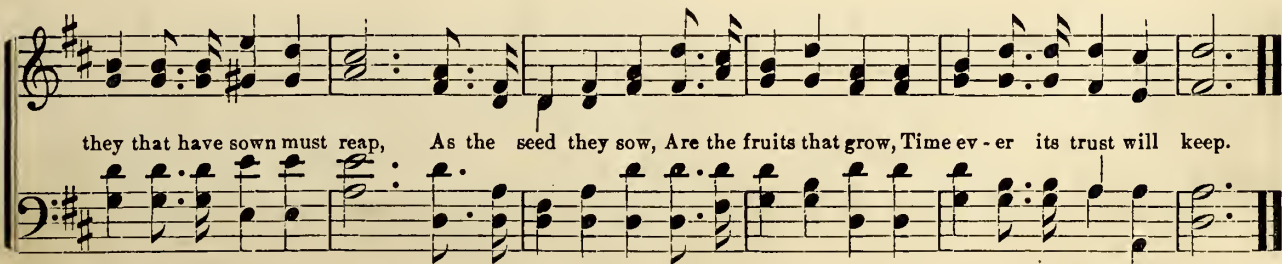


1. Hear the reap - ers' song, As it floats a - long, All hail to the har-vest time; And the glad re-frain, 'Mongst the
 2. Oh! the cho - rus sweeps, From the heart's glad deeps, All hail to the har-vest time; And the breez-es free, Swell the
 3. But the song will end, And the echoes blend, No more in the joy - ous rhyme, And the hands that reap, Will be

REFRAIN.



gold - en grain, While mer-ri - ly the sick - les chime.
 mer - ry glee, And ring with the wel - come chime. For seed-time and har - vest come in their turn, And
 stilled in sleep, Till God's might - y har - vest time.



they that have sown must reap, As the seed they sow, Are the fruits that grow, Time ev - er its trust will keep.

MEMORIES.

Arranged.

1. O'er the val - ley and the mount - ain, When the hush of even - ing falls, As we lin - ger by the
 2. Mem'ries of the friends we cherished, In the hap - py long a - go, Fa - ther, mo - ther, sis - ter,
 3. When the twi - light shadows deep - en, And the night draws on a - pace, Near - er seems that last sweet

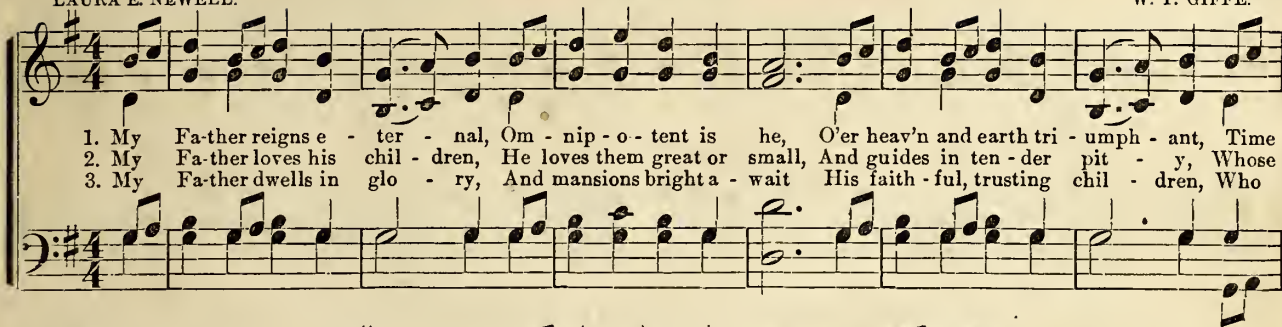
fount - ain, Mem'ry's treas - ures we re - call, Friends we loved in child - hood's morn - ing, Who have
 bro - ther, In the ten - der twi - light glow, Those dear friends so long de - part - ed, Ev - er
 greet - ing, When is closed life's wea - ry race, In the silence hushed we list - en, For the

journeyed from our side, Now to dis - tant climes have wan - dered, And a - mid new scenes a - bide.
 in our hearts re - main, Tho' the blos - soms gleam a - bove them, In the sun - shine and the rain.
 voic - es heard no more, Knowing we shall meet our loved ones, On that bliss - ful heav'nly shore.

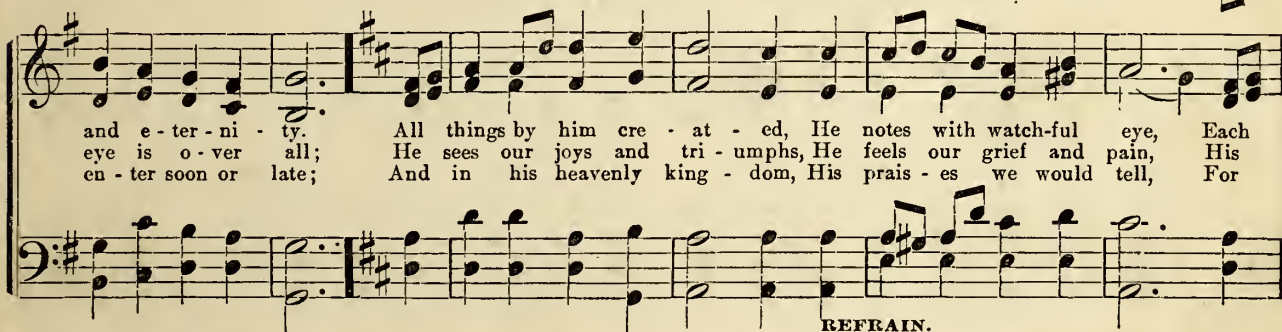
MY FATHER REIGNS ETERNAL.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

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W. T. GIFFE.

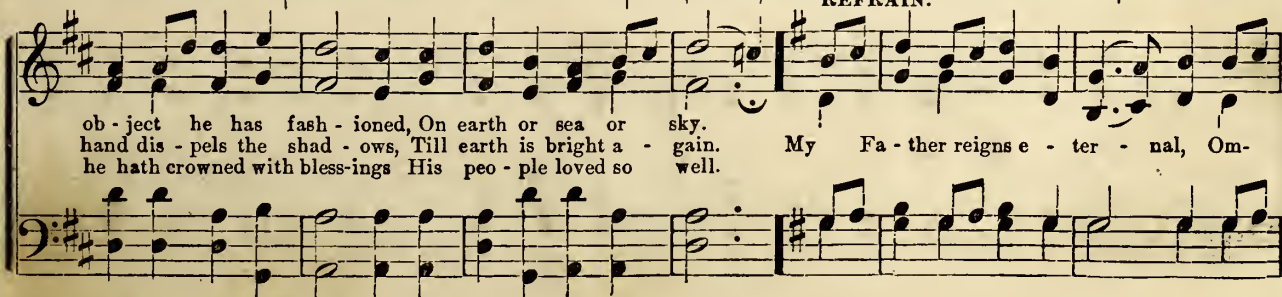


1. My Fa-ther reigns e - ter - nal, Om - nip - o - tent is he, O'er heav'n and earth tri - umph - ant, Time
2. My Fa-ther loves his chil - dren, He loves them great or small, And guides in ten - der pit - y, Whose
3. My Fa-ther dwells in glo - ry, And mansions bright a - wait His faith - ful, trusting chil - dren, Who



and e - ter - ni - ty. All things by him cre - at - ed, He notes with watch - ful eye, Each
eye is o - ver all; He sees our joys and tri - umphs, He feels our grief and pain, His
en - ter soon or late; And in his heavenly king - dom, His prais - es we would tell, For

REFRAIN.



ob - ject he has fash - ioned, On earth or sea or sky.
hand dis - pels the shad - ows, Till earth is bright a - gain.
he hath crowned with bless - ings His peo - ple loved so well.

My Fa - ther reigns e - ter - nal, Om -

MY FATHER REIGNS ETERNAL. Concluded.

nip - o - tent is he, O'er heav'n and earth tri - umph - ant, Time and e - ter - ni - ty.

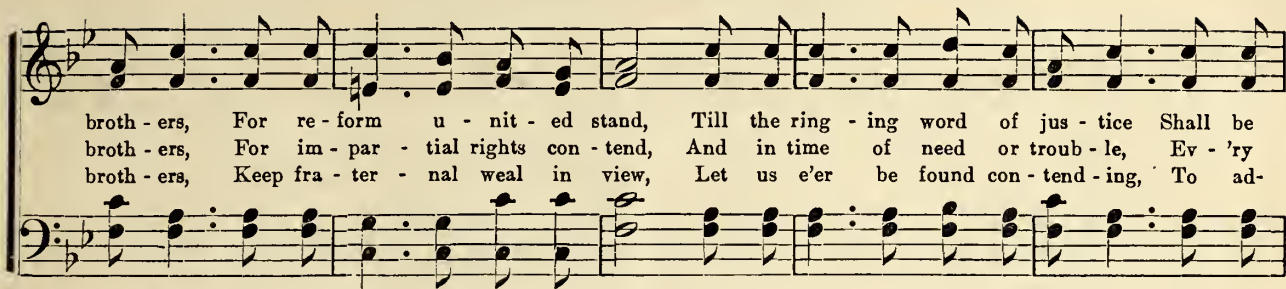
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

E. R. LATTA.

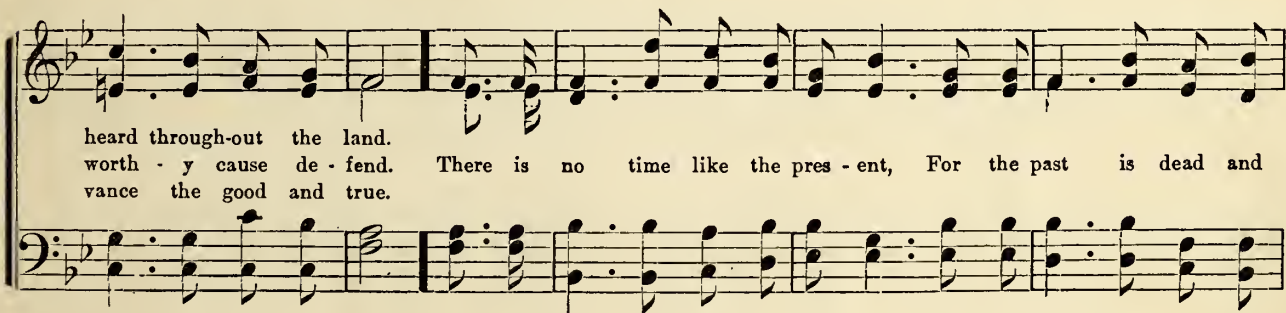
JAS. L. ORR.

1. What is past is past for - ev - er, Be it wrong or be it right; There is
 2. What is fut - ure ne'er may greet us, Be it right or be it wrong; There is
 3. In the pres - ent we may rea - son, We may swell the la - bor song; And such

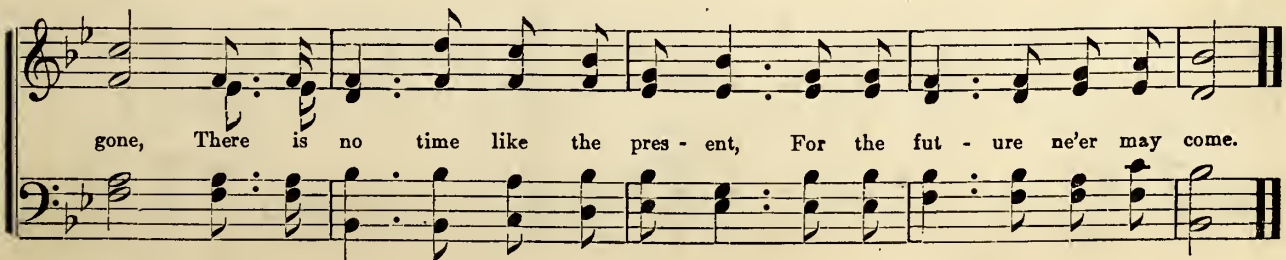
no time like the pres - ent, To un - do op - pres - sions might, Let us bold - ly, firm - ly,
 no time like the pres - ent, To be un - dis - mayed and strong, Let us bold - ly, firm - ly,
 tell - ing truths may ut - ter, As shall an - i - mate the throng, Let us bold - ly, firm - ly,



broth - ers, For re - form u - nit - ed stand, Till the ring - ing word of jus - tice Shall be
 broth - ers, For im - par - tial rights con - tend, And in time of need or troub - le, Ev - 'ry
 broth - ers, Keep fra - ter - nal weal in view, Let us e'er be found con - tend - ing, To ad -



heard through-out the land.
 worth - y cause de - fend. There is no time like the pres - ent, For the past is dead and
 vance the good and true.



gone, There is no time like the pres - ent, For the fut - ure ne'er may come.

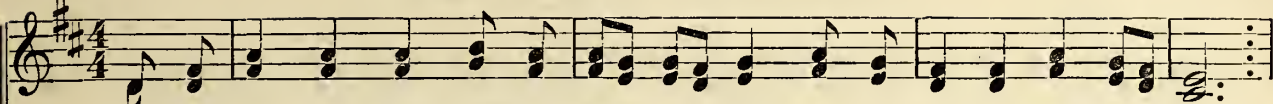
WHO WILL REAP?

JAS. L. ORR.

1. On - ward, ev - er on - ward go - ing In our jour - ney day by day, We are sow - ing, al - ways
 2. Oth - ers, to the heart still near - er, Chil - dren of our hopes and fears, Seem - ing ev - er to grow
 3. Is it good or ill we're sow - ing All a - long the world's high - way? What will by and by be

sow - ing Seeds a - long the world's high - way. None lives to him - self a - lone, Who will
 dear - er With the laps of pass - ing years; When we leave them here a - lone, They will
 grow - ing From the seeds we sow to - day? Thorns to pierce the wea - ry feet, Flow'rs to

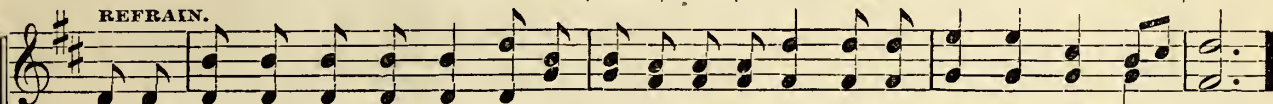
reap what we have sown, Reap what we are ev - er sow - ing, In our jour - ney day by day.
 reap what we have sown, Reap what we are ev - er sow - ing, In our jour - ney day by day.
 make life's path - way sweet; These will by and by be grow - ing From the seed we sow to - day.



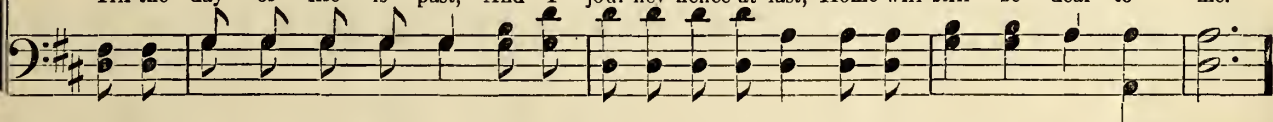
1. I am sad to - night though the scene is bright, For in dis - tant lands to roam, }
 At the break of day I must haste a - way, I must leave my child-hood's home. }
 2. I shall car - ry far, past the har - bor bar, Thoughts of days for - ev - er past, }
 And the friends so true, o'er the wa - ters blue, I shall cher - ish to the last. }
 3. In the days in store, though on dis - tant shore, Will this sun - ny spot so bright, }
 Still be home to me and in mem - o - ry, I'll re - view its scenes each night. }



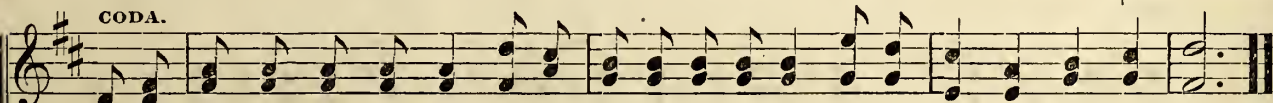
REFRAIN.



O the part - ing hour is near, When to home and friends so dear, I must say fare - well, fare - well.
 In my heart they still shall be, Tho' I'm far be-yond the sea, Where-so-e'er my lot is cast.
 Till the day of life is past, And I jour-ney hence at last, Home will still be dear to me.



CODA.



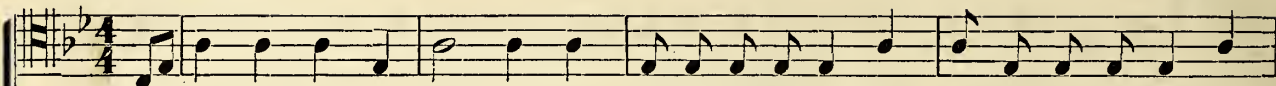
O fare - well, dear home, fare - well, Tho' in oth - er lands I dwell, Still I love thee, home, sweet home.



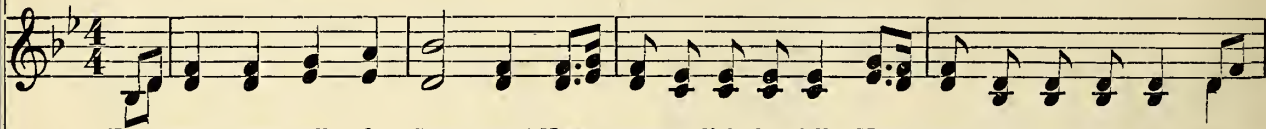
FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

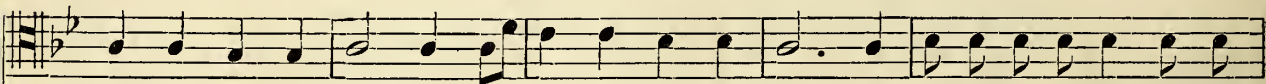
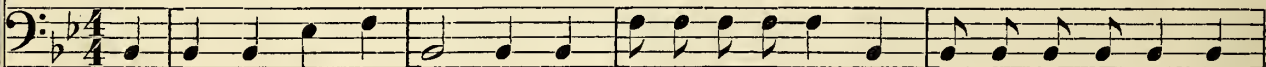
KUCKEN.



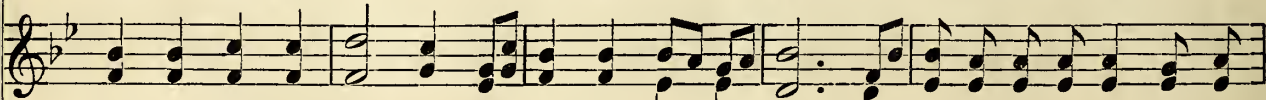
1. Fare - well, fare - well, O Sum - mer! Thy blossoms withered lie, Thy blos - soms with - ered lie; Wher
 2. Fare - well, fare - well, O Sum - mer! Thy joys we'll not for - get, Thy joys we'll not for - get; Fond



3. Fare - well, fare - well, O Sum - mer! Now leaves so light - ly fall, Now leaves so light - ly fall, Whose



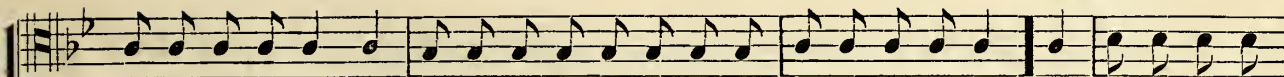
- ev - er we may wan - der, Be - neath a storm - y sky, Thy per - fect re - gal beau - ty, By
 mem - o - ries we'll cher - ish, With touch - es of re - gret, That oft will come with dreaming Of



- hues of som - ber beau - ty Cast sad - ness o - ver all! Yet rob - ins in the tree - tops Are



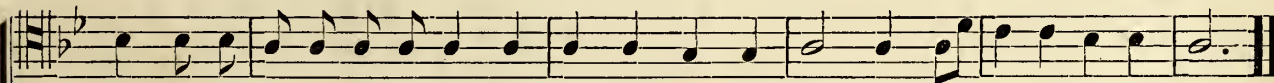
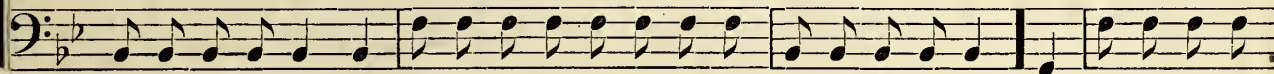
REFRAIN.



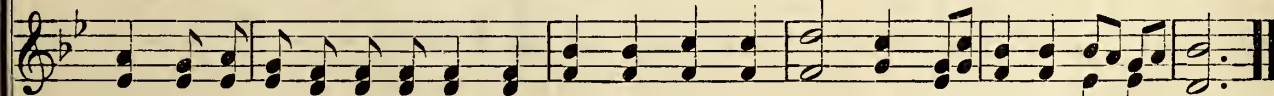
autumn's breath so chill, Was touch'd, and fair-est flow-ers all, Lie prone on vale and hill. Fare-well, farewell, O
peace-ful days now past; Fare-well, O radiant summer-time, We'll love thee till the last.



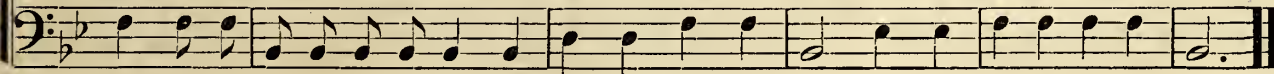
car-ol-ing of thee; With them thy sweet re-turn-ing we Will welcome mer-ri-ly. Fare-well, farewell, O

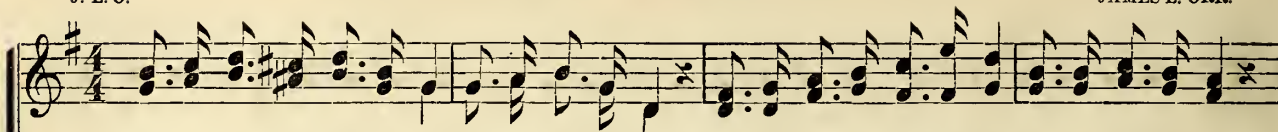


Sum-mer! Tho' blossoms fade and die, The balm-y spring shall wake them Be-neath a sun-ny sky.

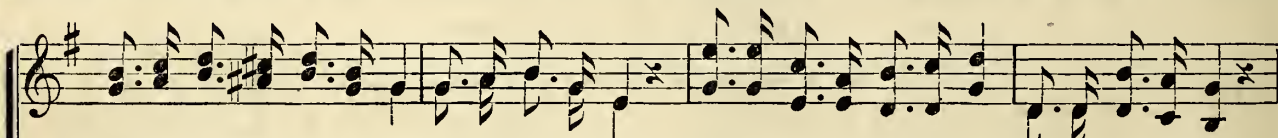
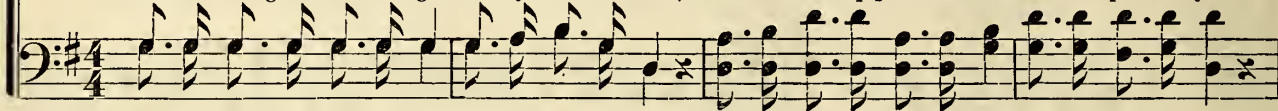


Sum-mer! Tho' blossoms fade and die, The balm-y spring shall wake them Be-neath a sun-ny sky.

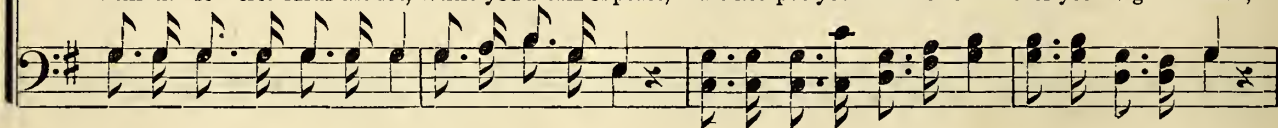




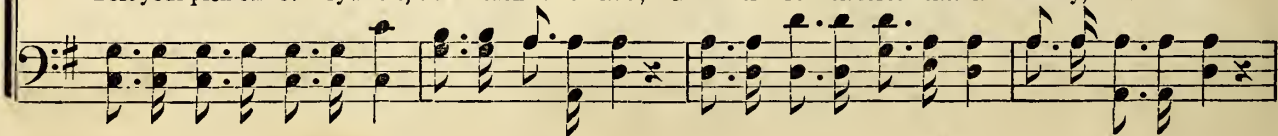
1. Bold-ly stand for lib - er - ty, Broth - ers of the plow, Up - ward, on - ward, un - dismayed, Do not fal - ter now.
 2. Fierce and long the conflict raged When you took the field, Till at last op - pres - sion's host Was compelled to yield.



Sa - cred is the war you wage, Ho - ly, right and true, Let your heart and hand be strong, Bravely dare and do ;
 Still in se - cret lurks the foe, While you dream of peace, Dare not put your ar - mor off Nor your vig - ils cease ;



Send the word a - long the line, Keep your watch - fires bright, They may guide some doubt - ing one To your ranks to - night.
 Post your pick - ets ev - 'rywhere, Guard each av - e - nue ; Gath - er re - en - forcements in Stead - y, brave and true.





Let the grandeur of your cause Thrill in all your song, Right will triumph, nev-er fear, Tho' the fight be long.
 Re - in-spire the heart grown cold, Rouse each sleeping one, On - ly vig - i - lance can keep What your val-or won.



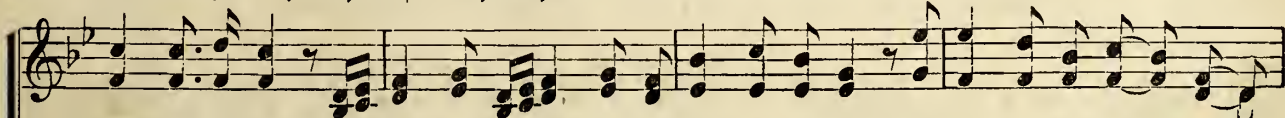
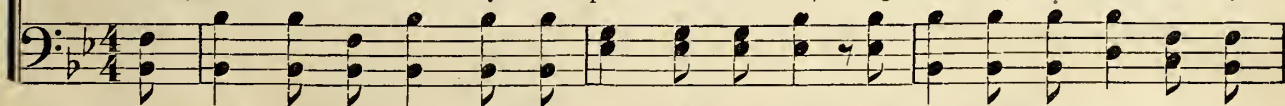
TRUE WORTH WILL WIN.

J. L. O.

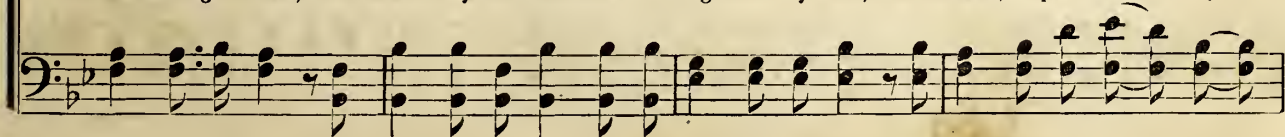
JAMES L. ORR.



1. Come, broth - ers and sis - ters as - sem - bled to - night, To hon - or and strengthen the
 2. True worth is in be - ing not seem - ing to be, Our deeds are the meas - ure by
 3. Though feat - ures be bronzed by ex - pos - ure and sun, Though hands may be hardened by



cause we a - vow, Pro - claim it a - broad to the world in its pride, That glo - ry and hon-or may
 which we are known, We can - not win hon - ors till worth - y we be, Nor hope to be reap-ers be-
 dil - i - gent task, The heart may re - tain its in - teg - ri - ty still, And Faith, Hope and Chari - ty



REFRAIN.

fol - low the plow.
fore we havesown. tri - umph at last.

For Pa - trons must toil, and toil - ing be blest, A sure re - ward their

labors will at - tain Who nev - er wea - ries, nev - er longs for rest. O sad heart, cease re - pin - ing.

CHORUS USED IN HARVESTERS' DEGREE.

Words from Ritual.

Old Melody.

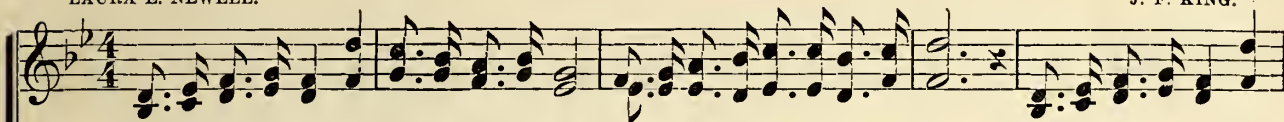
Then glo - ry to the steel That shines in the reaper's hand, And thanks to God who has blessed the sod And crowns the reaping band.

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

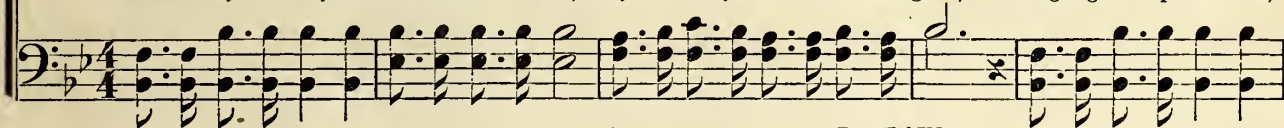
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LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. F. KING.



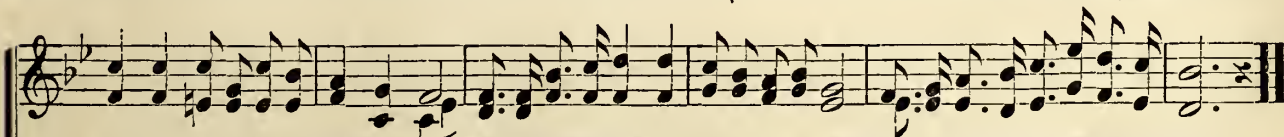
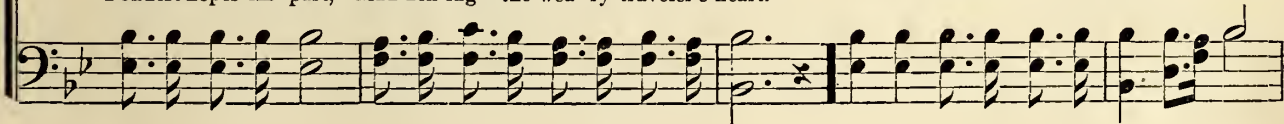
1. Blossoms by the wayside Springing at our feet, How ye cheer the dreary livelong day! Har-bin-ger of sum-mer,
 2. Blossoms by the wayside Sparkling bright with dew, Gleaming in your beauty fair to view, Bring to mind the mes-sage
 3. Blossoms by the wayside Beautiful and sweet, By the lonely mountain e'en we greet, Bring-ing in - spi-ra - tion,



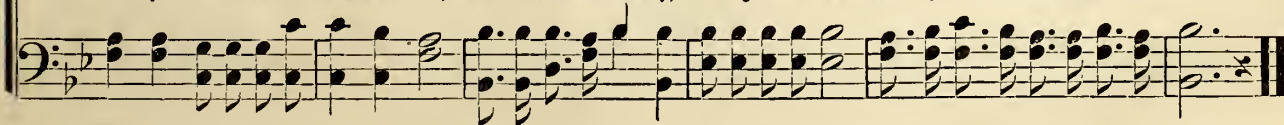
REFRAIN.



We your presence greet; Welcome, blossoms, smiling by the way.
 Of the Father's care; Welcome, blossoms, smiling by the way. Fai-ry blossoms by the way-side lone,
 Fondest hopes im-part, Glad-den-ing the wea-ry traveler's heart.



How ye bless us as with sweet-est tone, Mu-sic soothes the weary, lull-ing in-to rest Hearts by care and sor-row sore op-pressed.



OVER THE MYSTIC SEA.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1. O - ver the mys - tic sea, There in the sun - ny land, Friends that are dear to
 2. Down to the si - lent sea, Clasped in death's cold em - brace, Drift - ed my loved from
 3. Soon shall the morn - ing dawn, Night shall in si - lence flee, Soon shall my woes be

me,
 me,
 gone,
 Dwell with the ran - somed band.
 And from life's wea - ry race.
 Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty.
 Far from life's care and strife,
 Gen - tly the mes - sage came,
 There with the loved and lost,

Past all its woe and pain,
 Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly
 Voic - es are call - ing me,
 Glad in that heavenly life,
 An - gels have breathed each name,
 Soon shall I too have crossed
 Where we may meet a - gain.
 Call - ing them thence from me.
 O - ver the mys - tic sea.

O - - - ver the waves of the mys - tic sea, of the mys - tic sea,

O - ver the waves of the mys - tic sea, of the mys - tic sea,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes tied across measures. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

Gen - - tly - my treas - - ures were borne from me, But
Gen - tly my treas - ures were borne from me, were borne from me,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a more complex rhythmic pattern, including some triplets and longer note values. The piano accompaniment features more active chordal movement, particularly in the right hand of the piano part.

when temp - ta - tion and trials are past, Then shall I greet them at last, at last.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a final, sustained note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords that lead to a final, full cadence. The piece ends with a double bar line.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Oh, what a world this might be, Were hearts more just and kind, If friendship did not slight thee,

2. Oh, what a world of beau-ty A lov-ing heart might plan, If man but did his du-ty,

The first system of the musical score for 'What Might Be' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a treble clef. The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the vocal melody corresponding to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of the vocal melody corresponding to the second line of lyrics.



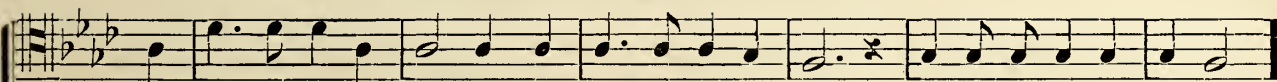
And fortune prove less blind, With love's dear hand to guide us, Un-chang-ing e'er and fond,

And helped his bro-ther man; Then angel guests would bright-en The threshold with their wings,

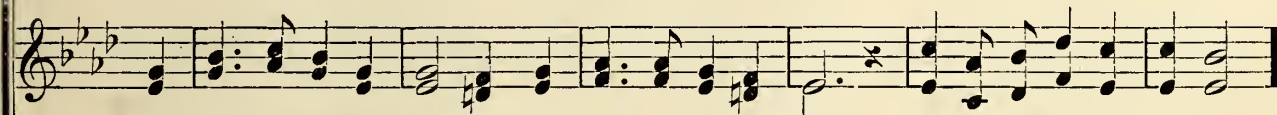
The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves: vocal (top), piano (middle), and bass (bottom). The lyrics continue from the first system, with the vocal line corresponding to the lyrics below it.

WHAT MIGHT BE. Concluded.

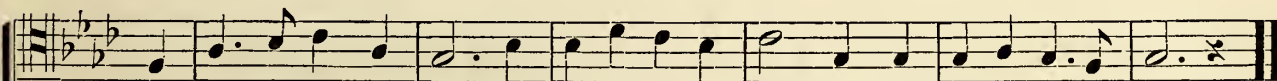
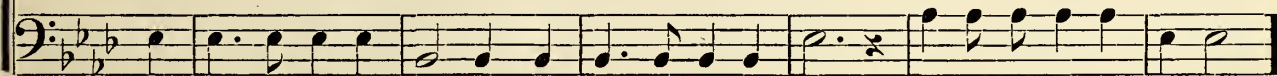
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Were all we wish be - side us, And not a care be - yond, Oh what a world this might be,



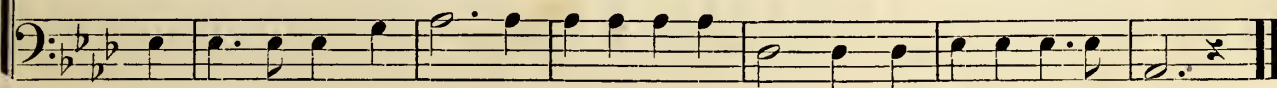
And love di - vine en - light - en The old for - got - ten springs. Oh what a world of beau - ty



More blest than that of yore; Come, learn, and 'twill re - quite thee To love each o - ther more.



A lov - ing heart might plan, If man but did his du - ty, And loved his fel - low - man.



HAVE PATIENCE AND HOPE.

E. R. LATTI.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. What - ev - er the pros-pect this truth will remain, By doubt-ing or fret-ting there's noth-ing to gain; With hin-dran-ces varied the
 2. From cold-ness and dampness the germs may de-cay, Or heat and the dryness the growth may de-lay; But some will be prospered on
 3. The green blade so ten-der may yield to the frost, Or yet by the in-sects a share may be lost; But much in-to blossoms of

ker-nels may cope, But hus-band-men ev-er have pa-tience and hope.
 lev-el or slope, Then hus-band-men ev-er have pa-tience and hope. O broth-er, have courage and faith-ful-ly toil, What-
 prom-ise may ope, Then hus-band-men ev-er have pa-tience and hope.

ev-er the weather, what-ev-er the soil; Thy pa-tient en-deavor, re-quit-ed at last, Shall yield thee a harvest when want-ing is past.

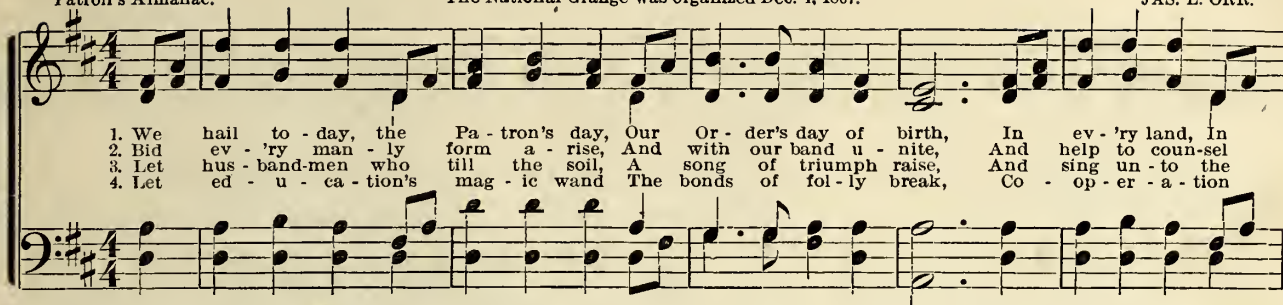
ANNIVERSARY SONG.

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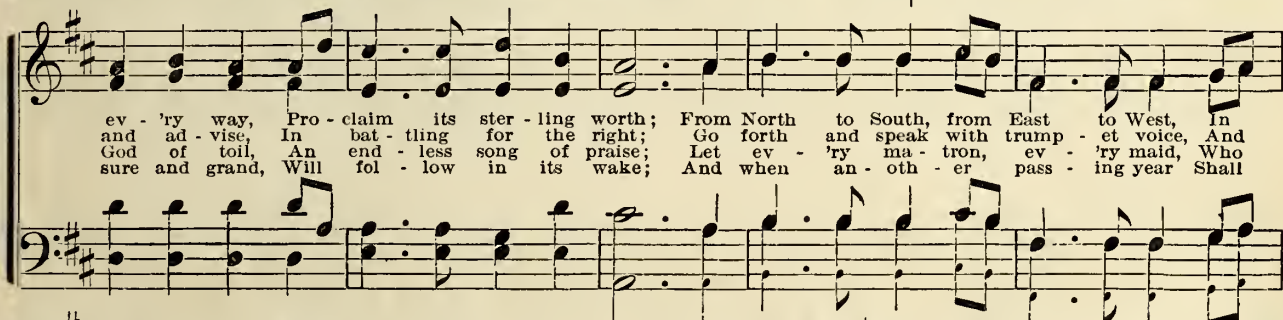
Patron's Almanac.

The National Grange was organized Dec. 4, 1867.

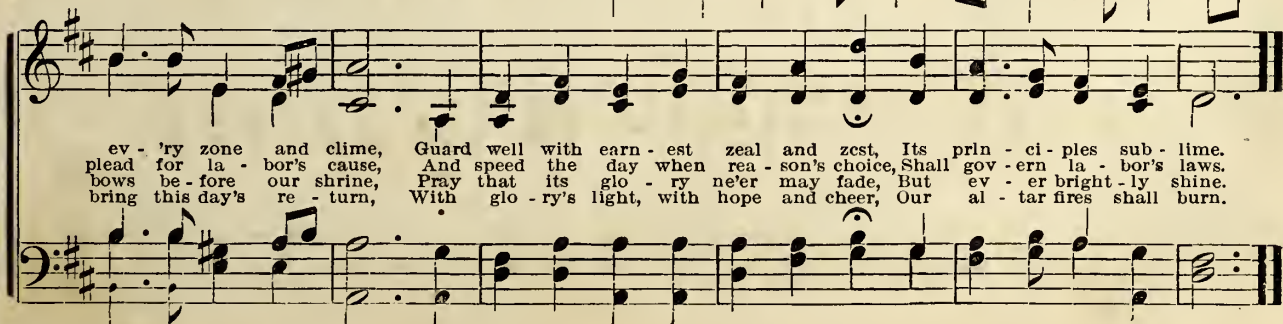
JAS. L. ORR.



1. We hail to-day, the Pa-tron's day, Our Or-der's day of birth, In ev-'ry land, In
 2. Bid ev-'ry man-ly form a-rise, And with our band u-nite, And help to coun-sel
 3. Let hus-band-men-who till the soil, A song of triumph raise, And sing un-to the
 4. Let ed-u-ca-tion's mag-ic wand, The bonds of fol-ly break, Co-op-er-a-tion



ev-'ry way, Pro-claim its ster-ling worth; From North to South, from East to West, In
 and ad-vise, In bat-tling for the right; Go forth and speak with trump-et voice, And
 God of toil, An end-less song of praise; Let ev-'ry ma-tron, ev-'ry maid, Who
 sure and grand, Will fol-low in its wake; And when an-oth-er pass-ing year Shall



ev-'ry zone and clime, Guard well with earn-est zeal and zest, Its prin-ci-ples sub-lime.
 plead for la-bor's cause, And speed the day when rea-son's choice, Shall gov-ern la-bor's laws.
 bows be-fore our shrine, Pray that its glo-ry ne'er may fade, But ev-er bright-ly shine.
 bring this day's re-turn, With glo-ry's light, with hope and cheer, Our al-tar fires shall burn.

KEEP POLITICS OFF YOUR FARM.

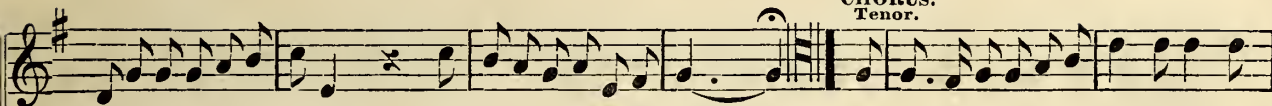
LAURA E. NEWELL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Some cu-ri-ous weeds I might mention That lend to the landscape no charm; To one let me call your at-ten-tion, Keep
2. Just keep an eye o - pen to business, Keep posted, bnt stick to your text; Don't be dis-con-cert-ed by tri-fles, And
3. Oh, this is an age of ad-vancement, And kings are the "sons of the soil;" But po-lit-ic-al schemers and "bosses" Full

pol-i-tics off of your farm. Tho' weeds will with politics min-gle, Po - ta - toes with pol - i - ties fail; De-
don't be too ea - si - ly vexed. Don't spend all your time riding hobbies, Pre - dict-ing dis-tress and a - larm; You'll
ma - ny an ef - fort will foil. Pray, take this advice as a warning, You'll find it will work like a charm: Ap-

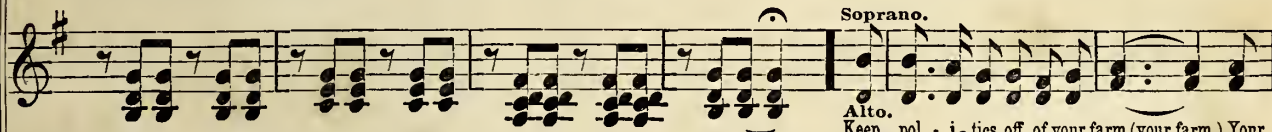
CHORUS. Tenor.



vote your whole mind to your business,
find it a great dis-ad-vantage
ply yourself strictly to business,

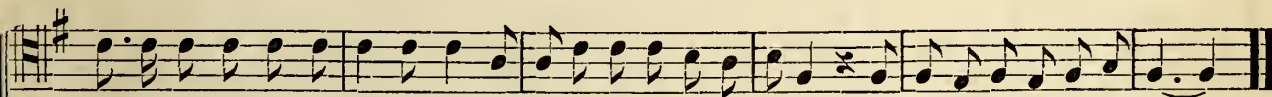
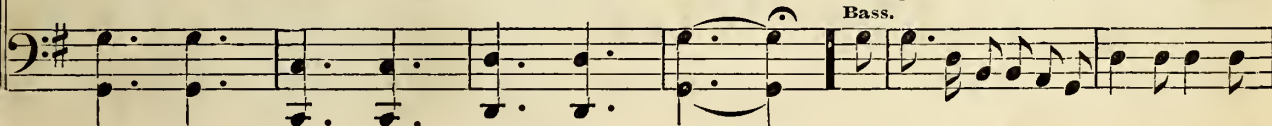
And make ev-'ry ef-fort a - vail.
To grow pol-i-tics on your farm.
Keep pol-i-tics off of your farm.

(your farm,) Your
Keep pol-i-tics off of your farm

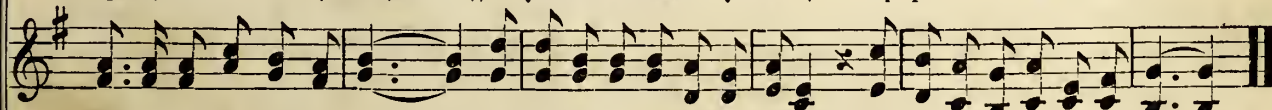


Soprano.

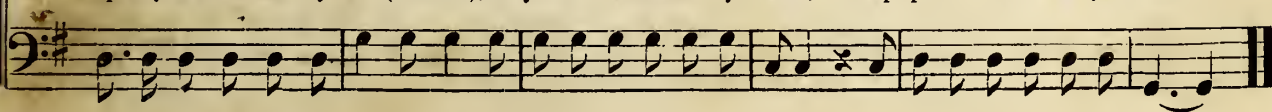
Alto.
Keep pol-i-tics off of your farm (your farm,) Your
Bass.



crops they will cer-tain-ly harm (will harm); If you would suc-cess-ful-ly la-bor, Keep pol-i-tics off of your farm.



crops they will cer-tain-ly harm (will harm); If you would suc-cess-ful-ly la-bor, Keep pol-i-tics off of your farm.



1. Be con-tent with the world as you find it, Nor be al-ways be-moan-ing your lot; Tho' you have your own
 2. God ex-empt-eth no mor-tal from trouble, Not a-lone are the poor in dis-tress; Tho' the heart may be
 3. Ev-'ry heart its own bit-ter-ness knoweth, Nor can guess at the pain in the breast Of the one whom the

measure of troub-le, Who is there in this world who has not? Do the best that you can in your sta-tion, Al-ways
 heav-y in home-spun, In broad-cloth it may weigh none the less. On his throne the proud king may be wretched, And the
 fool-ish world en-vies As with ev-'ry pros-per-i-ty blest. It is brav-er to hide your vex-a-tion, And your

cheer-i-ly act-ing your part; Keep a stiff up-per lip in vex-a-tion, And an hon-est in-tent in your heart.
 queen may be wea-ry of life; While the peasant in rags may be joyous, Light and happy his hardworking wife.
 wor-ries con-ceal in your breast; Do the best that you can in your station, And let Fortune take care of the rest.

THERE'S MANY A REST.

147
JAS. L. ORR.

1. There's ma - ny a rest on the road of life, If we on - ly would stop to take it, And ma - ny a tone from the
2. T'is bet - ter to hope though the clouds hang low, And keep the eye still lift - ed, For the sweet blue sky will
3. T'is bet - ter to weave in the web of life, A bright and gold - en fill - ing, And to do God's will with a

bet - ter land, If the quer - u - lous heart would wake it. To the man - ly soul that is full of hope, Whose
soon peep thro', Where the om - i - nous clouds are rifted. There was nev - er a night with - out a day, Or an
read - y heart, And hands that are swift and will - ing, Than to snap the del - i - cate ten - der threads Of our

beau - ti - ful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flow - ers bright, Tho' the win - try storm pre - vail - eth.
ev'n - ing without a morning, And the dark - est hour, as the prov - erb goes, Is the hour be - fore the dawn - ing.
cur - i - ous lives a - sun - der, And then blame Heav'n for the tangled ends, And sit and grieve and won - der.

BETTER DAYS TO COME.

OSCAR H. HARPEL.

JAS. L. ORR.

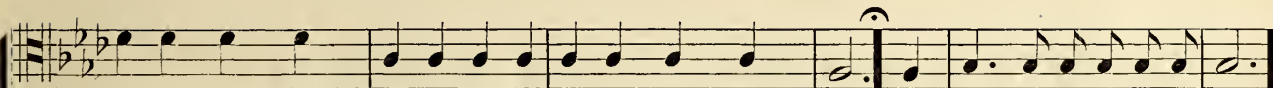
1. The heart may bend with weight of woe, And all the world look drear, While o'er its care-worn paths we go, With
 2. Tho' mor - tal ills may to us cling, And foul wrongs si - lence right, With - in the soul be fes - ter - ing, Some

3. There is no e - vil that can slay The faith be - yond the grave; There is no might to bar its way, The

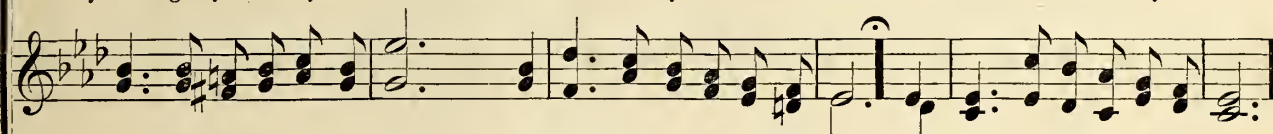
noth - ing bright to cheer, Yet in the bo - som ev - er dwells, Though all things else are dumb are dumb, A
 hurt it hides from sight, Still lit by a ce - les - tial spark, That grows thro' deepest, deep - est gloom, Our

spir - it dare not brave; And come what will to stay its wings, That seek a bet - ter home, With -

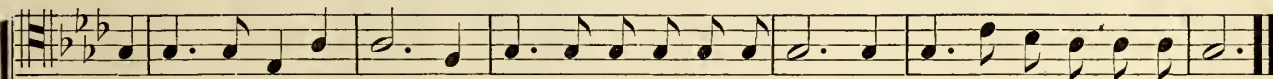
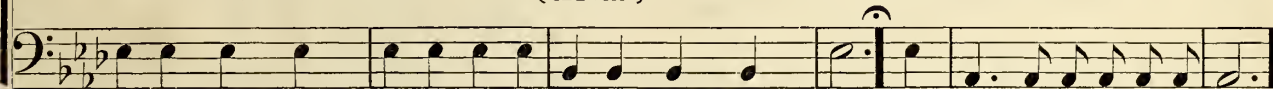
dumb, are dumb,
 deep - est gloom,
 bet - ter home,



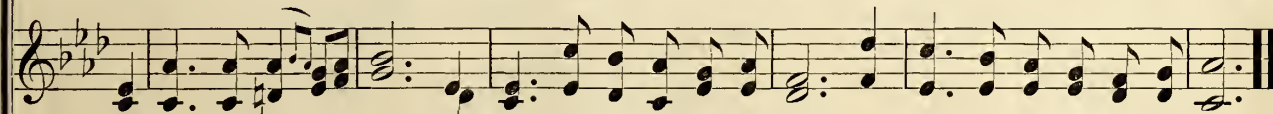
low, sweet voice, That, whispering, tells Of bet-ter days to come.
yearn-ing eyes may see re-vealed The bet-ter days to come. The clouds that dim our sky at noon



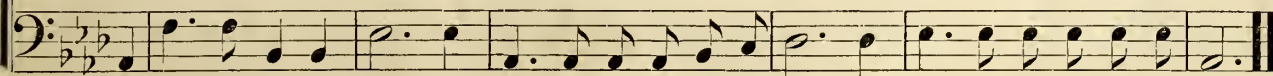
in its depths the spir-it sings Of { brighter
brighter } bet-ter days to come. The clouds that dim our sky at noon
end-less



Shall melt be-fore the sun, And faith re-veal at e-ven-tide The bright-er, bet-ter days to come.



Shall melt be-fore the sun, And faith re-veal at e-ven-tide The bright-er, bet-ter days to come.



SIFTING.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. Sift well the seed that you may sow, Sift clean - ly as you may, Sift out the bad and
 2. Sift out fair vir - tue, love and truth, From en - vy, hate and strife, Write deeds of love and
 3. Sift ev - 'ry word and act of yours, Sift ev - 'ry - thing com - plete, Sift all the dirt and

save the good, To scat - ter by the way; Sift all the books you chance to read, Sift
 char - i - ty On each fair page of life; Sift to the right, Sift to the left, Sift
 chaff a - way, And save the sol - id wheat; Sift out the gold re - fined and pure, From

thor - ough - ly and well, And at the fi - nal sum - ming up, This sift - ing work will tell.
 back - ward too as well, Sift up and down and, for - ward sift, And make your sift - ing tell.
 dross and sor - did pelf, And while you're sift - ing don't for - get To al - ways sift your - self.

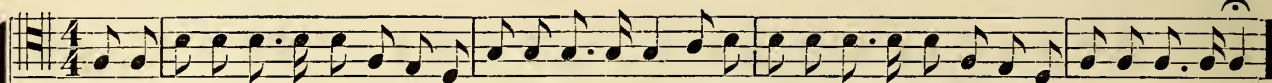
1. Soft - ly fall the dew's of even-ing, Where was late the noontide heat, And to thirs - ty veg - e -
 2. Gen - tly fall the down - y snowflakes, And on leaf - less boughs re - main, Till they bend the branch - es
 3. Griev - ous wrongs may oft be right - ed, Errors made to dis - ap - pear, Eas - i - er by gen - tle

ta - tion Comes re - fresh - ing, cool and sweet, Though unheard the op - e - ra - tion, Yet the
 earthward, With the add - ed weight they gain, Though not theirs the torrent's tumult, That re -
 ef - forts, Than by meas - ures more se - vere, From the dew's and from the snowflakes, Learn the

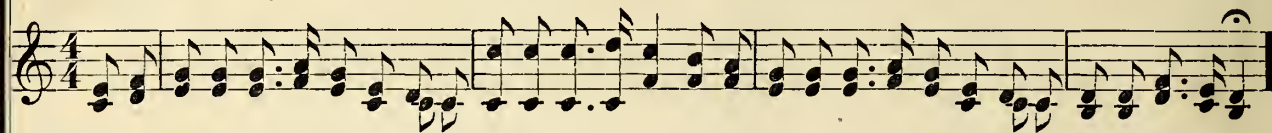
won - d'rous work is done, So by si - lent un - seen forces, Vict'ries great are oft - en won.
 sound - eth near and far, Yet these si - lent un - seen forces, Oft - en - times most potent are.
 les - son grand and true, That by kind - ness oft re - peated, We the great - est good may do.

S. L. CUTHBERT.

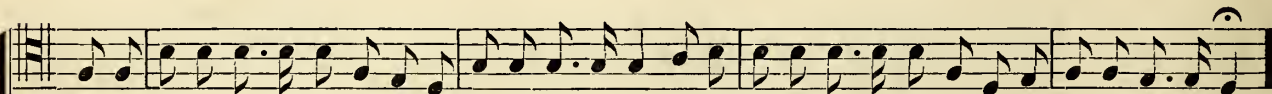
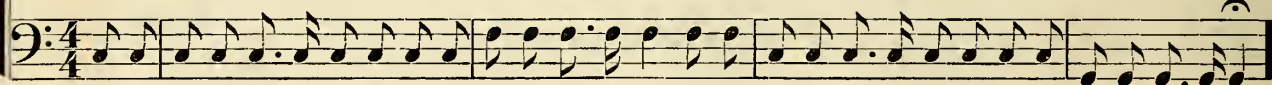
JAS. L. ORR. By per.



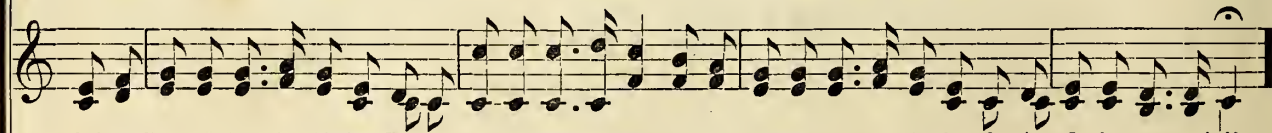
1. When the mist-y clouds a-round you Hide the sunlight from your eyes, And the dark-ness that surrounds you Veils the brightness of the skies;
 2. Dark-ness here, yet still a - bove you Shines the gold-en cit - y bright; On its streets are those who love you, Hap-py in its ra-diant light.



3. With his pres-ence ev - er near you, Needed aid and hope to bring, How his words should always cheer you, Make your heart with joy to sing.



Then when-e'er your courage fal-ters, Hear the words the Mas-ter said, When he walked upon the wa-ters, It is I, be not a-fraid.
 With your Sav-ior close be - side you, Do not fear, be not dismayed, With his hand and voice to guide you, It is I, be not a-fraid.



Oh! the light of day is shin-ing Far be - yond the clouds and shade, No more darkness or re - pin - ing, It is I, be not a-fraid.



REFRAIN.

By and by there comes the dawning, By and by there comes the dawning Of a glo-rious, hap-py day, Of a glo-rious, hap-py day;
 By and by . . . there comes the dawn - - ing of a glo - - - rious, hap-py day;

By and by there comes the dawning, By and by there comes the dawning Of a glo-rious, hap-py day, Of a glo-rious, hap-py day;

In the brightness of that morning, In the brightness of that morning, All the clouds shall fade a-way, fade a - way, a - way.
 In the bright - - ness of that morn - - ing All the clouds . . . shall fade a - way.

In the brightness of that morning, In the brightness of that morning, All the clouds shall fade a-way, fade a - way.

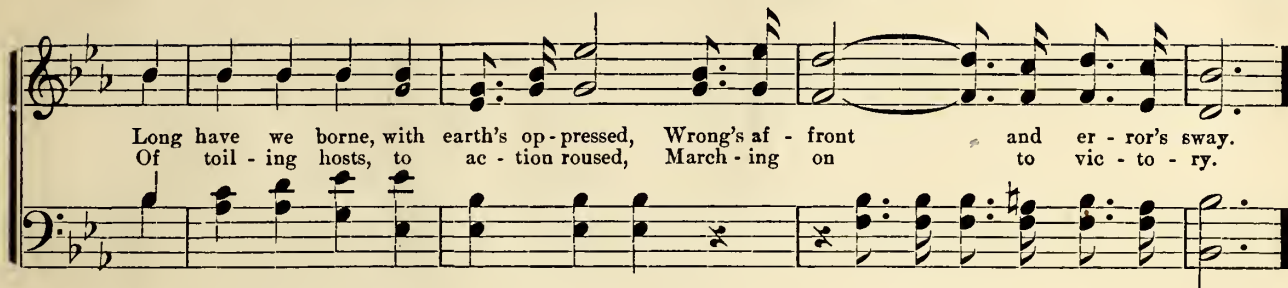
TRIUMPH OF TOIL.

JAS. L. ORR.

Pa-trons, a - rise and join our tri-umph-ant song, Darkness fades, the night is gone,
Up from the field of toil where the reap-ing band Gath-er in the gold-en grain,

O - ver the hills of gloom comes a crim-son ray, Morn-ing breaks, O glo-rious dawn,
Toil-ing from morn till eve with un-ceas-ing hand, Comes the sweet and glad re-frain,

Long have the shades our eye-lids pressed, Shut-ting out the gold-en day.
From hill and vale, from glebe and glen, Hear'the song so grand and free.



Long have we borne, with earth's op-pressed, Wrong's af - front and er - ror's sway.
Of toil - ing hosts, to ac - tion roused, March - ing on to vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.



Joy - ful - ly rise, pro - claim to the sons of toil, Rights redeemed and vict'ry won.



Her - ald the glad, glad news to each wait - ing heart, La - bor's tri - umph has be - gun, (be - gun.)

BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SOMEWHERE.

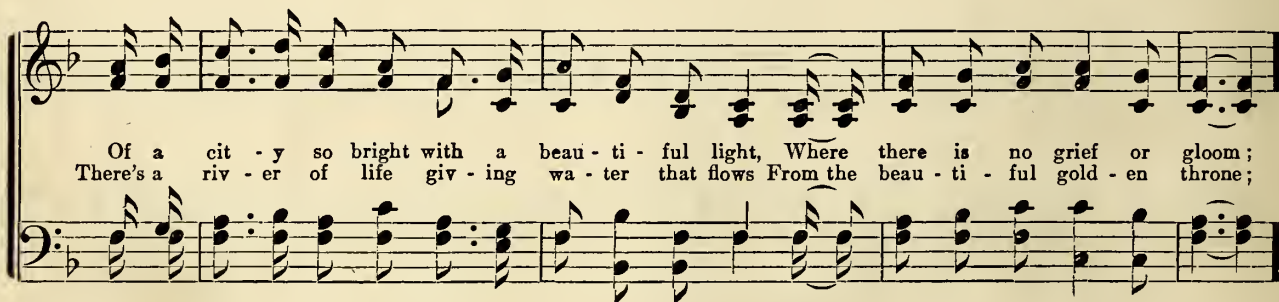
J. L. O.

From "Silvery Chimes."

JAS. L. ORR.



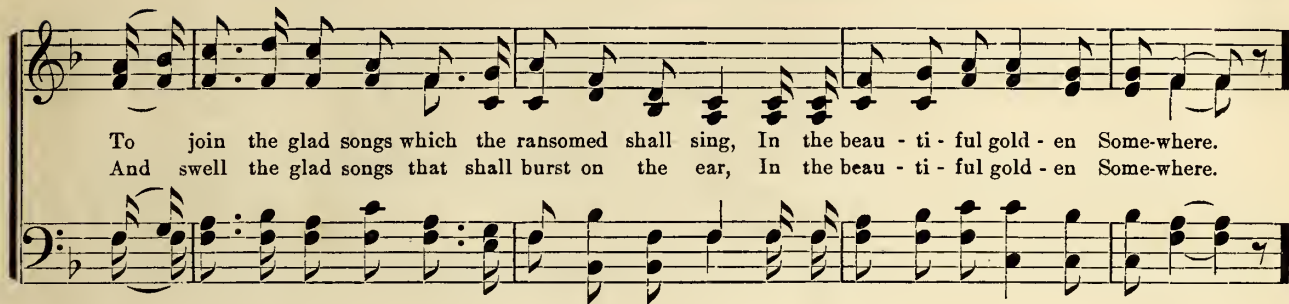
1. O we sing the glad songs of an E - den of love, A land of e - ter - nal bloom,
 2. There are flow - ers im - mor - tal that bloom in that land, To sor - row and care un - known,



Of a cit - y so bright with a beau - ti - ful light, Where there is no grief or gloom;
 There's a riv - er of life giv - ing wa - ter that flows From the beau - ti - ful gold - en throne;



O we know not the place where this cit - y is built, But hope all at last may be there,
 There are thou - sands of an - gels all glo - rious and bright, Who dwell in that coun - try so fair,



The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords and single notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes.

To join the glad songs which the ransomed shall sing, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en Some-where.
And swell the glad songs that shall burst on the ear, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en Some-where.

REFRAIN.



The second system, labeled 'REFRAIN.', also consists of two staves in the same key and clef as the first. The melody in the upper staff features a prominent dotted half note followed by a quarter note. The accompaniment in the lower staff continues the harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notation.

O beau - ti - ful gold - en Some - where, Where all is bright and fair, O we



The third system concludes the piece with two staves. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final note and a double bar line. The accompaniment in the lower staff also concludes with a final chord and a double bar line. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notation.

long to be - hold thee and join the glad songs, In the beau - ti - ful gold - en Some - where.

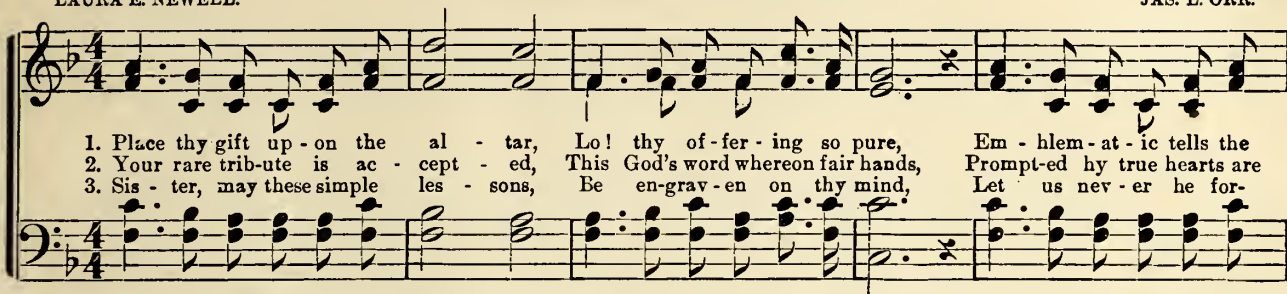
THE WAITING TIME.

JAS. L. ORR.

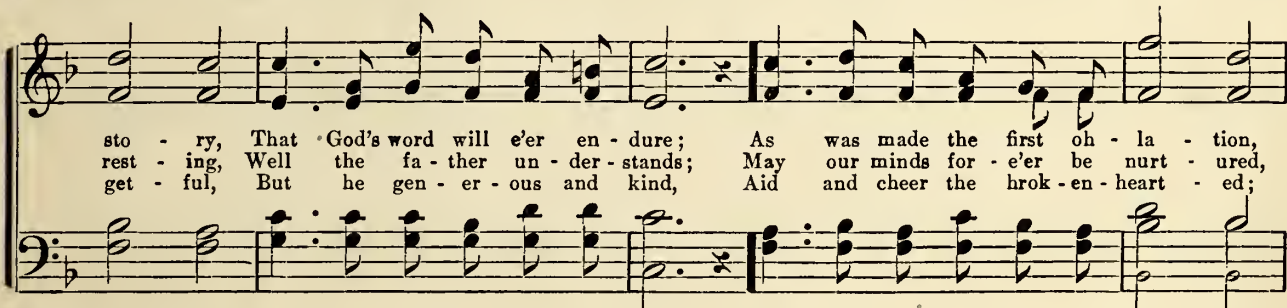
1. There are days of deep - est sor - row, In the sea - son of our life, There are wild despair - ing mo - ments, There are
 2. Youth and love are oft im - pa - tient, Seeking things beyond their reach, And the heart grows sick with hop - ing, Ere it
 3. Yet at last we learn the les - son, That God knoweth what is best, And a si - lent res - ig - na - tion Makes the

hours of men - tal strife, There are times of storm - y an - guish When the tears re - fuse to fall; But the wait - ing time, my
 learns what life can teach, For be - fore the fruit be gathered, We must see the blos - soms fall; And the wait - ing time, my
 spir - it calm and blest, For perchance a day is com - ing, For the chang - ing of our fate; When our hearts will meekly

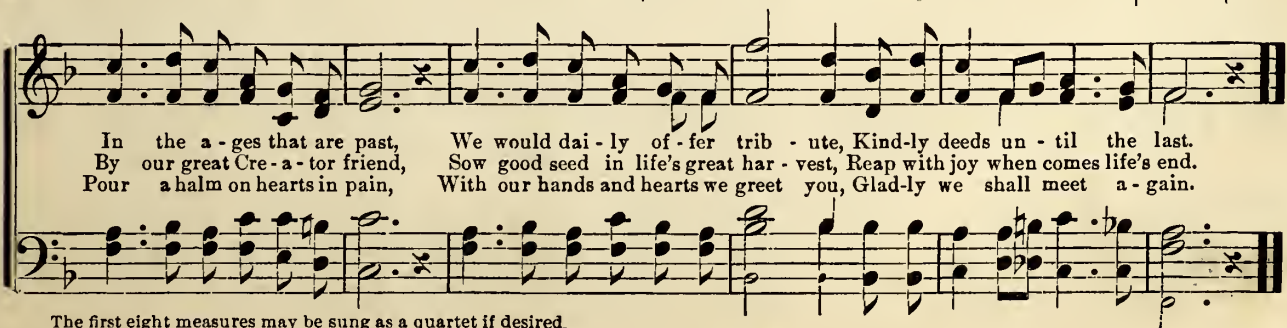
broth - er, Is the hard - est time of all, But the wait - ing time, my broth - er, Is the hard - est time of all.
 broth - er, Is the hard - est time of all, And the wait - ing time, my broth - er, Is the hard - est time of all.
 thank him, That he taught us how to wait, When our hearts will meekly thank him, That he taught us how to wait.



1. Place thy gift up - on the al - tar, Lo! thy of - fer - ing so pure, Em - hlem - at - ic tells the
 2. Your rare trib - ute is ac - cept - ed, This God's word whereon fair hands, Prompt - ed hy true hearts are
 3. Sis - ter, may these simple les - sons, Be en - grav - en on thy mind, Let us nev - er be for -



sto - ry, That God's word will e'er en - dure; As was made the first oh - la - tion,
 rest - ing, Well the fa - ther un - der - stands; May our minds for - e'er be nurt - ured,
 get - ful, But he gen - er - ous and kind, Aid and cheer the brok - en - heart - ed;



In the a - ges that are past, We would dai - ly of - fer trib - ute, Kind - ly deeds un - til the last.
 By our great Cre - a - tor friend, Sow good seed in life's great har - vest, Reap with joy when comes life's end.
 Pour a halm on hearts in pain, With our hands and hearts we greet you, Glad - ly we shall meet a - gain.

The first eight measures may be sung as a quartet if desired.

1. There's a mys - tic - al Grange that in thought I be - hold, A lodge that seems fault - less to me,
 2. In the mys - tic - al Grange that in fan - cy I view, Each thinks of the meas - ures at stake,
 3. 'Tis a mod - el in - deed that I have in my mind, And sys - tem is ev - 'ry - where seen,

And a - long with its mem - bers so faith - ful to meet, I think what a pleas - ure 'twould be;
 And he firm - ly re - solves in the depth of his heart, He nev - er the cause will for - sake;
 All the rit - u - al forms are ob - served by each one, As oft as the mem - bers con - vene;

Not a mem - ber is ab - sent from will or neg - lect, But strives to be ev - er in place,
 There the mem - bers u - nit - ed by broth - er - ly love, Are joined in a one - ness of aim,
 All the vows that are tak - en are faith - ful - ly kept, As vows that are prop - er should be,

There's a un - ion of form and a un - ion of hearts, And nev - er of en - vy a trace.
 E - ven now I be - hold them in ses - sion con - vened, And proud of their pur - pose and name.
 How I long for a broth - er - hood no - ble as this, A Grange that seems fault - less to me.

REFRAIN.

Let us faith - ful - ly la - bor, my broth - ers, each day, Though hin - dranc - es ma - ny a - bound,

Till a Grange that may tru - ly a mod - el be called, May here in our Or - der be found.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER.

Concert Exercise for any Number of Voices.

DIRECTIONS.—Divide into four sections or grades, smallest for Spring, having bouquets of buds and flowers; 2d section, fans may be used while singing; 3d, fruits; 4th, wraps. Singers seated, if possible; each section rises to sing; all stand during last stanza.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1st Section. We love the bud-ding days of Spring, When nat - ure bursts her bars, And when ten

thou-sand prom - is - es Shine out like lit - tle stars; When mead - ows glow with dai - sies bright,

And rills are sing - ing clear, Then who would fail to say of Spring, "The best of all the year!"

Copyright, 1891, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

We sing of Spring,
CHORUS.

We sing of Spring, Of Spring, the best of all the year,

We sing of Spring,

We sing (we sing) of Spring (of Spring), The best of all the year.

SUMMER.—2d Section.

The Summer-time is come again,
 With bright and cheery ray;
 And balmy fragrance on the air
 Is wafted here to-day.
 The woods are full of pretty birds,
 And every one in tune;
 The Summer-time is best of all,
 The merry month of June.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 For th' merry month of June;
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 For th' merry month of June.

AUTUMN.—3d Section.

We love the Autumn's mellow glow,
 When fruits are gathered in;
 Before the birds and flowers are gone,
 And Winter colds set in.
 And best of all the seasons yet
 Is Autumn's gracious store,
 When toil rewarded, blesses man
 With bounties o'er and o'er.

CHO.—Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!
 When Autumn's days have come;
 Rejoice! rejoice!
 When Autumn's days have come.

WINTER.—4th Section.

We sing in songs of purest love,
 When Winter days appear;
 And snowy sports, and sleighbells ring,
 The best of all the year.
 And when our Christmas time comes round,
 With gifts and countless toys,
 There never is a better time
 For all the girls and boys.

CHO.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 When Winter days appear;
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 When Winter days appear.

ALL.

We join to praise the God of all,
 Whatever does appear,
 And crown each season as it comes
 The best of all the year.
 1st Sec.—That Spring is best if we rejoice,
 2d Sec.— And Summer days are sweet;
 3d Sec.—The Autumn's golden grain is good,
 4th Sec.— And Winter's snow and sleet.

CHO.—*All.* We sing, rejoice, hurrah!
 Whatever seasons come;
 We sing, rejoice,
 Whatever seasons come.

'T IS BETTER TO STAY ON THE FARM.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. As guid - ing his plow 'mid the corn rows, The grass and the weeds to de - stroy, . . . What
 2. The gas - light-ed hall, with its pleas - ures, He dreams of, and longs to be there; . . . And
 3. He dreams he's a clerk at the coun - ter, And thinks it is al - most di - vine; . . . He

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The Treble part features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Middle part consists of chords, primarily triads and dyads. The Bass part provides a simple harmonic foundation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

won - derful day dreams of pleas - ure
 heed - less of trou - ble and la - bor,
 toils in the corn - field no long - er,

Take form in the mind of the boy.
 He thith - er - ward seems to re - pair.
 No more shall his spir - it re - pine.

He knows not the wiles of the
 "How stu - pid a life in the
 But heark - en! the noon bell is

Ad lib.


cit - y, So frequently leading to harm;
 coun - try, The cit - y has ma - ny a charm!"
 call - ing, The dreamer starts up in a - larm!

My boy, from your rev - er - ie wak - en, 'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm.
 My boy, from your rev - er - ie wak - en, 'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm.
 My boy, if you'll on - ly be - lieve me, 'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm.

CHORUS.



'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm, my boy, 'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm; Your dream-ing will



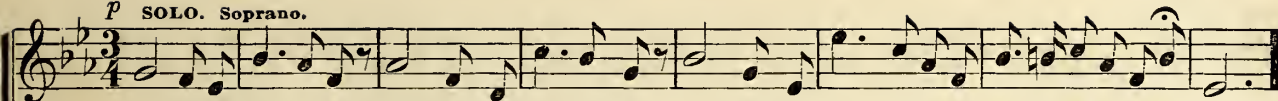
lead you to harm, my boy, Will cer - tain - ly lead you to harm; 'Tis bet - ter to stay on the farm.

HYMN. ARISE.

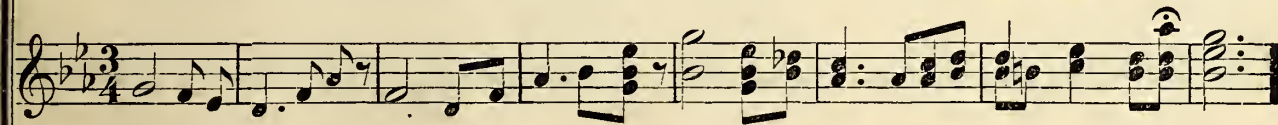
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JAS. L. ORR.

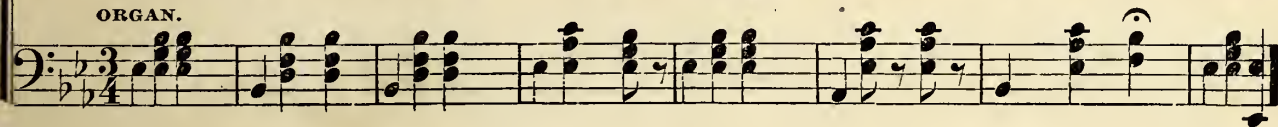
P SOLO. Soprano.



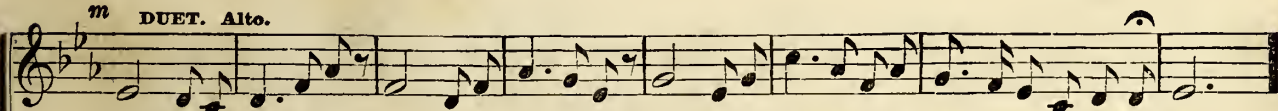
O Lord our God, a-rise, The cause of truth maintain, And wide o'er all the peopled world, Ex-tend her blessed reign.



ORGAN.

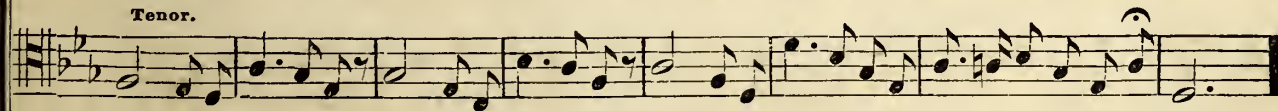


m DUET. Alto.

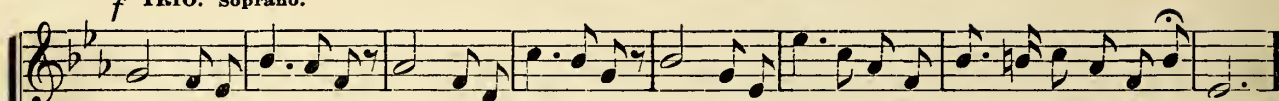


Thou Prince of Life, a-rise, Nor let thy glo-ry cease, Far spread the con-quests of thy grace, And bless the earth with peace.

Tenor.

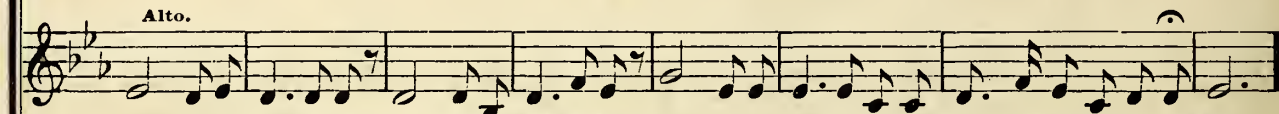


For accompaniment play the duet 8va.

f TRIO. Soprano.

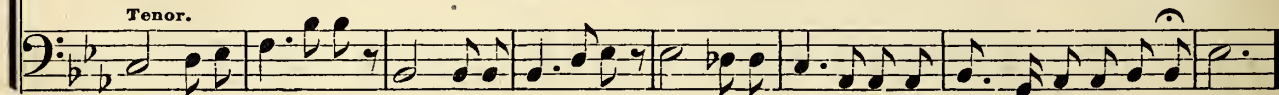
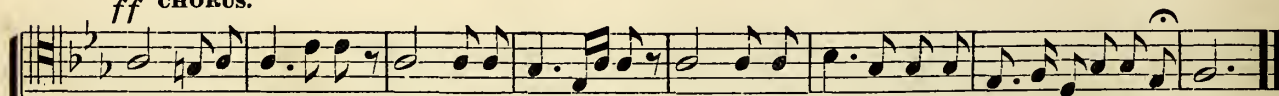
O Ho-ly Spir - it, rise, Ex - pand thy heav'n - ly wing, And o'er a dark and ruined world, Let light and or - der spring.

Alto.

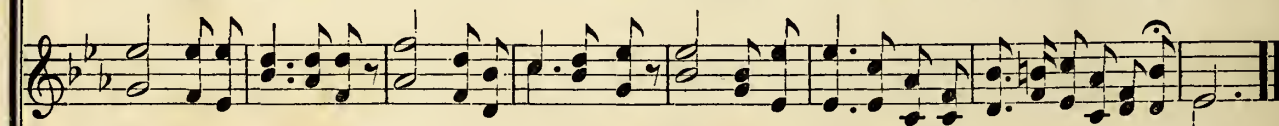


O Ho-ly Spir - it, rise, Ex - pand thy heav'n - ly wing, And o'er a dark and ruined world, Let light and or - der spring.

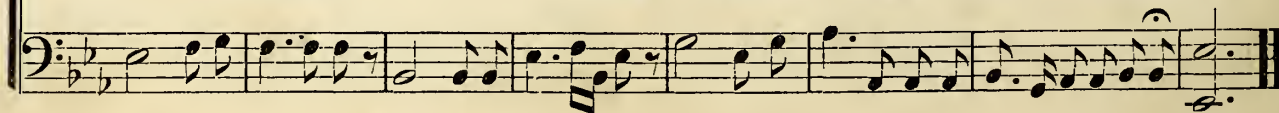
Tenor.

*ff* CHORUS.

Oh, all ye nations, rise, To God the Sav - ior sing, From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n, Let echo-ing anthems ring.



Oh, all ye nations, rise, To God the Sav - ior sing, From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n, Let echo-ing anthems ring.



WHEN A HUNDRED YEARS HAVE ROLLED.

169

C. H. G.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

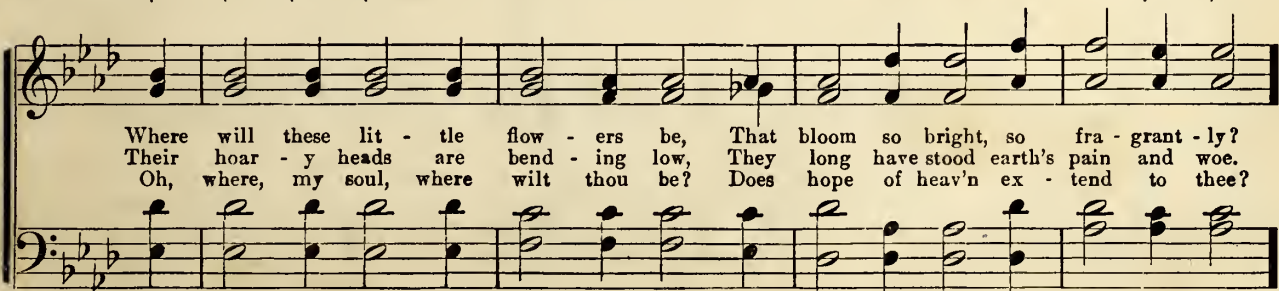
CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.



1. Oh, where will be the things I love, When a hun - dred years have rolled?
 2. Oh, where will be my new - found friends, When a hun - dred years have rolled?
 3. Where will these lit - tle chil - dren be, When a hun - dred years have rolled?



Oh, who will roam this gar - den then, And claim this shin - ing gold?
 These hearts that hope to me ex - tend, Though fee - ble now and old;
 That now are hap - py, glad, and free, That fond - ly now we fold;



Where will these lit - tle flow - ers be, That bloom so bright, so fra - grant - ly?
 Their hoar - y heads are bend - ing low, They long have stood earth's pain and woe.
 Oh, where, my soul, where wilt thou be? Does hope of heav'n ex - tend to thee?

These lit - tle birds, so blithe and free, When a hun - dred years have rolled?
 They'll not be grow' - ling here be - low, When a hun - dred years have rolled.
 Pre - pare, pre - pare with God to be When a hun - dred years have rolled.

CHORUS.

When a hun - dred years have rolled, When a hun - dred years have rolled,

Oh, where will be the things I love When a hun - dred years have rolled?

THE LAND OF THE SWALLOWS.

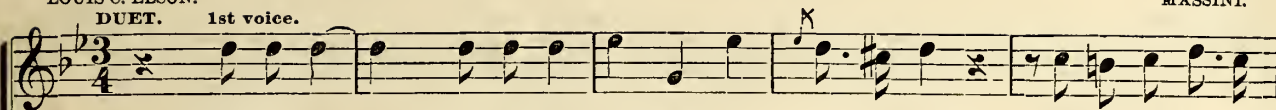
171

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MASSINI.

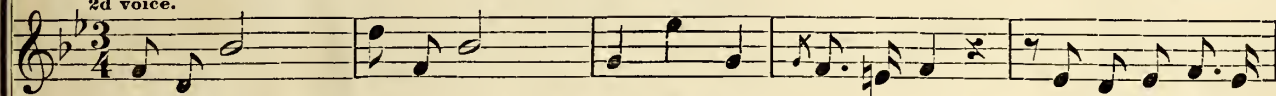
DUET.

1st voice.



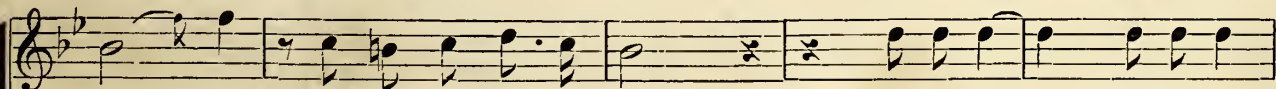
Swal-lows in . . az - ure sky Fly - ing with joy - ous wing, Ye bring us wel-come

2d voice.

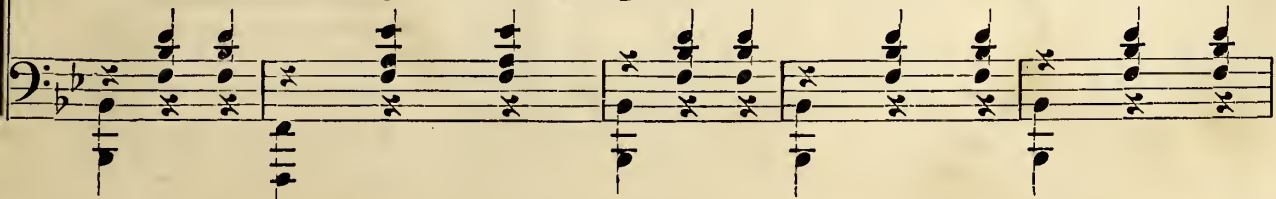
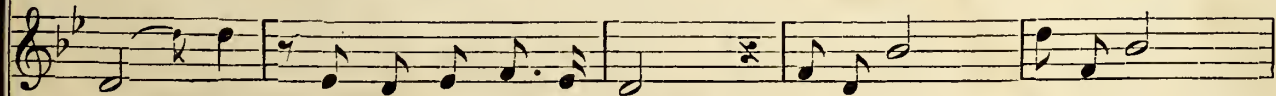


Inst. R. H.

L. H.



ti - - dings Of the re - turn of Spring; Ev - er your home shall be,



First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in G major (one flat), a piano accompaniment in G major, and a bass line. The lyrics are: "In the bright sun-shine ray, Where ros-es fair are bloom-ing, Where nes-tle sum-mer". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line, with a steady accompaniment in the piano and bass.

In the bright sun-shine ray, Where ros-es fair are bloom-ing, Where nes-tle sum-mer

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics are: "days, Ev-er your home shall be, Where nes-tle sum-mer days." The system concludes with a "Rit." (Ritardando) marking and a "Fine." marking. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a more active bass line.

days, Ev-er your home shall be, Where nes-tle sum-mer days.

Rit. Fine.

1st and 2d voices.

1. When ye re - turn the wood-bine re - a - wak - ens, The breeze is
 2. But when bleak win - ter with its storms ap - proach - es, With rap - id

sweet, and calm the wa - ter's breast,
 flight ye seek some fair-er shore,

While toil - ing bees the flow-er's sweetness
 Bear - ing a - way the flow'rs and gen - tle

Rit. D. C.

gath - er,
breez - es,

In sha - dy trees each bird - ling builds its nest.
And war - bling night - in - gales are heard no more.

This musical score is for the song 'The Land of the Swallows'. It features three staves: a vocal line in G major with a treble clef, a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, and a bass line in G major with a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Rit.' (Ritardando) and the ending is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

JUVENILE GREETING SONG.

Fine. D. C.

1. Friendly greetings be to you, We ex- tend you our hand, }
Earnest, no - ble, kind and true, Welcome now to our band. } Come storm or bright weather, we'll la-bort - o - geth - er,
D. C. Friendly greetings be to you, And a wel - come so true.

2. Now in youth will we acquire Use - ful knowledge each day, }
That when years shall bear us on, As the hours pass a - way, } Instructions and greeting, In juvenile meetings,
D. C. Shall treasured ev - er be, In fond mem - o - ry.

This musical score is for the 'Juvenile Greeting Song'. It features two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in D major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in D major with a treble clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked 'Fine.' and the ending is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second system has a vocal line in D major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in D major with a bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

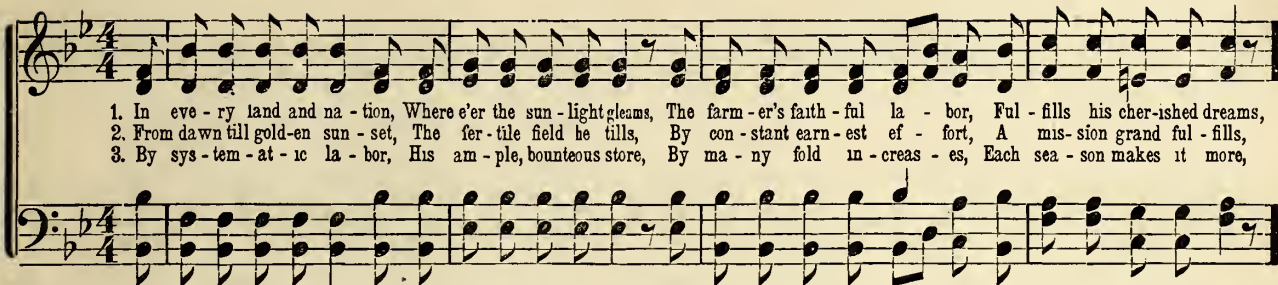
THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

175

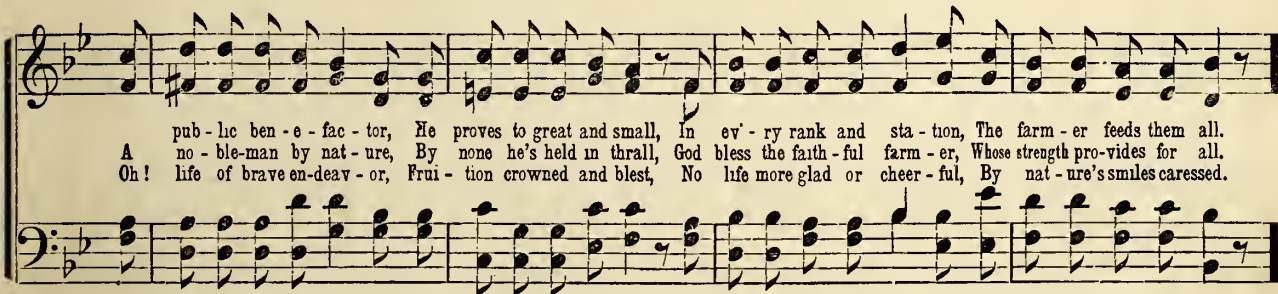
LAURA E. NEWELL.

Quartette and Chorus.

JAS. L. ORR.



1. In eve - ry land and na - tion, Where e'er the sun - light gleams, The farm - er's faith - ful la - bor, Ful - fills his cher - ished dreams,
2. From dawn till gold - en sun - set, The fer - tile field he tills, By con - stant earn - est ef - fort, A mis - sion grand ful - fills,
3. By sys - tem - at - ic la - bor, His am - ple, bounteous store, By ma - ny fold in - creas - es, Each sea - son makes it more,



pub - lic ben - e - fac - tor, He proves to great and small, In ev' - ry rank and sta - tion, The farm - er feeds them all.
A no - ble - man by nat - ure, By none he's held in thrall, God bless the faith - ful farm - er, Whose strength pro - vides for all.
Oh! life of brave en - deav - or, Frui - tion crowned and blest, No life more glad or cheer - ful, By nat - ure's smiles caressed.

CHORUS.



The farm - er feeds them all, In cot - tage or in hall, In ev - 'ry land and na - tion, The farm - er feeds them all.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

From 'Bible Anthems,' by per. Fillmore Bros.

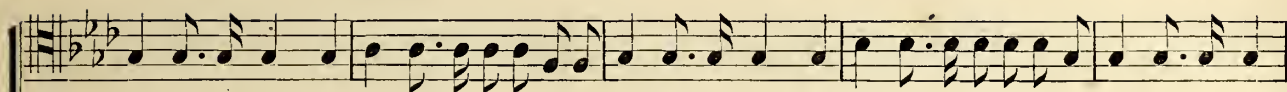
G. W. REASER.

Con-sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, con- They

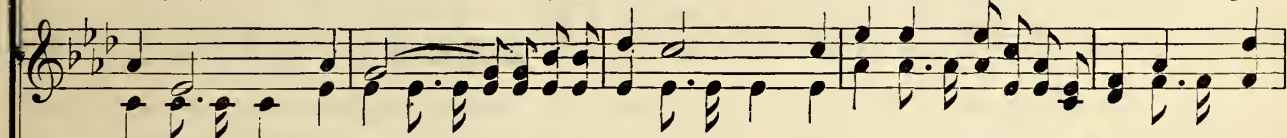
Con-sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, con-sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow; con-

sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow; They toil not, neither do they spin; Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the

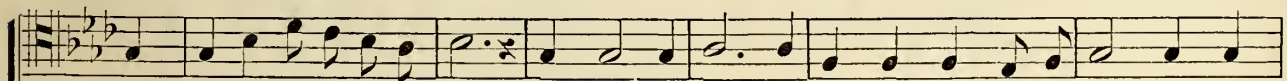
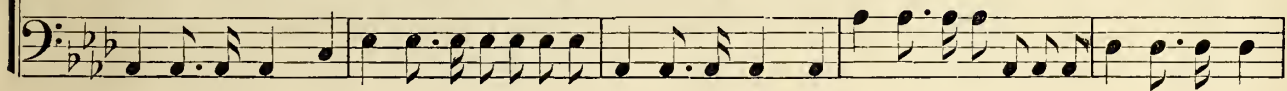
toil not, neither do they spin; And yet I say un-



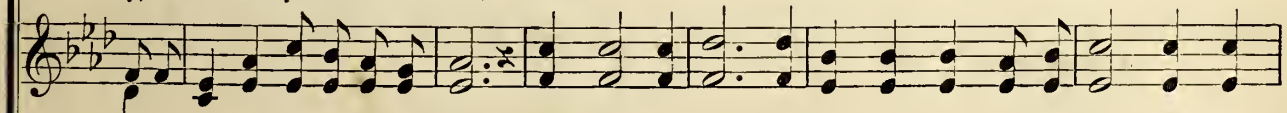
field, how they grow, con-sid - er the lil-ies of the field, how they grow, con-sid - er the lil-ies of the field, how they grow;
to you, and yet I say un-to you, That e - ven Sol-o-mon, in all his glo-



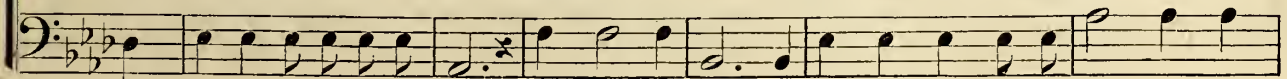
field, how they grow, con-sid - er the lil-ies of the field, how they grow, con-sid - er the lil-ies of the field, how they grow;



They toil not, neither do they spin. Where-fore, if God so clothe the flow'rs of the field, will He
ry, was not ar-rayed like one of these.

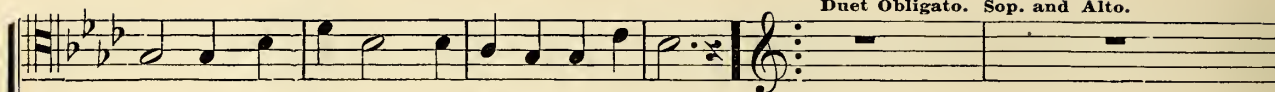


'They toil not, neither do they spin. Wherefore, if God so clothe the flow'rs of the field, will He



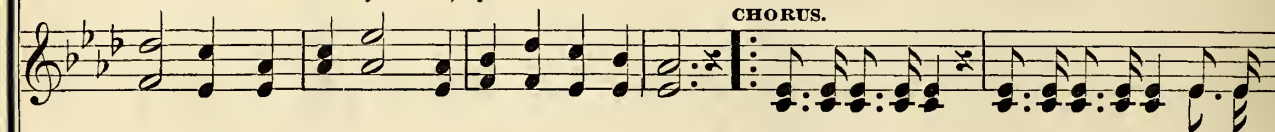
CONSIDER THE LILIES. Continued.

Duet Obligato. Sop. and Alto.



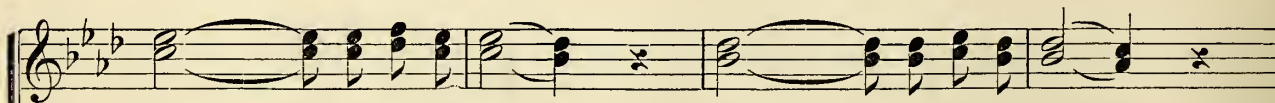
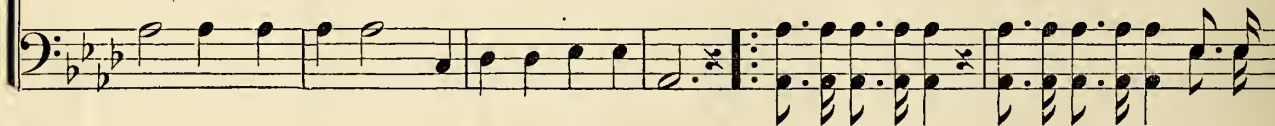
not much more clothe you? Oh, ye of lit - tle faith!

CHORUS.



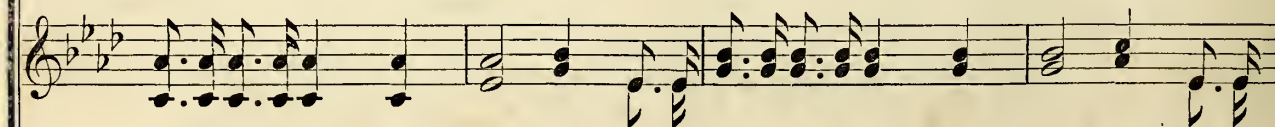
not much more clothe you? Oh, ye of lit - tle faith!

Trust ye in the Lord, trust ye in the Lord, For the

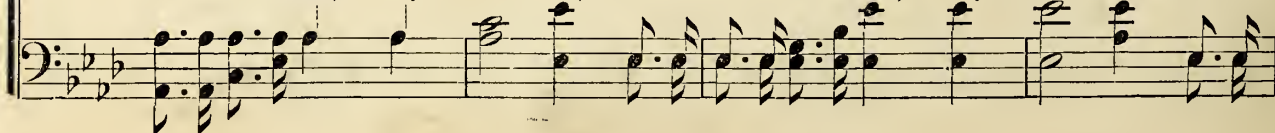


Trust ye in the Lord, . .

trust ye in the Lord, . .



lil - ies of the field, they toil not, for the lil - ies of the field, they toil not, for the



trust ye in the Lord, Oh, ye of lit - tle faith; faith.

1st. 2d.

lit - ies, they toil not, nei - ther do they spin; Oh, ye of lit - tle faith; lit - tle faith.

1st. 2d.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Fine.

ROUSSEAU.
D. C.

1. { Are we sow - ing seeds of kind - ness? They shall blos - som bright ere long; }
 { Are we sow - ing seeds of dis - cord? They shall rip - en in - to wrong. } Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or? They shall bring forth gold - en grain;
 D. C. Are we sow - ing seeds of false - hood? We shall yet reap bit - ter pain.

2. { We can nev - er be too care - ful What the seed our hands shall sow; }
 { Love from love is sure to rip - en, Hate from hate is sure to grow. } Seeds of good or ill we scat - ter Heed - less - ly a - long our way;
 D. C. But a glad or griev - ous fruit - age Wails us at the har - vest day.

LIGHTLY LAUGH AND GAILY SING.

MERCADANTE. Arr. by J. L. O.

1. Light-ly laugh and gai-ly sing, Light-ly laugh and gai-ly sing, Let the

2. Hear the ech - o of our song, Hear the ech - o of our song, Loud and

Inst. 3

an - sw'ring ech-oes ring; Let the an - sw'ring ech - oes ring; Ban-ish

clear . . . the strains prolong, Loud and clear . . . the strains pro - long; Let our

3

care a-way, Banish care a-way, Hearts are glad to-day; Mirth and joy . . . we're welcom-
Hearts are glad to-day; Mirth and joy

mel - o - dy Let our mel - o - dy Ech - o wild and free; Mirth and joy . . . to us be-
Ech - o wild and free; Mirth and joy

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words appearing on multiple lines.

ing, . . . Mirth and joy, mirth and joy we're welcoming, Mirth and joy . . . we're welcoming, . . . Mirth and
we're welcoming, Mirth and joy we're welcoming,

long, . . . Mirth and joy, mirth and joy to us be - long. Mirth and joy . . . to us be - long, Mirth and
to us belong, Mirth and joy to us belong,

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics markings 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) are placed above the vocal staff at various points. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff, with some words appearing on multiple lines.

joy . . . we're welcom-ing, we're welcoming, Ban-ish care a - way, Ban-ish care a - way; Hearts are
Mirth and joy Banish care away, Banish care away,

joy . . . to us be-long, to us belong; Let our mel - o - dy, Let our melody Ech - o
Mirth and joy Let our melody, Let our melody

glad to-day, Hearts are glad to - day, Hearts are glad to-day; Mirth and joy . . . we're welcom-ing, Yes, mirth and
Hearts are glad to-day, Hearts are glad to-day; Mirth and joy we're welcoming, *f*

wild and free, Ech - o wild and free, Mirth and joy to us be-long,
Echo wild and free, Echo wild and free; Mirth and joy to us be-long, Yes, mirth and *f*

ff

joy, yes, mirth and joy we're wel - com - ing, we're wel - com - ing, we're wel - com -

ff

joy, yes, mirth and joy to us be - long, to us be - long, to us be -

ff

ing, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, mirth and joy, and joy we're wel - com - ing.

long, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, mirth and joy, and joy to us be - long.

O COLUMBIA, WE LOVE THEE.

JAS. L. ORR.

DONIZETTI.

New words and new arrangement. By per.

Soprano.

O Co - lum - bia, Colum - bia, we love thee, Home of free - dom, of sun - light and song, Freedom's

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a Soprano line, a piano accompaniment with chords, and a bass line. The lyrics are: "O Co - lum - bia, Colum - bia, we love thee, Home of free - dom, of sun - light and song, Freedom's".

ban - ner is wav - ing a - bove thee, There our fond - est de - vo - tions be-long.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ban - ner is wav - ing a - bove thee, There our fond - est de - vo - tions be-long." The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano and bass parts.

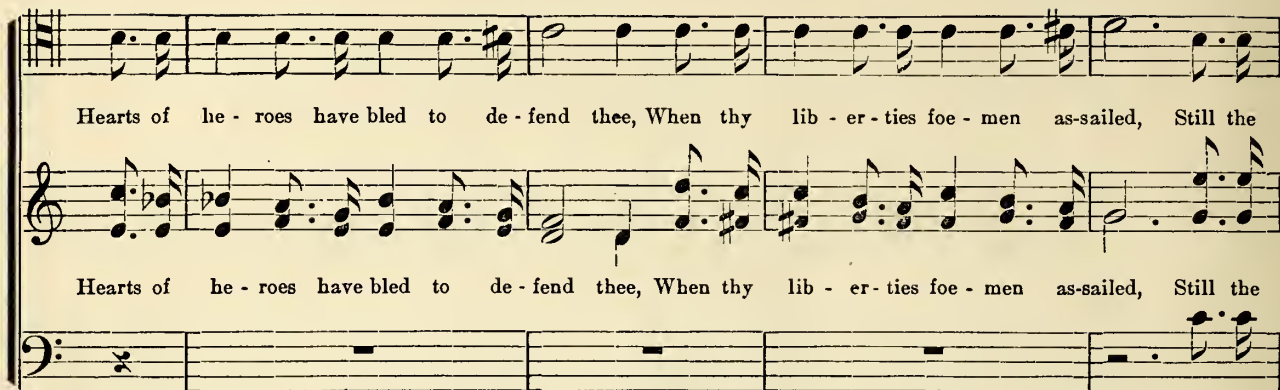
Soprano and Alto.

O Co - lum - bia, Colum - bia, we love thee, Home of free - dom, of sun - light and song, Freedom's

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for Soprano and Alto voices, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is for piano accompaniment, showing dense chords and arpeggiated figures. The bottom staff is a bass line with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

ban - ner is wav - ing : - bove thee, There our fond - est de - vo - tions be - long.

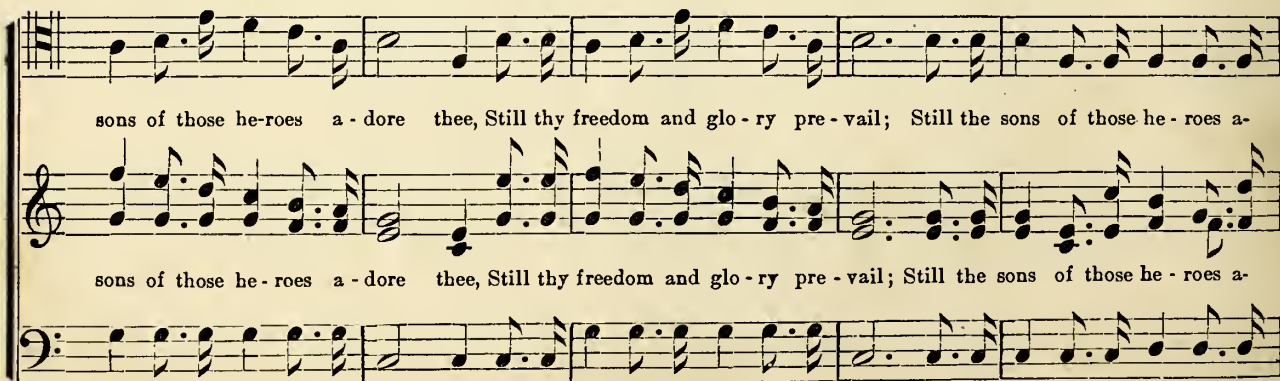
The second system of the musical score continues the composition with three staves. The vocal melody in the top staff concludes with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment in the middle staff features a rhythmic pattern of chords and arpeggios. The bass line in the bottom staff provides a steady harmonic foundation.



Hearts of he - roes have bled to de - fend thee, When thy lib - er - ties foe - men as-sailed, Still the

Hearts of he - roes have bled to de - fend thee, When thy lib - er - ties foe - men as-sailed, Still the

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, primarily consisting of sustained chords. The lyrics are written below the vocal and piano staves.



sons of those he-roles a - dore thee, Still thy freedom and glo - ry pre - vail; Still the sons of those he - roles a -

sons of those he - roles a - dore thee, Still thy freedom and glo - ry pre - vail; Still the sons of those he - roles a -

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top) and piano accompaniment (middle and bottom) maintain the same musical style as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with several triplet markings. The middle staff is in treble clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment, also featuring triplet markings. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a bass line. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

dore thee, Still thy free-dom and glo-ry pre-vail, Still the sons of those he-roes a-dore thee, Thy

dore thee, Still thy freedom and glo-ry pre-vail, Still the sons of those he-roes a - dore thee, Thy

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, marked with a 12/8 time signature. The middle staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, also marked with a 12/8 time signature. The bottom staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

free-dom and glo-ry pre-vail. O Co-lum-bia, home of free-dom, Ev-er-more we'll sing of

free-dom and glo-ry pre-vail. O Co-lum-bia, home of free-dom, Ev-er-more we'll sing of

thee, Yes, ev - er-more, yes, ev - er - more, We'll ev - er sing of thee, O Co-lum - bia, home of

thee, Yes, ev - er-more, yes, ev - er - more, We'll ev - er sing of thee, O Co-lum-bia, home of

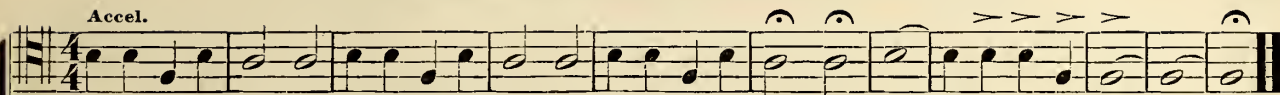
This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

free - dom, Ev - er-more we'll sing of thee, Yes, ev - er-more, yes, ev - er-more, We'll ev - er sing of

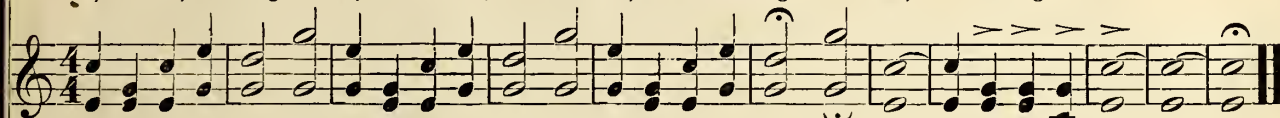
free - dom, Ev - er - more we'll sing of thee, Yes, ev - er-more, yes, ev - er-more, We'll ev - er sing of

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Accel.

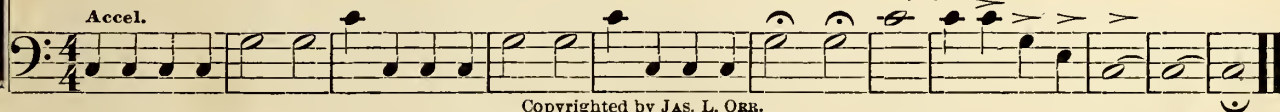


thee, Of thee, we'll sing of thee, Home of the brave and free, We'll ev - er sing of thee, We'll sing of thee. . . .



thee, Of thee, we'll sing of thee, Home of the brave and free, We'll ev - er sing of thee, We'll sing of thee. . . .

Accel.

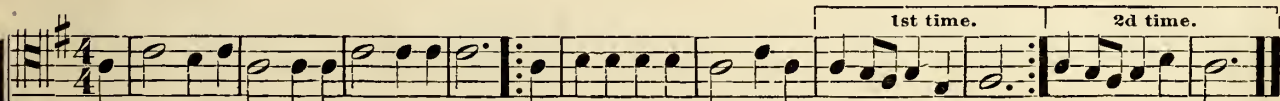


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RE-UNION SONG.

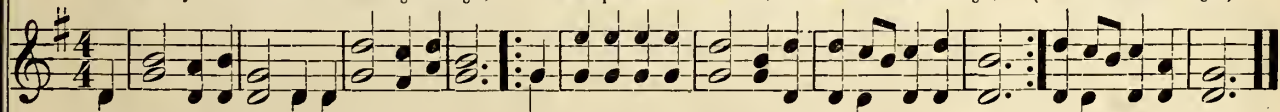
LAURA E. NEWELL.

German.

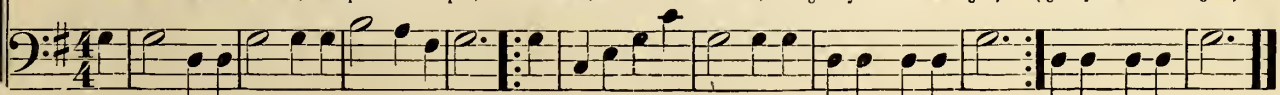


1. We meet now with glad-ness, With glad-ness we greet, We ban-ish care and sad-ness, While joys are all com-plete, (joys are all com-plete.)

2. How swift-ly the mo-ments Are tak-ing their flight, In friendship's sweet com-mun-ion, Our true hearts still de-light, (true hearts still de-light.)



3. Come sun-shine or shad-ow, Come pleas-ure or pain, Dear friends, with tru-est wel-come, We'd greet you here a-gain, (greet you here a-gain.)



LIFE'S ONWARD CURRENT.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. For - ev - er on - ward is the march, From thoughtless hoof to hand, From sav - age to the
 2. From dark - est cloud to light - ning flash, From noth - ing - life di - vine, From gloom to glo - ry
 3. No treach'rous gift was life to man, With dead - ly hate con - cealed, For love di - vine the

seer and sage, From sau - rian types to man; From man to an - gel, lim - it - less As
 is the law, Th'un - va - ry - ing de - sign. A world of good in - vites our eyes, And
 meth - od planned, And all will be re - vealed When o'er the clouds that hov - er here, The

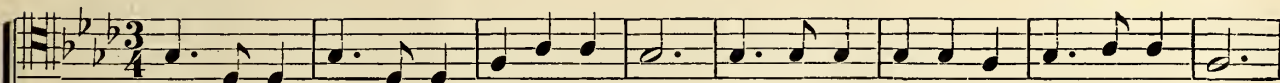
are the star - ry spheres, Pro - gres - sion hath not halt nor bound In God's e - ter - nal years.
 charms the will - ing mind, But he who on - ly mis - 'ry finds, Blasphemes the life di - vine.
 ris - en soul sur - veys The man - sions of th'e - ter - nal spheres, The land of end - less days.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S WELCOME.

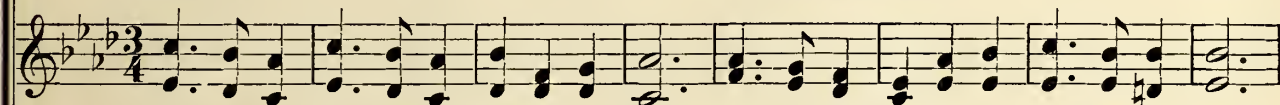
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LAURA E. NEWELL.

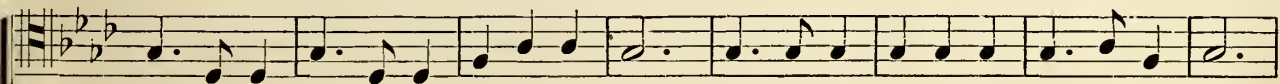
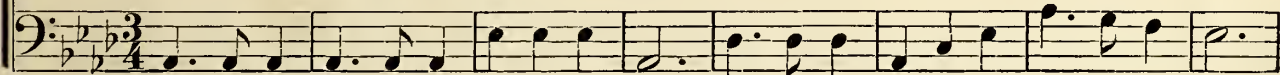
Theme from BISHOP.



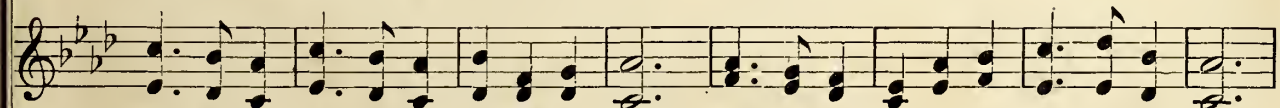
1. Broth - ers, your in - dust - ry tells of your worth, All of your la - bors and ef - forts stand forth,
2. Broth - ers, as hus - band-men now we greet you, Faith, hope and char - i - ty still keep in view,



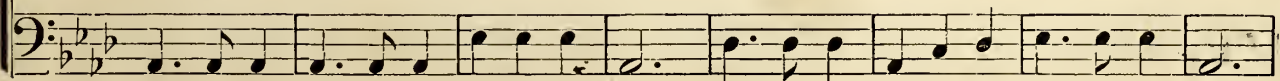
3. And as the fra - grance of blos - soms at even, May our kind deeds waft an in - cense to heav'n,



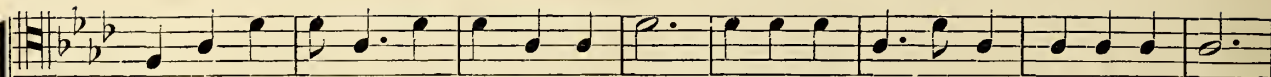
Faith - ful to pledg - es in hon - or sin - cere, We from our hearts now would wel - come you here,
Ev - er look up, trust in God, who'll pro - vide For those who still in his coun - sels a - bide,



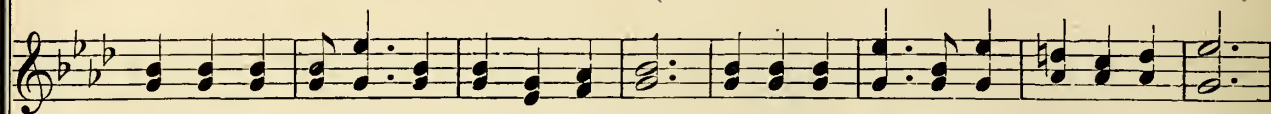
Al - ways a friend to the young that we meet, Guid - ing in safe - ty their in - no - cent feet,



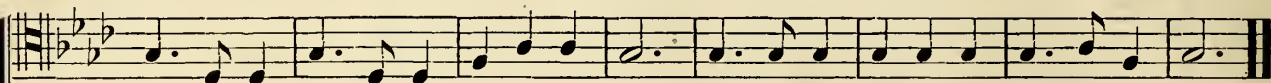
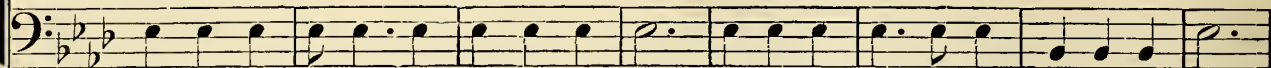
THE HUSBANDMAN'S WELCOME. Concluded.



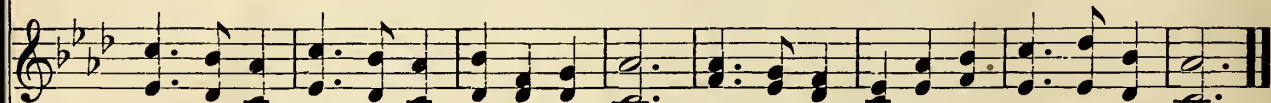
And e'en as hus-band-men no-ble and true, Ties of the bro-ther-hood now shall bind you,
We sow the seed but the harv-est his hand Scat-ters a-broad o'er our beau-te-ous land,



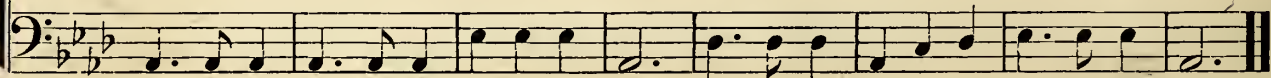
Lead-ing the a-ged in love by the hand, Lo! they are near-ing the beau-ti-ful strand.



Take ye the pledge? Ye re-ceive it, con-trol Mind, hands and heart the blest home of the soul.
Loy-al to God, to our coun-try and friends, We may re-joice in the good that he sends.



Bro-thers, as hus-band-men no-ble and true, We in fi-del-i-ty now wel-come you.



THE FARMER FEEDS US ALL.

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K. S.

Song and Chorus.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. You may talk of all the no-bles of the earth,
 2. There's the President who oc-cu-pies the chair
 3. There are Governors and leg-is-la-tors, too,

Of the kings who hold the na-tions in their thrall,
 Of the na-tion in the might-y Congress hall,
 Who have pledg'd themselves to heed the peo-ple's call,

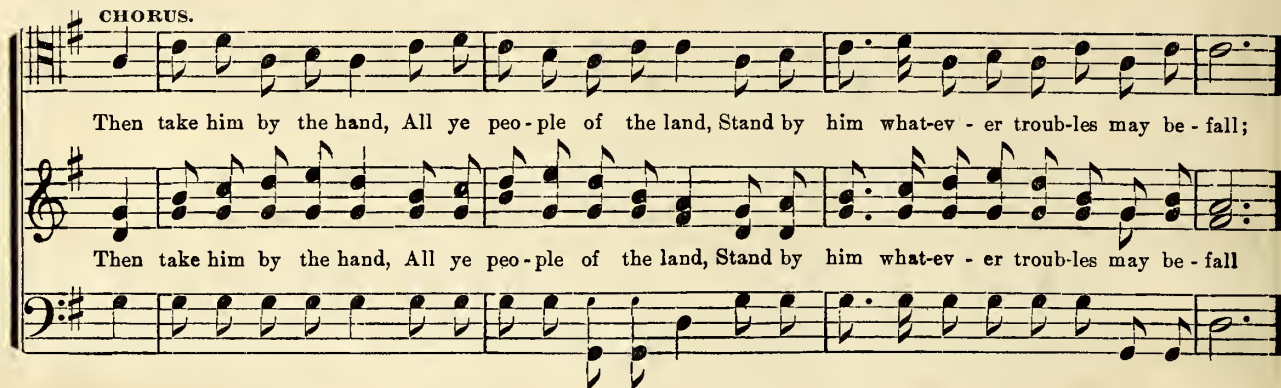
Yet in
 And the
 Yet it

this we all a-gree, if we on-ly look and see, That the farm-er is the man that feeds us all.
 members, too, are great, who are sent from ev-'ry State, But the farm-er is the man that feeds them all.
 seems they all a-gree, and can raise each member's fee, While the farm-er is the man that feeds them all.

4 There are speculators all about, you know,
 Who are sure to help each other roll the ball,
 As the people they can fleece, and then take so much apiece,
 While the farmer is the man that feeds them all.—*Cho.*

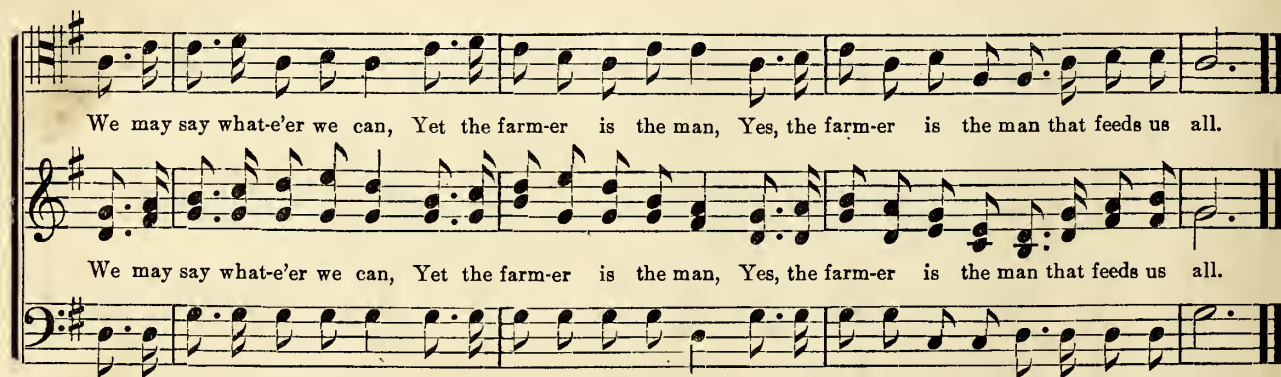
5 Then the preacher who can preach his sermons long
 And the lawyer and the doctor—servants, all;
 There's the tailor and the smith, and I tell you 'tis no myth,
 That the farmer is the man that feeds them all.—*Cho.*

CHORUS.



Then take him by the hand, All ye peo-ple of the land, Stand by him what-ev - er troub-les may be - fall;

Then take him by the hand, All ye peo-ple of the land, Stand by him what-ev - er troub-les may be - fall



We may say what-e'er we can, Yet the farm-er is the man, Yes, the farm-er is the man that feeds us all.

We may say what-e'er we can, Yet the farm-er is the man, Yes, the farm-er is the man that feeds us all.

6 Now the Patrons true are coming to the fight,
And their armies, too, are not the weak and small;
So, God bless them, while we sing, that the farmer is the King,
For the farmer is the man that feeds us all.—*Cho.*

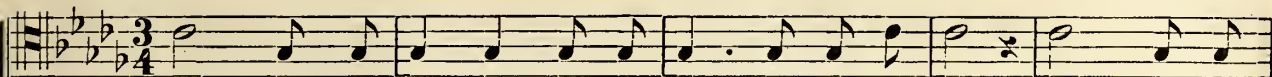
7 From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Great monopolies are surely doomed to fall;
Then onward in the fight, and we'll battle for the right,
While the farmer is the man that feeds us all.—*Cho.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

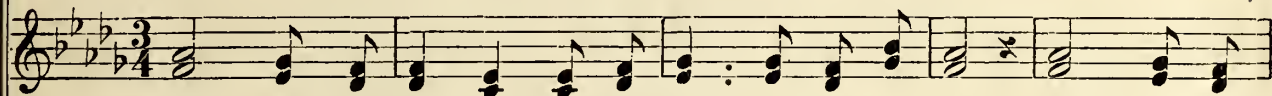
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JAS. L. ORR.

Spanish Melody.

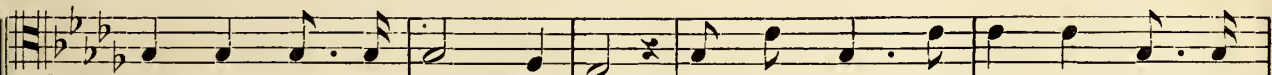
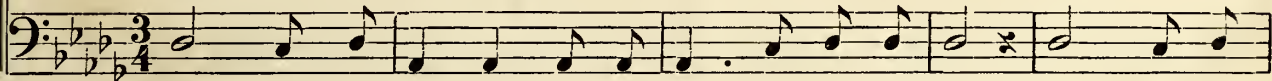


1. Soft o'er the mead - ows Flow - ers waft their sweet per - fume, Gen - tly the

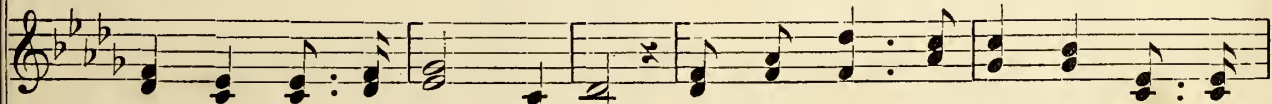


2. Fond - ly we greet - ed Years that brought but toil and care, Swift - ly they

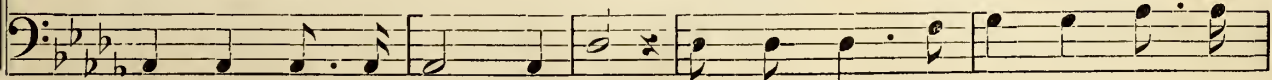
3. Home of my child - hood, Man - sion fair or low - ly cot, None can be



twi - light Ends the day too soon; How the fond heart lin - gers O'er each



left us Crowned with silver - y hair; Like some an - gel guard - ian Where - so -
dear - er Than this one loved spot; And though time may crum - ble All to

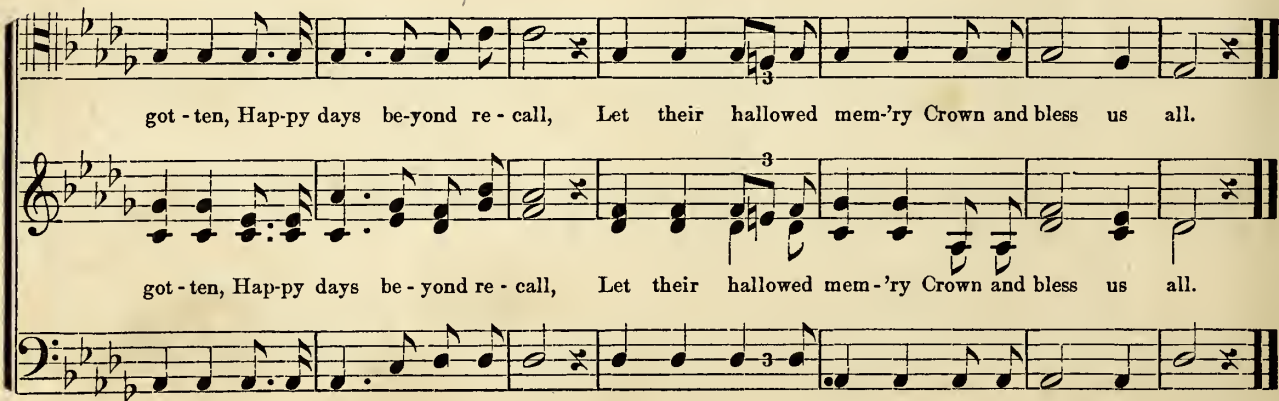


REFRAIN.



dear fa-mil - iar scene, That love's fair - y fin - gers Paints in glow - ing sheen. Old home, un - for-

e'er our foot-steps roam, Still fond mem - 'ry woos us To our child-hood's home. Old home, un - for-
to ruin and de - cay, From our hearts thine im - age Can not fade a - way.



got - ten, Hap - py days be - yond re - call, Let their hallowed mem - 'ry Crown and bless us all.

got - ten, Hap - py days be - yond re - call, Let their hallowed mem - 'ry Crown and bless us all.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

197

FOR FIFTH DEGREE.

H. D. ORR.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a triplet of eighth notes, followed by a series of chords and eighth notes. A repeat sign is present. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of chords and eighth notes, with a repeat sign.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes a triplet of eighth notes and a section marked "FINE." with a repeat sign. The bass staff has a bass clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of chords and eighth notes, with a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff has a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a triplet of eighth notes and a section marked "D. S." (Da Capo) with a repeat sign. The bass staff has a bass clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of chords and eighth notes, with a repeat sign.

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